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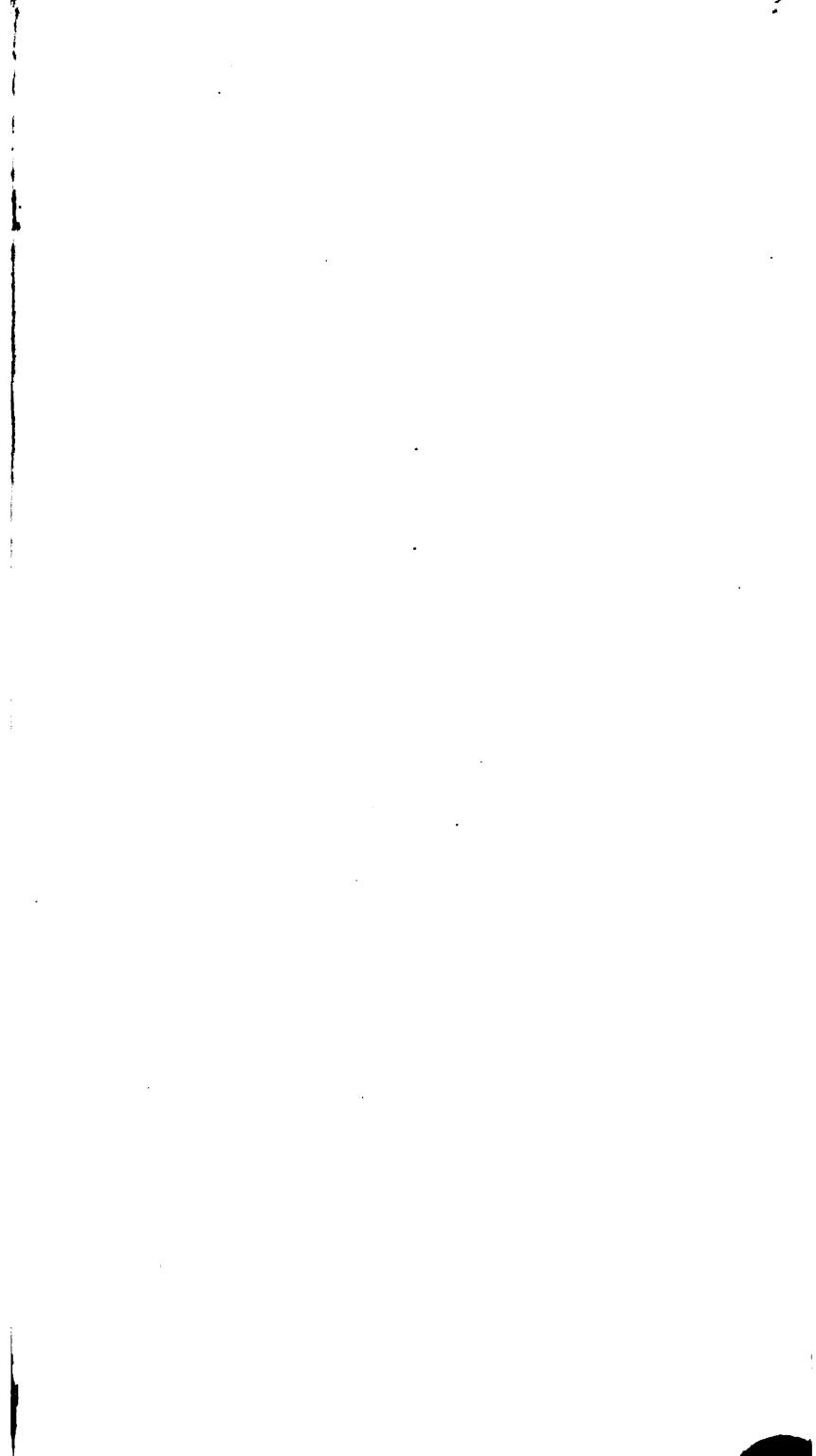
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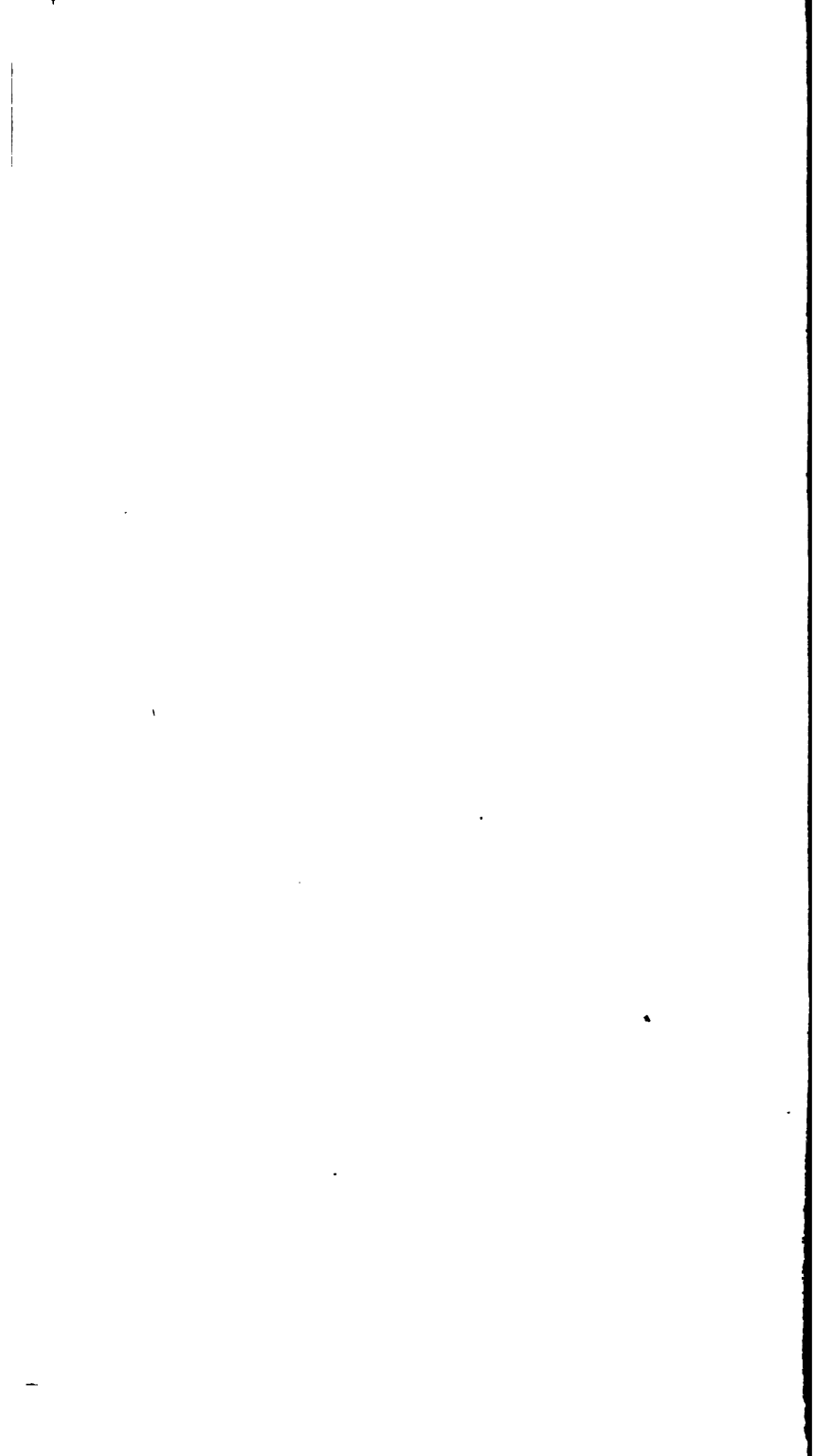
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THE RHINE:

Edw OR, A *Disce*

JOURNEY

FROM

UTRECHT TO FRANCFORT;

CHIEFLY BY

THE BORDERS OF THE RHINE,

AND THE

PASSAGE DOWN THE RIVER,

FROM

MENTZ TO BONN:

Described in a Series of Letters, written from Holland, to
a Friend in England, in the Years 1791 and 1792.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY T. COGAN, M. D.

Embellished with Twenty-four Views in Aqua Tinta, and a
Map of the Rhine from Mentz to Bonn.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY G. WOODFALL,

FOR J. JOHNSON, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1794

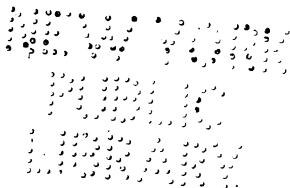
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE writer of these letters had no intention to prefix his name until the eve of their publication, when it was forcibly urged, that a narrative of facts required a *voucher*, and that *anonymous* travellers were always placed in the *suspicious class*. This representation compelled him to comply with the advice, though with unaffected reluctance. Conscious that he has been diligent to acquire accurate information, he cannot consent to be placed among *fabulous* authors; and as he has advanced every sentiment with the purest intentions, he will not be ashamed of any, until it is proved to be a *pernicious error*. His reluctance chiefly proceeds from the *manner* in which the letters are written. The epistolary form admits of freedoms which would be indecorous when the public is primarily addressed, but an *anonymous* writer feels himself entitled to still greater latitude; and he is allowed to indulge a more sportive vein, than *respect* either to *himself* or his *readers* might warrant, when he is determined to reveal his name. The writer has availed himself of this liberty and thrown more *jocularity* into his narratives than propriety would have allowed, had it not been his plan to remain concealed. If the publick will accept of this apology, his principal objection is removed; as he cherishes the persuasion, that their indulgence will throw a mantle over his other faults, though he is conscious that they are numerous.

Rotterdam, Jan. 1794.



WOMAN
CLEAN
YOUNG

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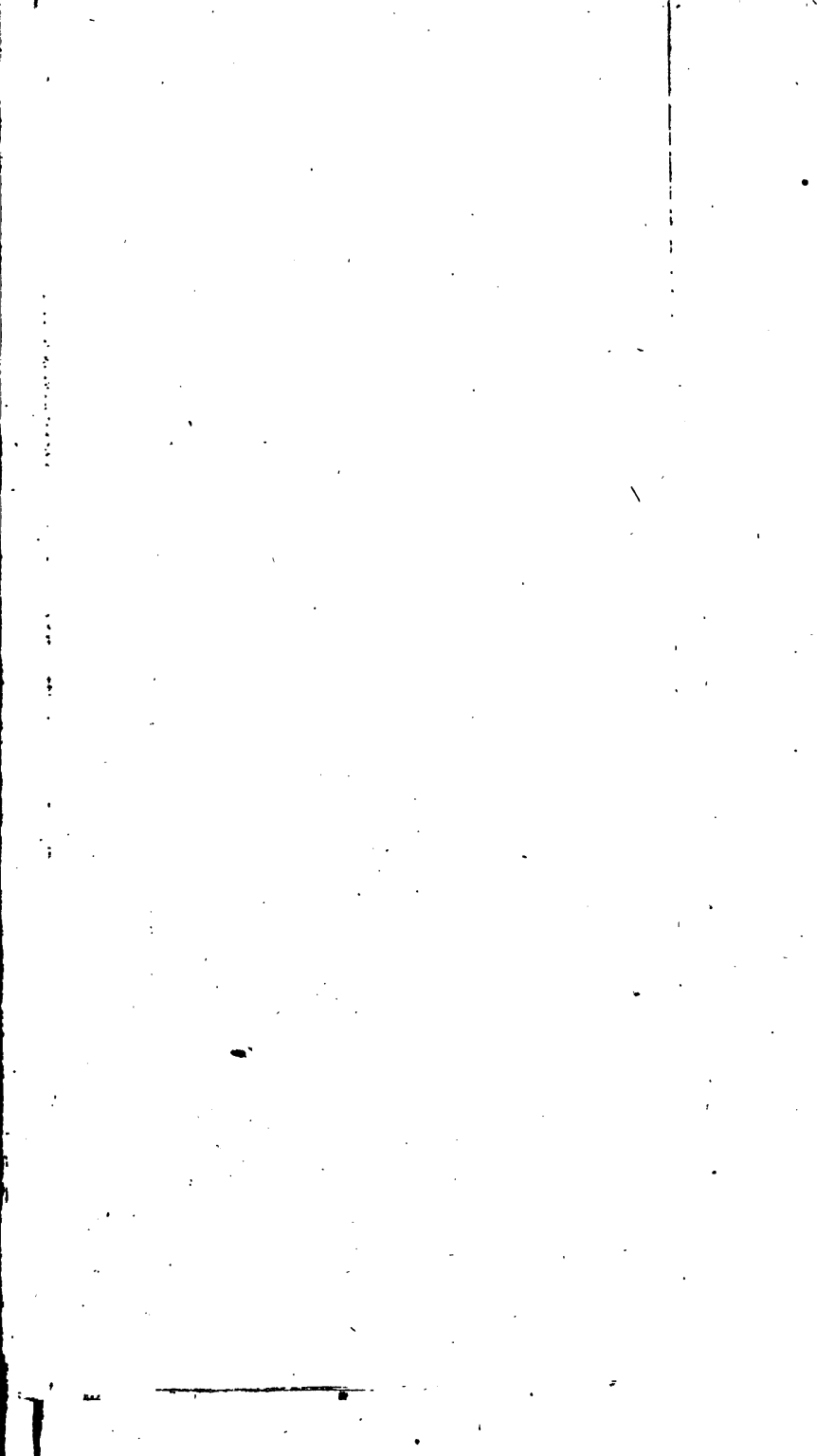
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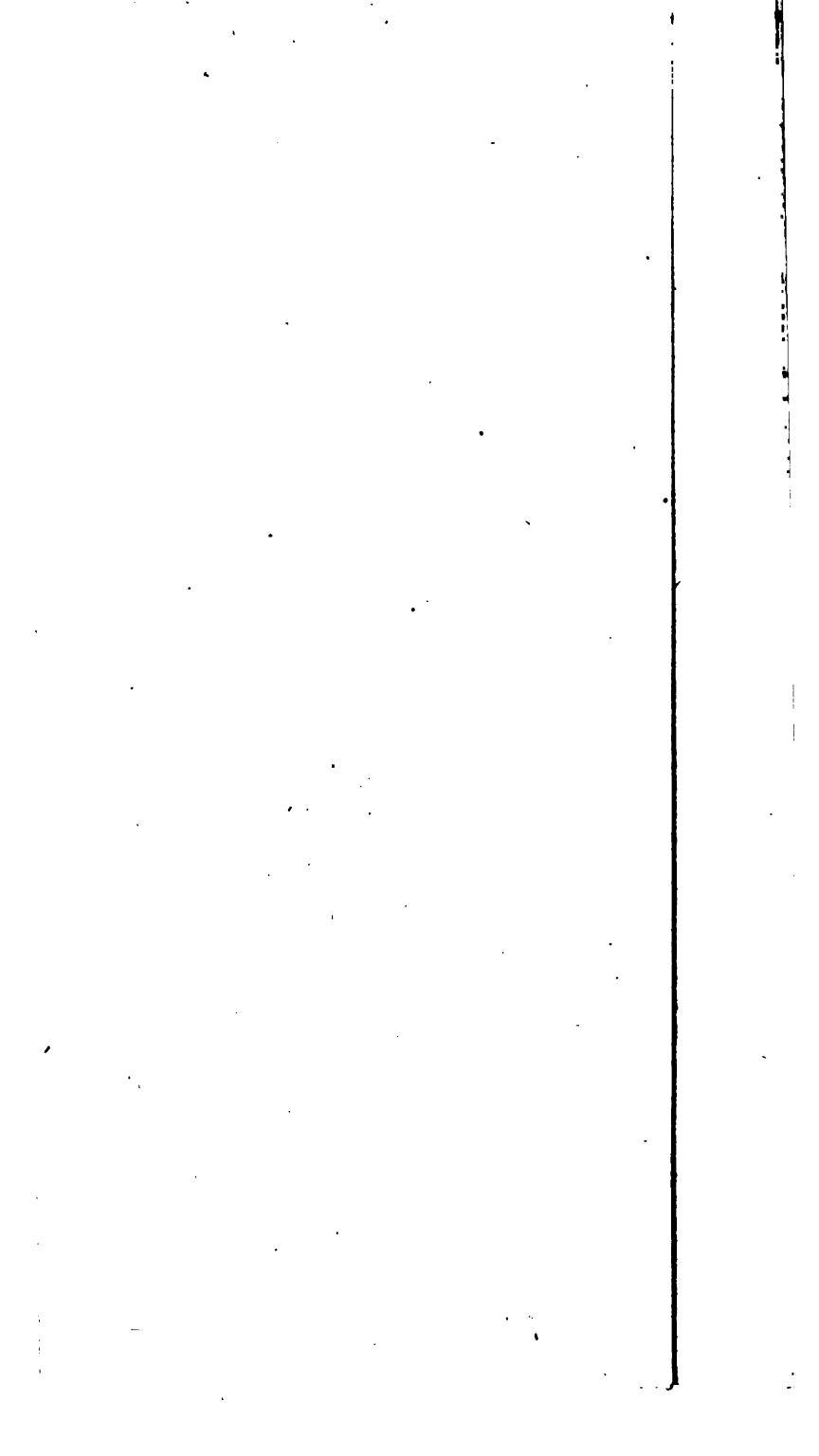
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THE RHINE.

LETTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

MY DEAR SIR,

IF I must yield to your solicitations, and give you an account of my late tour, you will permit me, in return, to give it precisely in my own way. This may, perhaps, be widely different from your expectations; but it is the only chance left me of meriting your attention. The world, my good Sir, is no longer a *sealed book*. It now lies open to universal inspection, and there is scarcely a page of it that has not been turned over until it is become *leaf-worn*. The characters, customs, laws, governments, natural and artificial curiosities, produce, commerce, &c. &c. of most countries, are so generally known in the present age, that a traveller finds

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it equally difficult to point out any thing *new*, at least in the common walks of Europe, or even to dress up *old* materials in a new form. Nor can invention or exaggeration, which were formerly such potent aids to barren subjects, or superficial observation, escape immediate detection.

It is true, different persons see the same things in different lights, and consequently may form different or opposite ideas of them. This leaves considerable space for diversity; but it reduces the history of *travels* to the history of *opinions*; and descriptions given of the most striking objects, become mere transcripts of the author's *conceptions* and *feelings* concerning them. The customs, manners, and scenes that are the most *opposite* to those with which the traveller has been the most familiar, must be to *him*, the most striking; and thus, while he imagines that he is drawing a perfect likeness, his pencil, being under the guidance of his particular feelings, will produce a *caricature*. Or grant to the delineator as large a portion of discernment as you please, yet *his* representations will still appear inaccurate, defective, or exaggerated, to those who have long indulged their own prejudices and habits of thinking, diametrically opposite in their kind.

I recol-

I recollect that *Pilatti*, in his account of the Dutch nation, professes to be much edified by the decent, pious, and exemplary manner in which the inhabitants pass their Sundays; as the general gravity of the national character, and their crowded churches, afford a striking contrast to the gay *Italians*, in particular, and to the universal custom of the Roman-catholic countries, of making that day *un jour de fête*, in which more profaneness and debaucheries are committed than in the other six united. But how you pious Britons must be scandalized at the information, that grave and venerable elders, and deacons of the church, will join in a card-party on a Sunday evening, without violating their consciencies; that the servants of each sex will hire a boat, and a fiddler, and be rowed about their canals, screaming and singing, on Sunday evenings, with the full consent of their principals; that most of their annual fairs commence on a Sunday afternoon; and that upon such an occasion, the buyers and sellers at *Utrecht* drive the clergyman out of the *English Temple*, to vend their merchandise within its sacred walls! In all these instances, real character and conduct are the same; but the opinions of an Englishman and an Italian, concerning them, are as opposite as the ideas of virtue and vice! Again,

Since it is not easy for those who have resided some length of time in a country, to do justice to its national character, what are we to think of the observations hastily drawn, from incidents at an *Inn*, or accidental conversation at a *public table*, which are the common, and frequently the *only* sources of information to us *Couriers de L'Europe*? There is also a strong propensity in our dispositions, particularly if we be inexperienced travellers, to consider a few individuals with whom we may have had occasional intercourse in passing through a country, as genuine specimens of the whole. If we be courteously treated by one or two persons, the *people* are marked in our minutes as civil and polite: If, on the contrary, our reception be with cool formality, if we observe that a surly pleat sits upon the brow, we are prone to conclude that the *community in général* are void of urbanity.

Superficial observance must be erroneous in ten thousand instances. No one is qualified to delineate national character who has not enjoyed frequent opportunities of conversing familiarly with different classes, and of viewing them in various circumstances and situations:—who is not able to discriminate the dispositions, passions and prejudices that are common to man, and are to be found in the individuals of every country,
from

from the peculiarities belonging to the one he would investigate:—who does not examine the good and the bad with strict impartiality, that he may mark both the nature and the preponderancy of both virtues and vices, excellencies and defects. If he directs his sole attention to their *best* qualities, and conceals their *worst*, he will compose a *panegyric*. If he selects all the *bad* with malicious eagerness, and connects them together in some idle narrative, he will make every country in its turn, from *Lapland* to *Malta*, *Les Sauvages de l'Europe*.

I am writing this letter in the *Roef*, or little snug cabin of a *Treckschuyt*, or draw-boat, between *Rotterdam* and *Leyden*; and in passing the pleasant village of *Voer-burgh*, I have been amusing myself with the mottos inscribed, (as is the usual custom,) upon the country-houses contiguous to the publick canal, with which this quarter abounds. *Kerk-Lust*, literally *Church-Pleasure*, is just before me. But am I to conclude from the inscription that the possessor is particularly fond of going to church? No such thing. The church is directly opposite to his house, and he loves to see it at a distance. I have known *Rust & Vreede*, (*Peace and Tranquility*,) inhabited by very noisy and quarrelsome people; and a friend of mine is at last in posses-

sion of *Onverwaght*, (*Unexpected*,) who has been waiting impatiently these ten years for the death of a maiden aunt, that he might inherit it.

In the above instances, the first impression would have been erroneous, and every particular application, wrong; but from the remarkable frequency of such mottos as *Rust en Lust*, (*Rest and Pleasure*,) *Rust en Ruimgesicht*, (*Rest and an extensive Prospect*,) *Rust en Vreede*, (*Rest and Tranquility*,) *Lust en Vreede*, (*Pleasure and Peace*,) which are inscribed upon the numerous country houses, planted by their public roads and canals, we are authorised to conclude that Peace and Tranquility is the *Dutchman's* chief good, and that to sit still and see motion, constitute his supreme delight!

You must perceive, my good Sir, from the above observations, how hard a task you have imposed upon me, respecting either description or character, the two prime objects of a traveller; and how ill prepared I am for complying with your request. We travelled over a large space of ground, in a comparatively small space of time; and as we were continually in motion, we could examine few objects with critical attention. We could only skim the surface of things, which does not always furnish *cream*.

However,

However, accept of the following condition ; permit me to intermix with the descriptions or narratives of my route, those sentiments or recollections to which they may have given rise, and I am at your command. Without having been an extensive traveller, I have rambled more than my situation in life demanded. Local employments were not always of sufficient force to detain me at home. During the excursion you wish me to describe, both similarities and contrarieties have frequently recalled other scenes and ideas, which I shall not hesitate to set down in the order they occurred ; nor shall I reject any others which may occur, in the course of my correspondence. By this mode a strange medley, a whimsical miscellany may possibly be produced, and it rests with you to determine, whether my narratives will be the better or the worse upon this account. If the *latter*, you have only to exclaim *basta*, and I have done ; for I am very certain that without its aid they will not merit your acceptance, whatever may be their fate with it.—Attention to my own convenience, and to various occupations, will not permit me to be a very regular correspondent, and you are likely to receive some of my letters at distant intervals.

One circumstance is much against me. As no design of spreading upon paper a particular

account of this journey was entertained by me at the time; and as my minutes were taken merely to assist my own recollection, and were confined to those subjects which are the most adapted to my own taste, I have let many opportunities of accurate information escape me, relative to subjects that might have been more interesting to yourself, or your friends, than they were to me. Whoever travels with the *intention* to communicate, is often more solicitous to become a *conduit*, than an *absorbent*; to *convey*, than to *drink in*; and he is obliged to pay a servile attention to *minutiae*, which are acceptable, as they seem to *complete* the information, although they may not answer any other purpose. As I had not this prospect, I have not submitted to the drudgery; but of consequence I cannot lay claim to the merits of precision, or make such a display of my knowledge as might have been my object, could I have predicted your commands.

LETTER II.

Zuyft, &c.

MY DEAR SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the satisfaction we experience, when wearied and disgusted with business, at the thoughts of retiring from tumultuous life; and the impatience with which we wait for the happy moment that promises leisure to follow the desires of our own hearts, and to free us from every restraint but those we impose upon ourselves; there is great danger, after this envied season is arrived, and has been for some time enjoyed, of our being haunted by that dæmon of the indolent yclept ENNUI. I do aver, and will maintain, that there are few people in the world who fear this dæmon less than myself, or that have been less annoyed by him. The diversity of my taste, which I mournfully acknowledge to be too general to pursue any one object with the unremitting diligence necessary to render me a competent master of it, united with the vivacity, not to say, out of respect

spect to self-love, the *levity* of my disposition, had for years set the enemy at defiance. But very unusual application to severer studies for several months, by which, *entre nous*, I hope that the publick will in due time be essentially benefitted, had so fatigued my eyes and my brain, that at length power was wanting to repel "the foul Fiend," when he had the effrontery to besiege my study. Though it be true, respecting the *Great Devil*, *resist him, and he will fly from you*, yet I am fully convinced that this little Urchin, and all his fraternity and followers, such as discontent, peevishness, caprice, &c. are like gnats and gadflies; there is no beating them away; they return perpetually; and the only chance of escaping, is to fly from them.

My worthy friend Mr. E—— was in a situation somewhat similar to my own. Prosperous in business, and being the reverse of an avaricious disposition, he became weary of accumulating wealth in the close precincts of his counting-house; and he perceived that his bags were so replenished, that a gentle evacuation could do no material injury. Both of us being in the same humour, though from different causes, we finally agreed to recruit our spirits, by a tour along the *Rhine*. We were induced

to make this choice by the great satisfaction every traveller of our acquaintance expressed, who had paid a visit to these quarters. As *my* friend is rather fond of travelling at his ease, nor has *your* friend any objection to the mode, we agreed to purchase a suitable carriage, from our joint stock. This was a strong and commodious post-chaise, which had already seen something of the world, without being essentially the worse for it; which I humbly hope has been the case with those who travelled in it, both in former and more recent times. After some altercation with the proprietor, in the usual manner; that is, *he* advancing all that he could in praise of the vehicle he wished to get rid of, and *we* against the commodity we wished to purchase; his demand sunk from three hundred to two hundred and fifty guilders, and the bargain was struck.

Having allowed a few days for necessary repairs and renovations, we sallied forth on July the 26th, in the year of the Nativity 1790. To do ample justice to the smart vampt-up appearance of our carriage, we ordered *four* horses before it; naturally presuming that we should have it in our power at any time to diminish our equipage, when Fame, however loud she might blow her trumpet after us, should not be able to
found

found forth our names. But in this we were mistaken.

We arrived at *Utrecht* the same evening, and slept at *Oblet's*, the aged proprietor of the *Antwerp Arms*, an hotel well known in travelling history. The next morning, after a severe reprimand given to the postilion for coming an hour later than the time appointed, we directed our course for *Nimeguen*.

Most publick business of the travelling kind, is, in this country, transacted through the medium of commissaries, who are very much disposed to the vices of insolence, negligence, and imposition. This institution has the appearance of exactitude; is intended to promote expedition, and prevent fraud; and we are told of redress, in cases of improper behaviour. Doubtless it has some advantages; but it is an effectual check to those improvements that naturally arise from rivalships, and to that courtesy of behaviour which is prompted by self-interest; nor is it practicable for a stranger to whom time is valuable and delay expensive, to contend, where he has the utmost reason to complain, with those who are too often countenanced by their principals, and always have access to a thousand subterfuges.

From

From *Utrecht* to *Nimeguen* is the distance of fourteen hours. There are no turnpikes upon this road ; but each traveller is obliged to pay *passagie geld* (passage money) from three-pence, six-pence, to twelve-pence, according to the distance of the stage ; so that the tax is confined to persons ; nor is it influenced by the number of horses. The number of horses is regulated for you according to the nature of your carriage ; that is, you may exceed, but not employ fewer than a stipulated number. Our vanity induced us to take *four* horses. The commissary of the roads could have compelled us to take *three*, as ours was a *post-chaise*. The heavy sands render many regulations of this kind necessary ; but, in consequence of them, although the hire of each individual horse may be somewhat cheaper, each stage, than it is in England, yet travelling is, upon the whole, equally, if not more expensive ; especially if the larger space of ground you are able to traverse in a day, be taken into the account.

Throughout the Seven Provinces, and in those parts of Germany I have visited, distance is mostly calculated by *hours*. The general idea affixed to a Dutch *hour*, and a German *stund*, is the distance of a league, or three English miles. But this mode of computing is extremely precarious ;

carious; and the quantity of ground varies in every province according to the prevailing mode of travelling. In the province of *Holland*, where the passage is mostly made in *boats*, an *hour* is equivalent to three miles and an half. In *Guelderland*, where there are no boats, and few carriages, the measure is taken from *walking on foot*. Among the peasants, distance is computed by *smoking of their pipes*; and they tell you, that from village to village is about *a pipe and an half, two pipes, half a pipe, &c. &c.*

There is a choice of three roads from *Utrecht* towards *Nimeguen*. One leads through *Zuyft*, which is by far the most agreeable, but the least frequented by passengers during the summer season, on account of the heavy sands. *Zuyft* is a pleasant village, distant about five miles from *Utrecht*. It abounds in plantations and shady woods, and is greatly ornamented and improved by the spacious building which Count Zinzendorf appropriated to the fraternity of *Herrenbuters* or Moravians. This fraternity has been frequently described; and therefore I shall only observe that it seems to possess that species of happiness which may be supposed to arise from regular discipline, industry, and abstraction from the noise and bustle of the world; an happiness, consequently, of which the gay and the ambitious

ambitious can form no ideas. They are employed in various kinds of manufactory; and, as many of them have either been educated in England, or have worked there, their workmanship far exceeds that of any other part of Holland; but the articles are proportionably dearer. From the different shops that are ranged along the galleries, the man that has ready money may have all his wants supplied. As in the *Palais Royale* he may change every part of his dress; may enter in the guise of a beggar, and return equipped like a gentleman; and he may fill his house with elegant furniture, as fast as he can bargain and convey home.

In the summer months, *Zuyt* is much frequented by a substantial class of Dutch merchants, particularly from *Amsterdam*, who have not country seats of their own, and who love their ease too much to undertake a longer journey. Here they enjoy a recess from the cares of business, breathe in fresh air, and amuse themselves sometimes by sauntering in the woods, and sometimes by sitting under the shade of trees before the doors of their lodgings, smoking their pipes, looking at each other and occasional passengers; while their wives and daughters enjoy their coffee and their knitting. Thus they pass away some weeks, with perfect contentment,
without

without requiring or desiring the aid of balls, concerts, the gaming table, or venturing their necks in rural excursions.

The second road, leading from *Utrecht* to *Nimeguen*, leaves that to *Zuyt* on the left hand, passes through Upper and Lower *Langbroek* (Anglicé *Long Breeches*) and some other villages, by the side of the diminished Rhine. This road is distinguished and enlivened by the remains of several castles of offence and defence, which were built in the fœdal times. Some of these are in good repair, and are subservient to the more peaceable offices of country-houses for the gentry and substantial burghers of *Utrecht*.

With grief of heart it is, that I must inform you of the deplorable fate of my favourite river. Throughout the whole of this district is the mighty Rhine degenerated into an insignificant brook, that will scarcely navigate a barge! Adjacent to the village of *Coote*, not far from this road, I have walked within the broad and capacious bed of the ancient Rhine, where cattle now feed, and husbandmen plow up the soil; through the centre of which flows the diminutive stream! If floods of tears could have swoln this disgraced rivulet to its pristine size and importance, I would have done my very best to shed them.

There

There is scarcely an instance in all geography, in which a river of such respectability has been so unfortunate, or so ill treated as the *Rbine*. Above *Nimeguen*, it divides into two copious and navigable streams. The one flows to the right, retaining the name of the *Rbine*; the other to the left, and assumes that of the *Waal*, which signifies boundary or defence, because it served as a barrier to the ancient Batavians, against their hostile neighbours on the southern borders. Through these essential services has its title to the original name been obliterated! In proceeding towards the sea, the *Waal* unfortunately permitted some of the waters of the insignificant *Maaze* to blend themselves with its own. This gave occasion to the ignorance or injustice of men, to change the name into that of the *New Maaze*. Under this title does the identical *Waal*, an acknowledged branch of the ancient *Rbine*, pass by *Dort*, *Rotterdam*, and other cities, into the sea; while the *Old Maaze* is permitted to flow on uninterruptedly, in possession of its ancient appellation. Respecting the other branch, which retained the name of the *Rbine*, its disgrace began at *Wyk by Deursted*. An unfortunate accident was the original cause of it. This *Rbine*, in the days of its superabundance, threw off a branch called the *Lack*, near to the

above mentioned city; and, without the most distant suspicion of future rivalry, directed its course towards *Utrecht*, gave the name of *Ultra-trajectum* to that municipal town, passed through and dignified *Woerden*, *Leyden*, and several large and populous villages, and finally emptied its accumulated mass of water into the *German Ocean* at *Catwyk*.

Now it unfortunately happened, in one of those inundations to which the Low Countries are so much exposed, and which frequently threaten their total ruin, that the deluge enlarged and deepened the channel of the *Lack*, in such a manner, that when the waters subsided, the large stream of the *Rhine* was directed into this other channel, and scarcely any thing remained of the old bed, but a miserable brook, and the venerable name! What renders its state yet more humiliating is, this remaining stream, deprived of its original force to bear down obstructions, and to make its way into the sea, is absolutely and literally choaked up by mountains of sand, which the tides have brought with them, and the winds accumulated; is stopt in its course near the village of *Catwyk*; and being thus obliged to regurgitate, is dissipated and lost amidst the stagnated canals of *Holland*! What a melancholy end for one of the noblest rivers in Europe,

Europe, the theme of poets, and frequent barrier to the rage of warriors !

Some people think that Old *Rbinus*, the ancient river god, may fairly commence an action against his offspring the *Lack*, for this robbery of the best part of his current. Others maintain that the *Lack* was not to blame, and that he has done nothing more than what every other river would and must have done in his place. Some alledge that the name of the *Rhine* ought, in justice and in decency, to have been transferred to the *Lack* ; as there is no proportion between its former and present volume of water. They ask, with an air of triumph, what is it that constitutes a river ? The channel, or the water that flows through it ? Now this appears a decisive question ; for, if we say the *channel*, or the track through which the waters *have* passed, it follows that a river may remain after it is dried up :—If we say the *waters*, then certainly the name ought to follow them. Others evade the argument by asserting that rivers are subject to the same laws with widows and maidens, who change their names, as oft as they change their beds.

You may imagine the dispute to be of no moment. What is a mere appellation ? you will ask. But these are obviously republican notions. You cannot expect that they will be

countenanced by Nobles and Potentates of the earth, or any of their adherents or dependents. A contra-revolution in France is threatened upon this very principle. Yet, my good Sir, what are the names or titles of *Men*, though they live to threescore years and ten ; or of a generation of men, should they boast of three or four hundred years, compared with that of a noble River, that has seen numberless generations succeed to each other as rapidly as its own fluids ; and that has a natural claim to flow on to the end of the world, if something more than human does not check its current ?

It seems to be my fate to officiate as chief mourner on the exit of this great River. Not long after my return from the excursion, being at *Catwyk*, I could not forbear repeating my visits to the last remains of flowing greatness. Potentates, who, in the zenith of their authority, bore down every thing before them ; Monarchs, that had diffused peace and plenty around them, during the course of their longest reign, appear not more contracted and compressed in their tombs, than the impetuous and majestic *Rhine*, in this solitary and diminutive spot !

When speaking of a *Favourite*, one is apt to be diffuse. Since I have resided in the United Provinces, thrice has my tent been pitched ad-

adjacent to the borders of this river; and he has always been kind and friendly to me. In the journey which is to be the subject of my letters, I have constantly travelled by his side, or swam with his stream. He has enlivened and dignified every prospect I enjoyed; and eager am I to embrace so fair an opportunity of paying him a tribute of gratitude.

LETTER III.

Wyk.
Zuylestem,
Betuwe.

HAVING, after the manner of *negative* and *positive* Divines, described to you, very particularly, the two roads we did *not* go, I shall briefly inform you which way we *did* go. It was along the *Clay* road, great part of which is upon the large *Dyk*, or artificial mound, that secures this part of the province of *Utrecht* from the inundations of the Rhine: a road that is the least agreeable for the passengers; but, in the summer season, the most easy for the horses; and therefore neither good words nor bad words, nor moderate bribery and corruption, will induce their drivers to go any other.

This road leads near to the walls of a small city, called *Wyk by Deurstede*. *Wyk* was formerly an hamlet, as the name properly signifies, contiguous to the large city of *Deurstede*; and, in process of time, robbed it of all its inhabitants, as your *Salisbury* has robbed *Old Sarum*. Nothing remains

remains of *Deurstedde*, but an antiquated tower. But it sends no representatives to the States. *Wyk* began to render itself famous by being the first city, in the late troubles, that opposed the newly-assumed power of the States of Utrecht; which, while they professedly resisted what they called tyranny, with one hand, strenuously employed the other to retain under their own yoke those within their grasp. They manifested the strongest inclinations to monopolize all the power they had wrested from the Stadtholder, and claimed the right of appointing magistrates to all the inferior cities under their jurisdiction. This assumption was strenuously opposed by the inhabitants of *Wyk*. But the honour acquired by the opposition was greatly sullied by their subsequent conduct.

After much preparation, and more boasting, the city quietly opened its gates to a small reconnoitring party of the Prince's troops, and surrendered at discretion; the inhabitants proposing of themselves, a full reinstatement of the Stadtholder to his former authority.

We are taught by the scriptures, that the righteous are the salt of the earth. *Ten* righteous men, we are informed, would have saved *Sodom* from destruction: therefore I think that *two* men of merit, whom I know by reputa-

tion, though not in person, ought in justice, notwithstanding the above fact, to save this town from contempt. We may also reasonably suppose, that of two thousand inhabitants, several other individuals contribute something to a general mass of preserving virtue.

One of the gentlemen I refer to, is the Rev. Mr. *Van Hamert*, who had the courage publicly to renounce the doctrines of Calvinism, imbibed in his too credulous youth, as soon as he was fully convinced that they were not the doctrines of the scriptures, and to resign his station in the Established Church; although, in this country, where the *old way* is the only reputable one, he has exposed himself to the opprobrium of all his former connections. He is now associated with the Remonstrants, and employs his pen in defence of religious liberty, with an energy which proves that he *enjoys* his enlargement*.

* He has lately had a smart theological contest with that great champion of orthodoxy, Professor *Bonnet*, of *Utrecht*. It was a pitched battle, they say.—It was about the five points.—They say also, that the Professor had tipped the horns of his syllogisms with these same points, and made a bold push against his antagonist; but, somehow or other, either by superior address, or superior force, Van Hamert blunted the edges of some points, and, turning others against the Professor himself, has goaded him most terribly with his own weapons.

The





Lough Linnane, a favourite painting-Seat of King William the Third.

The other gentleman is the Rev. Mr. *Ockerse*, successor to Mr. *Van Hamert*, in the Established Church. He is distinguishing himself by a work entitled *Algemeene Character-kunde*; or, the Principles of delineating Character. In this work, notwithstanding some imperfections, he displays much reading and sound judgment, greater knowledge of the world, and more liberality of sentiment, than are generally found among his colleagues of the Establishment; and he expresses himself in a style that is equalled by few Belgic writers.

It was with a melancholy pleasure that I passed by *Zuylestein*, in the parish of *Leersum*, and not far from *Wyk*. This mansion was, in former days, the occasional residence of King *William the Third*, and, for about three years, the constant habitation of your humble servant. It is one of the four hunting seats belonging to that prince, which are situated in these quarters, at such convenient distances from each other, that, let the hare and the hounds, the fox, the partridge, the boar, and the wolf,—that, in extreme winters, visit these regions,—lead him where they please, they could not lead him far from an home. The others are the palace of *Loo*, and *Soefdyk*, also in the province of *Utrecht*,
and

and *Dieren*, in the province of *Guelderland*.—*Zuylestein* is now the property of the Earl of *Rockford*, who is descended from the *Nassau* family. The late Earl, on a visit he paid some years ago, was so charmed with the rural situation of this palace, that he proposed to himself the pleasure of paying it frequent visits. The design was not put into execution; and the reputed salubrity of the soil, was, at that period, a powerful inducement to make it my abode.

As I passed by its venerable Turret rising above the lofty trees, that had so frequently and affectionately beckoned me home from every rural excursion, I felt an agreeable, a disagreeable compound sensation, at being at once an intimate acquaintance, and an inadmissible stranger!

It is the general opinion that Kings never sleep! It is reported that they lie on beds of thorns, and that their brows are encircled with pungent cares, which keep them constantly awake. If this be the case, they must bring their thorns and their night-caps with them; for I never slept more comfortably in my life, than in the very bed where it is supposed his majesty toft and tumbled about, like (with all respect due

due to majesty) a *porpoise* portending a storm. The only thing that kept me awake the first nights, was the splendour of the furniture. I thought it was a pity to close my eyes upon rich tapestry, silk damask curtains, chairs and settees of crimson velvet, fringed with gold. *Morpheus*, however, finally subdued *Plutus*; and familiarity with all this grandeur, bred neglect, but not contempt.

Adjacent to *Leersum*, in the lordship of *Zuy-lestein*, is the village of *Amerongen*, where Lord *Atblone* has a mansion. His lordship is descended from the celebrated General *Ginckle*, a faithful adherent to King *William*. This General distinguished himself in the Irish wars; and by two successful engagements, the one at *Atblone*, and the other at *Agbrim*, he was honoured with the titles of Earl of *Atblone*, and Baron of *Agbrim*. The following anecdote, which I had from the mouth of the present Lord, is not generally known:—When the French invaded this country, and the whole Seven Provinces trembled at the victorious arms of *Louis the Fourteenth*, the French General, upon entering the province of *Utrecht*, used every means to detach *Ginckle* from the service of the States. Promises not being effectual to sap his integrity, he attempted

tempted to storm it by menaces ; and he meanly threatened that great man, that, if he did not continue inactive, his castle should be totally destroyed, should the fortune of war ever throw it into the possession of his enemies. *Ginckle* continued unshaken ; and his adversary had the despicable revenge of consuming the mansion by fire. The States, however, upon the restoration of peace, rebuilt it in more than pristine grandeur.

We crossed the Rhine at the ford of *Amerongen*, to pass into the *Betuwe*. This road was also preferred to avoid the heavy sands, although the other, leading through *Rbenen* and *Waagenen*, is by far more agreeable.

The *Betuwe* was the ancient *Batavia*, and formerly gave the name of *Bataveeren*, or *Batavians*, to the inhabitants of the Dutch Netherlands, which they have now transmitted to their colony in the island of *Java*. In this morass it was, that the ancestors of the present race first settled, when, at different times, and from different causes, they emigrated from *Germany*.

The *Betuwe* is in the province of *Guelderland*. It may be considered as an oblong island, formed

formed by the bifurcation of the Rhine above *Nimeguen*, and by the union of its streams under different appellations, as has been noticed and lamented, near to *Worcum*. The land between these rivers is low and marshy, subject to inundations, both from the Rhine on the north side, and the *Waal* on the south. From these, the inhabitants attempt to defend themselves by throwing up high and massy dykes; and with general success. The ground is fertile, and the industry of the inhabitants has made it abundantly productive. It is, in great measure, the granary of the province of *Utrecht*. It abounds in orchards, particularly for the growth of cherries; is prolific in every species of poultry, and supplies a considerable part of the adjacent country with hog's flesh. In the space of about forty miles by ten, it contains not less than eight cities of some note, and several hundred of villages.

It was principally from this spot, that the Dutch spread themselves gradually over the different provinces. Were the fact to be doubted, the strongest etymological evidence of its truth could be adduced from the names of some of the most distinguished families in Holland.—There is not a town or a village in the *Betuwe*,
that

that has not sent off a family of some distinction. From the *cities*, you have the Van *Theils*, Van *Burens*, Van *Bommels*, Van *Wyks*, Van *Culen-
burgs*, &c. and from the villages, the Van *Lindens*, the Van *Moricks*, Van *Ingens*, Van *Ecks*, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER IV.

Betuwe.

THE great abundance issuing from every spot of the *Betuwe*, to the supply of other parts, is not merely to be ascribed to its fertile soil, but to the division of the land into small parcels; by which the soil is not only made capable of sustaining an increased population, but to furnish superfluities for the use of others. It is pleasant to see with what œconomy the ground is occupied. While the trees of their orchards furnish an abundance of the most luxurious fruits, hogs and sheep in numbers are fattening under their branches. The pools adjacent to their dwellings are stocked with ducks and geese; and their corn-lands support, and supply to the neighbouring country, an incredible number of turkeys and smaller fowls. Thus, by neglecting nothing, by their not being sufficiently affluent to despise small gains, the industrious farmer, and his frugal, attentive wife, support a numerous progeny, and diffuse plenty around them.

It is, in some measure, owing to a similar cause, as well as to the flourishing state of commerce, that the province of *Holland* is so extremely populous, and so amply supplied with every article of provision, at a moderate price. It is acknowledged, that there is not a spot in Europe, which supports such a number of inhabitants in a given space. The villages and hamlets bear a due proportion to the number of large and populous cities. I am assured, that, of seventy villages under the district of *Rhineland*, not less than *forty* derive all the articles of importation, or of manufacture, from the town of *Leyden*, and repay it with the necessaries and natural luxuries of life. The province of *Holland*, you know, is distinguished by the richness of its pasturage. *South Holland* furnishes an incredible quantity of *butter*, superior to your *Essex* in flavour, which amply supplies the inhabitants upon reasonable terms, and is also an important article of exportation. *North Holland* is chiefly renowned for its *cheese*. Of the abundance of this article you may form some idea, when I acquaint you that in the small city of *Enkuyzen* is brought to market, every week, not less than *two hundred and fifty thousand pounds in weight*; and at the weekly market of *Alkmaar* is sold upwards of *three hundred thousand*. The price

price of butter seldom exceeds between *seven-pence* or *eight-pence* per pound; that of *cheese*, is between *three-pence* or *four-pence*; yet many circumstances are continually operating to render these articles extravagantly dear. The price of service is high; the taxes upon land are enormous, also upon the stock of cattle, and upon the salt consumed in making of butter. The expences of dykes to prevent inundations, and of mills innumerable, to pump out the water of overflowed lands, the frequent exposure to diseases among the cattle, all have a natural tendency to enhance the price of these articles to an alarming height. I am well informed that these accumulated expences amount to not less than fifty per cent. of the value of their land, and that the farmer is taxed to the amount of his stock every five years. But the natural tendency of these expences is counteracted by the diligence, simplicity, and oeconomy of the farmer, and by the land's being parcelled out into a number of small farms. There are none, I am assured, that exceed twenty or twenty-five *Morgen*; each *Morge* being estimated at about two acres; and very few are of such an extent. It would be reckoned a disgrace for the most substantial farmer to forsake the sphere in which his ancestors moved, and to launch into the follies

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and

and extravagancies of fashionable life. They consequently secure to themselves more essential blessings, health, contentment, and abundance. Though satisfied with small profits, they are most of them prosperous and independent, and are generally deemed the most enviable part of the community.

But to return to the *Betuwe*, and its neighbourhood.

The peasants in this part of the world retain much of what you would term, the ancient simplicity of manners. They afford, in many respects, a specimen of what we may suppose to have been the character of the English, about two hundred and fifty years ago. It is a respectable mark of learning, to be able to read and write. However, the rising generation will possess an advantage over their parents, in this respect; as schools are now established in almost every village. When I resided at *Zuylestein*, most of their bills upon me were drawn out by the school-master, and acquitted by the sign of the Cross; which I suppose had originally the solemnity of an oath, that the demand was duly paid. In consequence of not being able to minute down every article, their memories become extremely accurate and tenacious. They
continue,

continue, to this day, to create and change names *ad libitum*. One countryman is distinguished by the appellation of *Jan Boer*, John (the) Farmer, whose father was *Dirk* (the) *Miller*. A farmer contiguous to my mansion was born at *Bois le Duc*; in Dutch, *Hertogs Bosch*; Anglicé, *Duke's Wood*. He planted himself, upon his first emigration, on the north side of a range of hills, near to *Leersum*, and was there known by the name of *Van den Bosch*, from the Wood. Upon his coming over these hills, and taking a farm near to my residence, he was known by the name of *Friz Overberg*, Frederick *Over-bill*. My respectable Personage was only known among the common people by *Mynheer op Zuylestein*; and had I transplanted myself to any spot in their neighbourhood, my family would have been termed the *Van Zuylestein* family.

It is common for those who reside in cities, amidst profligate manners, to extol the simplicity and purity of rural characters. But they do not sufficiently distinguish between *manners* and *morals*, or between open extravagance and secret depravity. When I resided among these peasants, I was not only several removes from either the polish or the immoralities which characterize

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cities,

cities, but, as already hinted, I felt myself thrown more than a couple of centuries backwards in the world. I have been at some pains to acquaint myself with the originals, from whom such pleasing copies are taken, and am convinced that these pretended copies are, in general, strong exaggerations. I have often found external simplicity connected with much slyness of disposition. To cheat and out-wit a person who is in a more elevated station, if they be not his immediate dependents, is the professed trial of skill, and the perpetual boast of almost every farmer. They are externally submissive to superiors; in general, civil to strangers; and, if not in a state of enmity, very cordial, generous, sympathising, among one another. Their enmity is implacable. It is enkindled and burns with ardour on each side, according to family connections; no respect being had to the cause, or the justice of the quarrel. They seem to think that the injunction to forgive an injury, is one of the severest; and it would be impossible to make them comprehend the dignity of seeking reconciliation. They are pretty regular in their attendance upon publick worship on the Sunday, and as regularly return home intoxicated on the market-day. The crime of adultery is scarcely known among them; of fornication, not very frequent;

frequent ; and the *triumphs* of seduction, never. Their conduct towards each other, though coarse, is sincere. They are strangers to that duplicity which the polite world is obliged to practise, merely to avoid giving offence, or to conciliate esteem. But then, if they be sincere, they are often very coarse.

From the above sketch, you will think with me, good Sir, that painters and moralists either make a selection of the most pleasing objects with design and in order to embellish a picture ; or, by contemplating rural scenes at a distance, they do not discover that roughness which would deform their landscape. The character of the peasant, his habitation, his employments, are all softened, flattered, and embellished by their pencil. They are all made to exhibit ideas of rural felicity in description, which will not stand the test of close inspection. Their very *bog-sties* and *dung-bills*, although the terms themselves are almost too indelicate to be committed to paper, are supposed to be without filth, and to emit no offensive odour : Their habitations are supposed to be proofs against the rudest blasts, and most penetrating cold : — Their labours are supposed to be without anxiety or fatigue : — Disease is thought never to enter their happy dwellings, and the possessor is contemplated without vice

or guile ; a complete model of innocence, simplicity, and hospitality !

There is great pleasure in re-tracing former ideas, and recalling former sensations. You will therefore pardon my hovering so long about my quondam neighbourhood.

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LETTER





LETTER V.

Nimeguen,
Kraanenbergh.

AFTER riding some miles upon the *Rhine* Dyke, we crossed the *Betuwe*, and mounted the *Waal* Dyke on the opposite, or southern side. This Dyke is very lofty; being the only barrier against the *Waal*; which is the largest ramification of the *Rhine*. On the side of the *Betuwe*, it is much above the trees and the cottages; and so narrow on the top, that, in many parts of it, two carriages cannot pass each other without the utmost caution. On this left side, the danger, in case of an accident, does not appear extreme; as the trees and roofs of the cottages seem prepared to break the fall. But on the right side, towards the River, the mind hovers undecided to which kind of death we are most exposed, that of being dashed to pieces, or of drowning, as the carriage, after rolling down the steep declivity, must inevitably fall into the River. But the danger is chiefly in appearance. The roads are kept in very good order, the cattle are mostly docile, and their drivers cautious.

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From the top of this Dyke is a very extensive prospect. *Nimeguen*, which is seated on the opposite side of the *Waal*, and contiguous to its borders, appears in a pleasing, and rather a flattered point of view. We passed the *Waal* by means of a *Geer-brug*, or flying-bridge, as it is termed; which is large enough to convey over several hundred persons, and a number of carriages. There are several bridges of this kind upon the Rhine; as its rapid current, swoln by the sudden thaw of snow and ice, or by heavy rains, would sweep away those of the common construction. They seem to pass and repass of themselves; which gives them an air of enchantment.

The bridge is formed by two large lighters placed contiguous to each other, and covered with planks so as to make a plat-form. It is kept in its station by means of several long ropes, proceeding from each extremity of the bridge, to an equal number of boats placed at anchor at due distances from each other, above and below the bridge. Its motion is directed by the helms affixed to each of these lighters; and this motion is rendered more steady by a large cable that is slung over a kind of gallows erected across the bridge, and attached to the boats at anchor above and below it; by which a considerable

considerable pressure is obtained. The principle is obvious. The stream acts as a force from above, and endeavours to propel the whole body down the river. This is prevented by the fastenings. The oblique directions of the helms, make this power act diagonally. The consequence must be a latteral motion; and the bridge may be made, by alternate directions of the rudder, to pass from the right to the left side of the river at pleasure.

The Dutch give it the name of *Geer-brug*; because it is confined by shackles: or, in other words, it is put into *geers*.

You need not to be informed that *Nimeguen*, or, as we Dutch spell it, *Nymegen*, is situated in the south-east extremity of the province of *Guelderland*; and that it is much the largest town in the province, although *Arnhem* is deemed the *Capital*, from its being honoured with the Assembly of the States of *Guelderland*. *Nimeguen* is supposed to contain about fifty thousand inhabitants. It is the grand emporium of the products of Germany, as Rhenish wines, Seltzer water, iron, glass, salt, &c. for the surrounding towns and villages. *Nimeguen* is also the frontier town in the Dutch provinces, in the eastern

Such is the placability of his temper, that, since his restoration to authority, he has greatly outstript the precepts of Christianity:—passed by and neglected his friends, to embrace and reward his enemies. He has often been represented to you as of a tyrannic disposition; but, so far from meriting this reproach, I am fully persuaded he wishes for nothing more than to enjoy with tranquillity the etiquettes of a Court, and the little busy rounds of publick affairs: I am fully persuaded that it was the *mildness* of his temper that encouraged his enemies to reprobate him so frequently in the publick papers as a *tyrant*; and the more exemplary his patience, the more abundant were their insults. In short, without refusing to the Patriots their right to effectuate a reform in their Constitution,—the moment they can agree upon a wise plan; or to retrench the enormous influence given to their Stadtholders in the hours of gratitude,—the moment they can deposit this power in better hands; I am well convinced that they seized the opportunity to throw off the yoke, and get rid of the burden, because the yoke was easy, and the burden was light; and because the man they opposed, was reluctant to gall them.

Upon

Upon our entering the city, we drove immediately to the house of the Commissary of the Post. As I have already mentioned, all travelling business is transacted through the medium of Commissaries; by whose regulations, strangers, and strangers only are bound; to whose impositions the ignorant are made to submit, and whose authority and dignity of office are frequently manifested by a laconic insolence of stile.

Our intention was to take but three horses to *Cleves*, it being distant from *Nimeguen* not more than *five* hours; that is, fifteen or sixteen miles. But having, in the thoughtlessness of our heads, rather than in the vanity of our hearts, exhibited the whole of our equipage before the Commissary, we were obliged to continue, or at least to pay for the same number; nor could we get ourselves purged of this superfluous horse, until we arrived at *Mentz*;—so dangerous is it to set out wrong! The price of cattle is very dear in this town, to *Strangers*; the inhabitants are greatly favoured. We were first obliged to take *four* horses; and secondly obliged to pay *twelve guelders* for them; which, together with the personal tax called *passagie gelt*, amounts to about twenty-pence per mile, for horses alone. This is the more unpardonable, as great quantities of corn grow in the environs of the city, and the province

province is exempt from the heavy taxes both upon horses and their food, with which that of *Holland* is burdened.

There are two roads from *Nimeguen* to *Cleves*. The one winds round the hills, and the other goes over them. The first is a *clay*, and the other a *heavy sand*. The former is preferred in dry seasons, notwithstanding it is circuitous, and intercepted by numberless gates. The fall of some smart showers in the morning made our driver prefer the sand; and his will must always be obeyed by every Itinerant. I was well pleased with the determination, as this road was novel to me, and rendered much more agreeable by the extensive prospects which invited our attention. About half way to *Cleves*, are the boundaries of the two Governments; where their High Mightiness yield the reins to his Majesty of Prussia.

In the celebrated contest concerning the causes of national character, it appears to me that the influence of climate, simply considered, is much more partial and inconsiderable than those of religion, government, and occupations. The former may render the inhabitants more or less active, but the latter mould the mind into particular modes of thinking, and thus affect the
springs

springs of action. The former must be merely susceptible of slow gradations; the latter is immediately operative.

In passing from *Holland* to the *Austrian Netherlands*, where the affinity was formerly so close; from these to *France*; from the *Dutch Netherlands* into any part of *Germany*; at the first barrier, or at the first publick house, where you give water to the cattle, and a dram to their driver, you perceive a considerable difference in dress and manners, as well as in language; and the Traveller often feels, from a general something, which he cannot always explain, that he is not now as he was five minutes before.

This road gave us the opportunity of seeing *Kraanenberg*, a small city built on the declivity of the hill we had passed. Most towns of any antiquity are renowned for their active or passive virtues; or for some peculiarity or other, of which the inhabitant is proud, and with which the traveller's curiosity is gratified. *Kraanen-berg* derives its name, which is Anglicé *Crane-bill*, from the number of *Cranes* that used to assemble about the castle when the adjacent plain was a morass. This town has frequently been made a transferable commodity; given in dowery at the marriage of a Princess; thrown as a small make-weight into the scale, every time
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there was an attempt nicely to balance the power of Princes ; placed in the hands of a late enemy, as a pledge or hostage of future friendship ; and it has sometimes received small boons, under the guise of great privileges, from its lordly masters. Its principal church is celebrated for a miraculous image, whose history I shall give you when more at leisure. But the true point of honour in my estimation is,—it enjoys freedom of religion. Though the Roman is the predominant Church, a small society of Protestants, consisting of about eight families, are neither molested in their publick worship, nor in private life shunned as contagious, or pointed at with the finger of disdain. This testimony I have from one of those Protestants, with whom I became acquainted in *Amsterdam*.





The City & Castle of Cherson.

LETTER VI.

KleeF, or Cleves.

CLEVES and its environs are universally admired for their situation, commanding prospects equally beautiful and extensive. The city is built on the eastern side of three hills, whose shape and position have some fanciful resemblance to a leaf of clover. *Klif* is German for a steep hill; though we, in adopting the term, have appropriated it to the perpendicular side of a rock.

The city obviously derives its name from its situation. It is west of the Rhine, distant about a mile from the bed of the river. Several of the streets, from their elevation, extend their views many leagues deep into the country, on the opposite shore; which is variegated with hills, woods, towns, villages, pasturage, and fields of corn. The situation of the houses makes a very romantic appearance; and in many parts, the dwellings in the rear, take a peep at the enchanting prospect, over the shoulders of those

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placed

placed in the front ranks. The places most distinguished for enjoying these scenes are the *Citadel*, and the country-house of the Baroness *Van Spaan*, which is so contiguous to the town, that it may be considered as a part of it. The situation of both is towards the South-East. The prospects from these spots are so rich and beautiful, that they furnish too luxurious a treat for a common meal. They should be reserved for distant intervals, or occasional visits.

You know that the city of Cleves is the capital of a duchy of the same name. Both town and country have suffered a fate similar to many others placed in the vicinity of contending powers; which necessarily become objects of dispute among rapacious Princes. Like the inferior city of *Kraanenbergh*, Cleves and its duchy have been the sport of interest or caprice. In consequence of wars and of marriages, frequently have they changed their master. Sometimes they have portioned out a Princess; or, like a sop to Cerberus, have soothed a vindictive enemy into a seeming friend. The town, as its Chronicles report, was almost destroyed in the year 1372, and again in the year 1528, by the devastations of contending parties.—The inhabitants were rudely handled by the Spanish in the year 1624, until the enemy was expelled by Prince

Prince *Mauritz of Nassau*.—It sustained a smart bombardment in 1635; when the Spaniards took the adjacent fort of *Schenken-Schans* by surprise.—In 1639, it was most heavily mulcted by Imperial troops.—In 1640, conquered by the Hessians, and the year following, dreadfully plundered by the Imperialists !

Thus, O Cleves ! though thou art placed as in the bosom of Paradise !—though thou art formed for tranquility and rural joys !—though abundance smiles around thee !—though thy river pours forth its stores of fish, and bears every distant luxury on its surface !—though thy fields yield their pasturage, and their corn, to the industrious husbandman ; thy poultry increases under the fostering care of the housewife ; thy orchards abound with fruits, thy gardens with salutary herbs, and thy woods with a diversity of game !—Yet, through the unrelenting ambition of Princes, is the history of thy past years, naught but the history of thy Calamities ! The history of thy labours is like the labours of the industrious bee and the skilful spider, destined every instant to repair the mischiefs which rude hands have brought upon their peaceful workmanship !

The chief indemnification that it has received for these accumulated sufferings, is, that peace was signed and proclaimed within its walls by

the Deputies from the United Provinces, and the Bishop of Munster, in the year 1666. The town and duchy are now under the jurisdiction of Prussia; and as they possess many civil and religious privileges, the inhabitants appear contented and happy. Cleves enjoys some trade, though this is very inconsiderable. Its principal resources are derived from its being the seat of the Regency.

The *reformed* religion, as we upon the Continent proudly call *Calvinism*, is the *established*. But Catholics, Lutherans, Anabaptists, and Jews, are allowed the full exercise of their respective *cultes*. Among the *Reformed*, there is a German, a Dutch, and a French church; there is also a Dutch *Anabaptists*, and a German *Lutheran*. But we do not hold these as *reformed*. However, they all give one evidence of the best kind of Reformation:—they live as brethren, and fall not out by the way. Nor have they any quarrel with the Roman Catholics, who are very numerous. These possess the great Collegiate Church. The fraternities of the *Minorites*, and the *Capuchins*, have each their church. There is a cloister of Nuns of the Augustine order, entitled *Mount Zion*. The Abbess is an agreeable and intelligent woman. In a future letter I shall make you better acquainted with her.

I will

I will not detain you with many other particulars respecting the town of Cleves, Let me however, transcribe for you an inscription placed on the middle port, which separates, and I think very ungenerously, the outward from the inward town. The object of which separation is to keep the heart whole, should the extremities be lopt off. The inscription is as follows:—

*Vita Viatoris quasi transitus : Omnia finem
Quid quid et immundus Mundus bonorat, habent.
Transivere patres ; simul hic transibimus omnes :
In Cælo patriam ; qui bene cæpit, habet.*

The sentiment forcibly engaged our attention as travellers ; and, if you will excuse the Monkism of *immundus Mundus*, the versification is not bad.

Were you an antiquarian, my good Sir, I could furnish you with some amusement worthy of the name. I could prove to you, from good and ample authority, that this city took its rise from a Roman colony under *Trajan* ; and that its ancient name was *Colonia Uppia Trajani*. But its castle is now called *Swaanenhof*, from a ridiculous story about a Duchess and a white Swan, invented in times of ignorance, and no longer believed ; and therefore I shall not trouble

you with it.—This castle was built in the days of *Julius Cæsar*, as appears from the following inscription on the walls :—*Anno. ab. Urbe. Romano. condita. sexentesimo nonagesimo octavo. Julius, Cæsar. Dictator. hisce partibus in deditionem subactis. Arcem. Clivensem. Ædificavit.*

I could also inform you, that, some few years ago, a large oblong vessel of stone, in the shape of a Coffin, was dug up adjacent to this city, filled with urns containing the ashes of the dead, ewers, sepulchral lamp, &c. all of them unquestionably *Roman*. From the Citadel I could also point out to you the plain near to the village of *Qualburg*, where the *Roman* legions used to perform their exercise.

But, as I know that you greatly prefer the things which *are*, to those which *have been*,—though I know not why you should, where they do not more immediately concern you,—I shall not dig deeper into antiquity, but continue upon the surface of modern times.

Adjacent to the city, in the northern direction, and in the road leading from *Nymeguen*, is a large and pleasant Park, richly stocked with deer. This Park, or *Deer-guard*, as they term it, is about six miles in circumference; of which space nearly half is mountainous, and the other
half

half is in a lovely vale. It is separated from vulgar land by *palafados*; but it benevolently gives access, by four gates placed at convenient distances, to all, excepting the canine species,—whose love of venison might tempt them to a breach of decorum.

Within the Park, and at the foot of a hill, is a mineral spring; for which the publick, and still more perhaps the *Sovereign*, are beholden to the chymical abilities and assiduous endeavours of the learned Professor *Schutte*. This Physician, who established himself at Cleves about the year 1740, entertained an idea, from the physiognomy of the soil, that mineral waters might be found under its surface; the nature of the soil being so closely correspondent with that in which mineral springs abound. Having first obtained permission from the late King of Prussia, he procured skilful miners from different parts of Germany; whose opinions coinciding with his own, they set themselves in good earnest to search for the salubrious stream. After various disappointments, and discouragements arising from the mockery so liberally bestowed by the indolent upon all unsuccessful attempts, however laudable in their design, and probable in their appearance, the truth of his conjectures was realized by the discovery of this spring.

Unfortunately for all concerned, it is but a weak chalybeate. The water manifestly flows through a bed of pyrites ; but, from a great deficiency of the fixt air, which is now discovered to be the dissolving principle of ferruginous particles, the impregnation is not very considerable. From experiments made by the Professor, it appears, that, by adding an infusion of gall-nuts, the waters at Cleves give a deeper hue than those of *Schwalbach*, or of *Spaa* ; but the taste of these two other minerals is much more pungent to the tongue : a clear manifestation that these contain a larger quantity of fixt air, and that the former is more impregnated with iron. The sulphureous taste, as I am informed by a gentleman to whom the Professor revealed the secret, is chiefly owing to a quantity of *hepar sulphuris*, artificially placed in the current of water.

The season professedly begins about the middle of July, and closes with the month of August.

Whether we suppose that the medical virtues to be derived from mineral waters, depend more upon the abundance of this kind of air, than of the substance it dissolves ; or whether we continue to imagine that the chalybeate itself is the chief corroborant, the medical virtues of this spring cannot be very great ; as the deficiency of fixt air

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must

must proportionably diminish the quantity of the substance dissolved.

Notwithstanding the laudable pains taken by the Professor to discover, and the skill displayed in analyzing, and sanguine hopes concerning its qualities, and the self-deceived ideas entertained of its efficacy in the first essays; notwithstanding the pardonable artifice used; notwithstanding the assistance given to these efforts by the power and policy of the late Frederick; the spring does not rise into high repute. The mineral taste of the water itself is too weak to support its credit, or to make it the bond of union between the gay and the dejected, the idly healthy, and the infirm, the young and the aged. This place must otherwise have been the principal resort of those who seek either health or rural delights. Its agreeable situation;—the extensive and beautiful prospects that abound in every part of its neighbourhood;—the number and variety of pleasant walks;—its proximity to one of the finest rivers in Europe, and to the finest part of it, where the current is swoln to its summit of grandeur;—all conspire to render it peculiarly inviting, and would certainly have given it the preference to most other mineral springs upon the Continent.

I had

I had almost forgotten to mention, that a strict prohibition of Gaming is another considerable impediment to the efficacy of the waters; it being the opinion of two classes of persons, who frequent these publick places the most,—the *Genteel world*, and *Sharppers*,—that no mineral spring can have virtue, that does not furnish a metal much superior to vulgar iron.

LETTER VII.

THE late King of Prussia, being encouraged by our Professor to hope that these waters would prove of the greatest utility to strangers, thought it but equitable that they should prove of some benefit to the inhabitants of Cleves; and ultimately to himself. He therefore endeavoured to render this place the general resort, by studying every accommodation for Invalids; nor did he spare any expence in suitable decorations, to entice such to visit these quarters, who wanted a pleasanter motive than the simple pursuit of health.

He has built an elegant Domicilium for the salubrious fountain, by way of *Pump-room*. This is a well-proportioned edifice, about fourteen feet square. On its wall the following testimony of pious gratitude is inscribed; which indicates that pious gratitude is natural to the heart of man; and that the heart of man will yield to the pleasing impulse, when it is too warmly affected by

by the accomplishment of an ardent wish, to be chilled by sophisms :—

Creatori Deo ter optimo, maximo; annis boni unice ac vivæ scaturigini, SACRUM.

Sub imperio Celcis. August. Principis. Fred. secund. Magni Borusc. Regis. Anno 1741, tempore belli in *Silesia* feliciter gesti, hic fons mineralis est detectus. Et Anno sequente post binas victorias ac pacem *Wratiscaviensiam* in salientis Aquæ formam redactus, et Dei clementia in languentium salutarem usum medicum optato effectum collocatus ab Inventore Io. Henrico Schutte, M.D.

His Majesty has further placed two large and commodious Hotels adjacent to the fountain. The one is situated on a declivity of a hill within the enclosure of the park; the other, in a pleasant vale, on the opposite side of the road. This is furnished with artificial warm baths.

In this vale, at the foot of the hill, and facing the hotel, is erected a Column, of the Ionic order; on the summit of which is placed a pedestrian statue of iron, representing a warrior in complete armour. This figure represents the unfortunate General *Martin Schenk*, who had revolted from the Spanish service to that of the States. Attempting to escape by water from an unsuccessful attack upon *Nymeguen*, in the year 1589, his boat overset, and the weight of his armour precipitated

precipitated him to the bottom. We are informed by *Wagenaar*, the celebrated Dutch historian, that his enemies, prompted by implacable resentment, fished up the body, for the cruel purpose of severing the head from the trunk and of suspending his mangled limbs at the different gates of the city he had besieged. But the Spanish Governor *Varrabon*, more humane than his subjects, collected these scattered relics together, and deposited them in a coffin. They were afterwards buried with due honours by Prince *Mauritz*; the city having surrendered to his arms.

Of the two hotels, that of *Roberts*, within the park, is the most agreeably situated. As you admit of a *brow* of a hill, and the *foot* of a hill, allow me to suppose that it may also have a *lap*, and that this house of venal hospitality is snugly placed in it. The ground adjacent to it, although it exhibits a perpetual declivity, has a pleasing irregularity of surface. The *tout ensemble* forms a kind of hanging garden, which is beautified with buildings, and enlivened with rivulets, cascades, and *jets d'eau*. I have already mentioned the pump-room and column at the bottom of the hill. Towards its summit is an elegant Pavilion. This is called the *Amphitheatre*. It consists of an octagon Cupola, about
twenty-

twenty-five feet in diameter, placed in the centre; ornamented with two semi-circular arcades, formed by fourteen pillars on each side. The brow of the mountain is covered with woods. A meandering walk through them, leads the stranger up to the summit, and finally places him upon the elevated plain.

From this eminence the prospect is extensive and delightful. It commands the north-west part of the town, and projects to an immense distance beyond it. It exhibits, on the right hand, and on the opposite side of the Rhine, a view of the ancient city of *Emerick*, with the many villages in its neighbourhood. On the front, and towards the left hand, is the lofty and extensive mount *Eltenberg*, also on the opposite side; with the fertile and variegated country surrounding it. *Eltenberg* is by far the most majestic mountain within the reach of vision. It stands at the extreme point of a promontory, at about six miles distant, and is the termination of a large chain of hills, that runs parallel to the eastern shore of the Rhine, at the distance of eight or ten miles from its borders.

I have already observed that the name of *Kleef* is derived from the term *Cliff*; and I should have told you that the mountains on this side the river are abrupt terminations of an elevated country





country lying towards the West : consequently, between these cliffs and the hills on the opposite side, is an extensive plain, through which the Rhine has formed its course. Eltenberg terminates the chain of hills on the North-East ; and Nymeguen the chain connected with Cleves on the North-West. The Rhine is in this place extremely large. Having received the plenteous tributes of numberless rivers, that pour their stores into it, and the lesser gifts of rivulets flowing from the contiguous mountains, it swells with pride as it flows to *Schenkschans* (literally *Schenks-fort*) ; where, as if unable to support its volume, it separates into the two large branches I have already described, and whose hard fate I so sincerely bewail.

From the face of the country, there is great reason to conclude that the main Ocean once advanced as far as the two projecting points of *Eltenberg* and *Nimeguen*, and that the vale between the two ranges of hills, was a creek of the sea ; that the *Betuwe*, and the whole territory on the North and West of it, was formerly the bed of the ocean. A more minute description would prove tedious ; but, could you observe and judge for yourself, you would conclude with me, that there are not stronger evidences from the appearances of nature, that the Rhine has
forfaken

set of regulations, respecting the price of rooms, meals, wines, &c. According to these, you may sleep comfortably for *five guilders* (about nine shillings) per week; breakfast for *six-pence*; dine for *sixteen*; sup for *twelve*; have a bottle of decent Rhenish wine, containing three pints, for *eighteen*, and of Moselle for *sixteen*.

These prices may appear to you very moderate; but for this duchy, the articles are estimated at a very high rate. As the hotels are principally frequented by my countrymen the Dutch, who come here in considerable numbers, to breathe a purer atmosphere, and to form some ideas of a mountain; and, as *Frederick* knew that the Dutch were a wealthy people, and that his own subjects in these quarters, had not much specie in circulation, he judiciously estimated the price of most articles according to the value of money in *Holland*; which renders the expences in these two privileged houses, adjacent to the spring, nearly double to those incurred at any other inn adjacent to, or within the city. According to the currency of Cleves, a guilder is valued at thirty-six *stubers*, or *pence*, while its value in *Holland* is not more than *twenty*. But a *stuber* will purchase as much in the unprivileged hotels, as a *styver*, or a Dutch penny, in either of these.

The tax, however, is paid without the least murmuring or repining. They are under no obligations to lodge here, and therefore there is no cause for complaint.—To occasional visitors, the superior situation of these inns, is richly worth the difference of expence.—Besides, let me tell you, my countrymen are, in general, flattered with this compliment of distinction; and many of them would hold it as a disgrace to be lodged in a cheaper hotel. I assure you, Sir, that we Dutch are as pleased and elated with the ideas of comparative wealth, as the German or French Nobility are with those of blood or title.—Nor are we such universal œconomists as is generally imagined. It is true, that in the daily consumption of our household, we drink bad wine, and wretched tea, with coarse sugar, to save two-pence per bottle in the one, and three-pence per pound in the other article: but, in our occasional pursuits of pleasure, or when disposed to make collections of natural or artificial curiosities, we can be very profuse. I will also add, with exultation, that in our occasional acts of generosity, and in our frequent, very frequent acts of charity, we are extremely liberal.

These rural scenes, and the cheapness of living, are sometimes inducements for persons

of small independent fortunes to retire to Cleves. They would doubtless operate more powerfully, did it not so frequently happen, that spendthrifts, bankrupts, and gallants, exposed to the lash of the Belgic law, make a precipitate retreat to these quarters. Hence it is, that the natives look upon strangers that seek a residence among them, with a suspicious eye.

LETTER VIII.

Cleves.

MY first visit to *Cleves* was made in the year 1784, with, as you English express yourselves, a *snug party of friends*. We spent several days very agreeably in rambling about the environs, visiting the churches and monasteries, and in collecting many of the materials which furnished the subject of my last letter. We lodged in the *Park*, where there was much genteel company, and an excellent publick table.

I remember that one evening, while we were at supper, during the suspension of the musick, a very pretty Nun, neatly dressed, entered the room, and humbly supplicated a boon for the dear Lady of *Kevelaar*, that her chapel might be supplied with lights, to burn day and night before her. Not having the honour of a particular acquaintance with this lady, I enquired *which of the Virgin Maries she might be?*

While the Nun was going round to every person present, the following account of the

Kevelaar Virgin was given me by a motherly Gentlewoman, who sat next to me at table ; of which you are welcome to believe just as much as you please.

“ Sir,” answered she, with such unaffected composure of countenance, as left no doubt with me, but that she believed the whole, “ *Kevelaar* is a village in that part of *Guelderland* that is under the dominion of *Prussia*. It was formerly a miserable hamlet, consisting of a few decayed houses ; but it is now in so flourishing a state, that it scarcely yields to any of your villages in *Holland*. It is indebted for this truly miraculous change, to an image of our dear Lady, that is preserved in a chapel of stone, and that is visited from all quarters.

“ There are many reports respecting this image ; but you may depend upon the following, as the most authentick.—A devout Maiden discovered, upon the spot where the chapel is now placed, an hillock of a singular elevation ; and, upon approaching, she found that it covered a small image of a female, which she immediately knew, by an inward impulse, to be the image of the Blessed Virgin. She gave information of this discovery to the villagers, who conveyed it, with all the pomp their extreme poverty would admit, to the parish church. It seemed,

seemed, however, that the image had acquired a local attachment to this particular spot; and, watching the opportunity while the peasants were asleep, it walked out of the church, and laid itself down as before. The religious procession was repeated, and again she escaped at midnight to the same beloved hillock, and buried herself under its surface. It is also said, that an inhabitant of *Guelder*, upon paying his devotions before a Crucifix near to *Kevelaar*, heard a voice ordering him to build a Chapel upon the very spot. Paying little attention to it at first, the command was renewed. The good man now gave information of what he had heard to his wife, who confirmed his faith, and animated his pious resolutions, by a vision she had had the preceding night. She saw before her a model of the projected chapel, with a figure of our Lady in paper, exactly resembling, in shape and size, the miraculous image."—

I perceive you grow impatient, my friend, at the circumstantial narrative of such solemn nonsense; which you will say is scarcely fit for children to hear, and none but children can believe. But you are much mistaken. The above account is believed by thousands and tens of thousands, who have as much a claim to rationality,

in every other respect, as any of us. Nothing, my good Sir, can be insignificant that has an *Energy*; and that energy must be great, which influences the faith and practice of such multitudes, even at the present moment. Therefore, by your leave, I will go on with my story; or rather, I expect that you will not interrupt my female friend, in her attempt to give me a favourable impression of the miraculous image.

“ This wonderful event,” continued she, “ took place in the year 1641; and the miracles wrought by our dear Lady are too many and too great to be denied by the most incredulous persons. She daily performs the most astonishing cures. By simply touching of this image, not only have the more common indispositions been removed, but the dumb have been made to speak, the deaf to hear, the blind to see, and the barren have become fruitful mothers. Wherever there has been any failure, it can only be ascribed to the want of a due degree of faith in the subjects.”

That this good woman is not singularly superstitious, is very obvious, from the numbers that visit the *Madona of Kevelaar*. They are computed to be not less than between *two* and *three thousand* annually. The time of their pilgrimage

grimage is in the months of *July* and *August*; and they go in companies, from *fifty* to *an hundred*, from different districts, according to certain regulations, necessary to prevent too great an inundation of worshippers at once. In these happy months, the neighbourhood of *Kevelaar* is a perpetual fair. Tents and booths are erected around the chapel; and every species of religious toy, such as Crucifixes, Rosaries, Pictures of Saints, Agni Dei, and Images of the Holy Virgin, are sold in great abundance. These are not only instruments of devotion, but they act also as charms to cure agues, and other disorders.

Our Lady of *Kevelaar* appears somewhat whimsical in her taste; for she seems to have a great predilection for *Wax*, as well as for this particular spot of earth. I am assured that you cannot make her a more acceptable present, than a large ornamented wax candle; and the size of it is always considered as the most accurate standard of your faith and devotion. Those who have received any local benefit, present a waxen impression of the part restored.— But how far this custom may extend, I will not pretend to say.

When

When I sojourned on the borders of *Guelderland*, I was not so deeply initiated in the mysteries of this miraculous Image, as at present; but I recollect being frequently amused in the summer months, with the concourse of Pilgrims that passed by my mansion, from *Utrecht*, *Amersford*, and the villages adjacent. I recollect also, that they appeared as blind and as lame upon their return, notwithstanding the satisfaction they always expressed at the wonders wrought. The inns in my neighbourhood were their *Caravanseras*, where they passed the night. As the landlords could not furnish all of them with beds, *clean straw* was strewed upon the ground of the different apartments, where they slept in rows; the men in one room, and the females in another. By this regulation, some of those inconveniencies were avoided, which they say are incidental to the common people in *Scotland*, when they go several days journey to the Sacrament.

To return to our pretty Nun, whom I have left collecting contributions from the well-disposed.

A Heretic in company thought to abash the innocent girl, by observing, that "as this Image
could

could work so many miracles, she might provide herself with candles, without soliciting contributions."

A warm blush of indignation flew into her cheeks. She suffered discretion, however, to restrain it within due bounds, and merely answered, in a modest tone, that "as the Blessed Virgin was occupied in doing good to others, she must think herself entitled to a small tribute of gratitude in return; which would finally prove more beneficial to her votaries than to herself."

"The good she does," vociferates a fly-looking unbeliever from the opposite side of the table, "operates as slowly, in my opinion, as the poison used by some tribes of Indians; for I have known several cripples hobble to *Kevelaar* six years consecutively, without deriving the least advantage from their journeys."

He atoned for the severity of this remark by throwing a *Guilder*, in value about twenty-pence, across the table.

Compound emotions were visible upon her countenance. She took up the money, and answered, with a forced smile, "The time will certainly come, Sir."—A liberal contribution sent her away satisfied upon the whole.

But,

But, whatever may be the case with the Nun, I am by no means satisfied. I do not mean to arraign our Lady of *Kevelaar* as an impostor. I believe she does some good, and will wager that she cures an ague as well as the best Talisman. But I charge her as guilty of a very indecent monopoly, by undermining the true and lawful claims of the Crucifix at *Kraanenberg*, with which I promised to make you acquainted. Sorry I am to bring it out of obscurity, to the dishonour of this Madona of *Kevelaar*. You shall hear and judge between us.

The Crucifix at *Kraanenberg* was formed in a still more miraculous manner, between the years 1279 and 1308, which was more than three hundred years before our Lady of *Kevelaar* had taken it into her head to cover herself over with this same peat. A shepherd having received a consecrated wafer in Communion at Whitsuntide, laid it, by some accident or other, between two branches of a tree. The wafer sunk into the tree. About *twenty-eight years* afterwards, the tree was cut down, and the wafer fell out of it, entirely in the present form of a Crucifix. This Crucifix used to be worshiped by numberless votaries, and to perform all the wonders which are now wrought at *Kevelaar*. It
was

was also carried in solemn procession, every *Whitsuntide*, to the edification and comfort of thousands. But the *Kevelaar* Image, like a pointed conductor, has drawn all the virtue from it, and rendered it totally inert.—The Crucifix must have had more than Christian patience, or it would have avenged its cause by some judicial miracle !

You plainly see what a juggling trick this has been of the Virgin. She has taken away all the honour, power and profits from one that has a prior right,—one that is more than three hundred years older than herself,—one that was born in a more miraculous manner than she could be !—Not a soul knows from whence that image came !—It could not be from heaven, for they say, it has no very angelic countenance ; and we will not suppose it to have been an out-cast, and, like *Vulcan*, to have been thrown over the battlements.

Respecting the Crucifix, nothing in the world can be more credible, and at the same time miraculous, than the whole of its history. The Priest, as we all know, by consecrating the wafer, converted it into genuine body and blood. It was therefore endowed with a vital principle, and with the power of acting, or else the whole process of transformation would be
of

of no moment. The wafer, thus qualified, could easily, in imitation of the shepherd's boys that surrounded it, employ its leisure hours in cutting itself up into a Crucifix. This is plain; for, if the Priest be able to make one *metamorphose*, and turn a wafer into a God, who dares to assert that this god-wafer is not able to make another, and to change its mode of existence as often as it pleases? and, who will say that *self-creation* is not better than a *doubtful original*?

These, my good friends, are the facts; and I leave you to form your opinion about them. Freely to confess my own, I think that *fair-play* is a *jewel* every where, and ought to be observed by the *Images* of Saints, as well as by *Saints themselves*.

LETTER IX.

Cleves.

I MENTIONED to you, that the first time I visited this place, curiosity led the company to see some of the Monasteries and Cloisters, with which it abounds. I should not deserve the character of a faithful narrator, which it is my ambition always to maintain, did I conceal from you a defeat in argument, or something very much like it, which I suffered in the Cloister of *Mount Sion*.

The Matron, who shewed us all that was visible to profane eyes, such as the Chapel, the Refectory, &c. was a polite, well-informed person. She spoke the French language with great fluency and elegance; and, as you will find in the issue, she was better acquainted with the world, than could have been expected from a Recluse.

After we had purchased some models in wax, of the different orders of Monks and Nuns,
and

and some artificial flowers, which, with various other articles, were the work of those daughters of retirement, by which they benefit the Establishment, while they amuse their vacant hours,—the Matron politely invited us to rest ourselves in her own apartment. This invitation the fatigues of our morning rambles had made too acceptable to be refused.

The discourse naturally turned upon the Institution; and, among other articles, we enquired how many Nuns there might be sequestered from the world within these walls?

She answered, they were only *twenty-eight* in number.

My imagination immediately took fire!—I contemplated them all as in the bloom of youth and beauty, formed to enjoy and to communicate happiness, in civil life, and in the conjugal state! I viewed them as agreeable companions, dutiful children, affectionate wives, tender mothers,—had they been permitted to follow the laws and propensities of nature! Under this impression, an exclamation escaped me—

“ Good God !” cried I, “ *only* twenty-eight of the loveliest of the human species buried alive within this gloomy mansion! Do you say *only*, Madam?—It is, in my opinion, too many by the whole number !”

“ And

“ And why,” answered the Matron, “ will you not consider them in the true light—*sheltered from the storms of life?*”

“ But, Madam——”

“ Permit me, Sir, to interrupt you. I know what you are about to urge.—You think these young creatures lost to society.—You imagine that they are involuntary, and consequently, wretched prisoners!—A suggestion arises within your mind, that it would be a meritorious act to break down these walls of their confinement, and rescue them from the sacred vows they have been compelled, or seduced to make!”

I bowed my assent to her statement of the objection.

“ But why will you permit your fancy to give such a partial and fallacious statement of their situation? Is it not much more probable that they are screened from the numberless evils to which *our* sex are peculiarly exposed?—Are there no unrelenting parents in the world?—no false and perjured lovers?—no cruel and neglectful husbands?—no disobedient, or even unhappy children?—faithless friends?—forsaken orphans?”

I granted that there were too many. But I urged that it was a cowardice equal to *suicide*, thus to oppose the laws of nature, and the duties claimed

by society ;—thus to seek a species of a premature death, in order to escape the many evils of life ;—thus to secure an illicit exemption from both the active and passive duties, the proper discharge of which are the best preparations for heaven !

“ Within these walls, Sir, they are disciplined to the duties of each class. Respecting the *passive* duties, they are taught subordination to their superiors ; mutual forbearance with each other ;—for little humours and caprices will shew themselves, wherever there is an original diversity of character ; and I will also add, that where any may have taken the Veil from improper motives, they have imposed upon themselves the task of submitting with patience and resignation to the consequences of their hasty resolutions. Perhaps *these* have peculiar reasons for *thankful* resignation ; for they who most repent of their choice, were in the greatest danger from the seductions of the world.”

“ As to *active* duties, they have them also. They are all engaged in some useful or innocent employments, which afford elegant amusements to your gayer world, while they contribute to support the expences of this house of retirement. In point of *utility*, therefore, they are no more lost to society, than *your* milliners, *your* artificial florists,

florists, or that numerous class of females among you, who support themselves by contributing to the elegancies of life. To these daily occupations, are added those more important ones, of which there are but few traces in your world—the *sacred duties of religion*.—Here they are taught that there is a God; and a future state; and the prime object of their attention is to prepare for it. If there be any benefit from the prayers of the righteous,—if these avail much,—their intercessions will also diffuse a blessing over mankind.

“Thus,” added she, “excepting in the single article of *Celibacy*, they are equally useful with the most industrious and meritorious of their sex, without these walls; and, let me add, are infinitely better employed than the majority of those for whom they labour.”

A lovely female, in the novitiate state, as appeared by her dress, happened at this instant to be passing by the window on the opposite side of the area. I sat in a direction to have a full view of her as she passed. She did not appear to be more than *sixteen* years of age, and had a pleasing, but, as I thought, a *dejected* countenance. Curiosity induced her to make her transit as slow as possible; but duty impelled her to be

in motion. This sight animated me to renew the attack, with the ardour of a Knight Errant attempting to rescue a damsel in distress :

“ Madam, it is still to be deeply regretted, that such excellent characters, those whom you describe as possessing the choicest virtues of their sex, should be for ever secluded from those connections where their virtues are so much wanted, and where their various qualities would become so eminently useful!—What incomparable wives—What exemplary mothers—What——”

“ You do not attend sufficiently,” replied the Matron, interrupting me, “ to the influence of precept and example ; nor consider how far the excellencies they possess, may be derived from this secluded state, and their being disciplined to virtue and religion. The grace of God operates by means. Those who are exposed to temptation, will feel themselves tempted, and their hearts may betray them into wretchedness. If these young creatures are more innocent, and, let me add, more *bappy* than the same number of worldlings of their age, of which I cannot entertain a doubt, it is certainly in consequence of the vows they have made.

“ Thus, Sir,” continued she, “ for *themselves*, they appear, every circumstance being considered, to have made the wisest choice ; and
they

they are equally beneficial to the public with thousands of their sex, who lead a secular life. The only subject therefore which remains to be canvassed is, that of their *Celibacy*. And this is soon discussed.

“ The strictest order of Nuns, make that a *voluntary* deed, from the *most laudable motives*, to which numbers are obliged to submit, *without the most distant claim to merit*. What multitudes must remain in a state of *celibacy*, or make a most improper choice ! What multitudes have reason to wish that they had remained in that state, who have been connected by *honorable ties* ! Not to mention that part of the female world, that have fallen a prey to the delusions of their own hearts, or the treacherous unsuspected seductions of men. We acknowledge that Marriage is an honourable institution ; we must know that the very existence and welfare of the human species, depend upon the institution ; but no individual is from hence compelled to submit to it : nor is this general *philanthropy* the passion which prompts to the marriage union ! In short, sir, Religion and Nature have left us the right to chuse, whether we will check our desires, and remain in a smaller but securer circle of uninterrupted contentment, or hazard the loss of what we might have enjoyed, by im-

petuously seeking greater good. You worldlings, claim this power of choosing, and prefer, with a conscience perfectly at ease, *celibacy* to *indiscreet* marriages; and why should we be deprived? Had it been a law of nature universally obligatory, that every individual of each sex, should be united to its mate, then have the females under my care been guilty of sin, by renouncing the world. If our religion considered it a duty incumbent upon *all*, then might you with justice accuse the life of a Nun, as a violation of the laws of heaven. But as this is not the case, why will you deprive *us exclusively*, of the right to make a choice, of which very few repent, and of which none have any reason to repent:—this is more than can be alleged in vindication of numberless matrimonial connections!

“I observe,” continued she, “in my frequent conversation with occasional visitors, that *your* sex, sir, is always more affected with these vows of chastity, than our own; and I am from hence lead to suspect, that you are more under *the* influence of *self-interest*, than of *compassion*.—Does the anxiety you discover proceed from the consciousness that you are all such men of honour, such amiable companions, so invariably disposed and qualified to become husbands worthy

thy of possessing? And do you infer from hence, that our sex necessarily suffers an infinite loss, by being for ever excluded from yours? You will not have the injustice or the vanity to maintain the proposition. How then can you be assured that their plunging into life, would not make them the *real objects* of that compassion which is now thrown away upon them? If the motives of that pity your sex so repeatedly express, were genuine, you would not so heedlessly, not to say *basely*, diffuse wretchedness over myriads of the females that are still in your power.---I suppose, Sir, you are not unacquainted with London, as I perceive by your appearance and accent, that you are an Englishman?"

I answered, that *London* had formerly been the place of my residence.

"Can you form any estimate of the number of those unhappy girls that support a miserable existence, by being kept mistresses or by public prostitution?"

"I cannot, but they are certainly very numerous."

"I have been assured (says the Abbess) that they amount to not less than FORTY THOUSAND; of whom many thousands are merely *children*!"

I hope, Madam, that this is an exaggerated representation.

“The estimate is formed by those who seem well qualified to judge, and who have taken great pains to be as accurate as the subject will admit. I am further informed, that the inhabitants of that great metropolis are estimated from *seven to nine hundred thousand*; let us take the medium, *eight hundred thousand. Of this number, we will suppose the half to be females, and of the *four*, *one* hundred thousand are at the age which attracts the attention of your sex. It will appear too plain from this view, that only *sixty thousand* out of the hundred, are in the way of honourable marriage; and were we to suppose that one-third of these are prevented from marriage by prudential motives, or from other causes, the shameful result would be, that the *quantum of vicious and of virtuous connections is nearly equal!*”

* The rapid increase of the buildings, in every direction, around the metropolis, since the above estimate was made, renders it probable, that the number of inhabitants is increased in some proportion; and as large cities are so unfavourable to morals, there is too much reason to apprehend, that the number of the dissolute will also be proportionably augmented.

* I would

“ I would advise your sex, and those of you, whose *reformed* tenets make you shudder alike at the doctrines and the œconomy of our holy Church, to throw your compassion into this channel, and not upon those institutions, which are established to diminish wretchedness; which have covered the face of beauty from shame, and from the contempt of its seducers !”

I must freely confess, that the remarks of this shrewd speculatrix reduced me to act merely upon the defensive; and I attempted to palliate what I could not totally deny.

I hope to God, madam, that the whole of your statement is exaggerated. I am not prepared to contradict you from positive argument relative to the absolute number of the dishonoured, but I am happy to observe one material error in your calculation. We may suppose, that comparatively few of these unhappy females are the *natives of London*. The metropolis is the general resort of the gay and the wanton from every part of the kingdom. It is here that vicious connections are best concealed, and that the seduced hide their faces from distressed parents, or seek a subsistence by promiscuous commerce, after they have been abandoned by their seducers.

“ Are

"Are ALL virtuous in every other part of the kingdom?" enquired the Abbess, with a strong emphatic accent.

I will not, Madam, take it upon me to make that assertion; but the relative proportion of the deluded is greatly diminished by this consideration.

"Your objections, Sir, are admitted as valid. Let me then submit to your correction another estimate; for I am rather fond of speculating upon subjects in which the public welfare is so intimately concerned. We have in the German language, numberless accounts of the English nation. I have read several with pleasure. Your political constitution,---your extensive charities,---the freedom of your sentiments, and of your manners;---the detached marks of great wisdom, and I had almost said *caricature* examples of excellence, amidst an unbounded wildness, make every thing that relates to the nation interesting to a distant observer. From these authors I learn, that the number of inhabitants of England, exclusively, is computed at about *eight millions*. Of this number we will suppose, that one-half are of my sex: we will also suppose, that one-fourth, that is *one million*, are nubile. Let us also grant that the *forty thousand* who have fallen a prey

prey to illicit amours, resident in the metropolis, constitutes only *one-third* of the disgraced throughout the kingdom. Then is there not less than *one hundred and twenty thousand*, that is, nearly *one* in *nine*, whose personal attractions have occasioned their ruin, in a country that boasts so loudly of its virtues and particularly of its *humanity*!

“Pray, Sir, what becomes of these MISERABLES when the fleeting moments of youth and beauty are no more? Has not the public generosity, I may term it, public *justice*, created *Asylums* for them, that the remainder of their years may be spent in washing away the stains of their earlier days? I hope it has; and yet how despicable is this remedy, compared with our means of prevention?”

I remained silent, being unwilling to contradict a supposition so favourable, though so inadequate to the evil. Had I mentioned the *Magdalen*, I should have betrayed the barrenness of the land, while I wished to display its riches. Indeed I was going to make a second objection to the accuracy of her statement; but as I scorned to take advantage of her ignorance, I could not in conscience. When we compare the supposed simplicity of country manners with the acknowledged depravity of London, so large

a number as 120,000, seems at first view too great a proportion. This I might have urged. Yet when we advert to the debaucheries prevalent in all your sea-ports, and manufacturing towns, throughout England; when we attend to the lamentations of every parish in the kingdom, over the number of illegitimate children that are left to its care; the apparent disproportion will vanish. I observed, also with secret pleasure, that my severe antagonist had fortunately omitted to bring into her calculation, those ladies of *rank* and *character*, who have simply lost the approbation of their own minds, and are not the less esteemed in fashionable circles, on account of their gallantries. Perhaps she was ignorant of this class: perhaps she was unwilling to augment the list of infamy: perhaps she thought it impossible to estimate their numbers; which, I fear, are sufficiently great, to render her calculations very probable.

The good lady most politely attributed my silence to a want of time to extend the conversation, particularly as I was taking out my watch, while she was speaking, when, in fact, it proceeded from the want of a pertinent answer; and she subjoined,

“ My arguments have, I perceive, detained you too long, and I will conclude them with one observation : ”

“ Every

“ Every religion, every form of government, every custom, hath its imperfections and inconveniencies. By being from our infancy, and by our education, familiarized to our own, we not only patiently submit, but we forget that they exist; and we magnify beyond all proportion the evils of others, which strike us by their *novelty*; though the difference in itself may be as great as that of a mole-hill compared with the mountains before us !”

This conversation, I must confess, has mortified me much; nor could I dismiss the subject, or efface the impresson it had made. I might have said, matters are still worse in *France* and *Italy*, where there are Nunneries in great abundance; but that would not have blunted the sharp edge of her argument, *that pity is ill bestowed upon those confined within the walls of a Convent, while so little attention is paid to the happiness of those who are without*; and the more profligacy there is in a country, the stronger appears the necessity for these institutions of safety.

Can no remedy, my dear friend, be applied to this shameful evil? Shall the fairest amongst the fair, and the most attractive of their sex, be the most exposed to misery? Is there no way

to defend these beautiful flowers from being gathered by unhallowed hands; by which all the delightful prospects of receiving and communicating rational, permanent happiness, are destroyed in the earliest stage of life? Shall the treasures of *Innocence* be invaded, with less compunction and with less detriment to the invader, than any other treasure? Shall seduction be connived at? Shall it become *honorable* by being termed *gallantry*, when it diffuses *wretchedness* among those who least deserve it,—the too credulous female, and her innocent offspring? Shall the one hide her head in ignominy? Shall harsh laws deprive the other of a legal claim to inheritance? Shall they both be pointed at “by the slow-moving finger of Scorn,” and be secluded from every desirable connection in social life, while the original cause is scarcely subject to reproach?

The system of Cloysters and Monasteries is in itself an absurdity. It is an institution that proposes to please the Supreme Being by counter-acting his fundamental laws. But how imperfect is that state of civil society which furnishes arguments of expediency, in favour of such institutions, and which renders them a retreat from greater evils!

It

It is in vain for an individual to exclaim against the vice of seduction. Every mortal that attends to his reason and not to his passions, knows that it is a vice, and that it is productive of more extensive misery than any other. But surely it is the object of a wise Government, and of prudent Parents, to regulate and direct those passions which nothing can eradicate, in such a manner, that the instinct given by Nature to produce the greatest possible good, may not be perverted to the greatest evil. The end and object of both should, doubtless, be, to facilitate by every possible means, *honourable* gratification, by early marriage ; to inflict marks of ignominy upon every violator of female virtue, upon every wanton deviation from the paths of honour ; and to make such salutary provision for the support and reformation of the seduced, that they may not, in their turn, become also the seducers of others.

By what means these ends can be obtained, it is not for me to determine. The task is difficult, but far from being impossible. May we not hope, from the progress of human wisdom, human experience, and genuine philanthropy, that posterity will find the happy expedient, if it be hid from us ? May we not apprehend
that

that they will wonder at our ignorance, or justly censure our indolence, in not having attained it ?

P O S T S C R I P T.

Since the above was written, I have met with an Anecdote of *Leopold*, the late Emperor, which gives me great satisfaction, as it manifests that the disposition of a wise and good man will discover ways and means to effectuate a reform, which weakness, or indolence, may conclude to be impracticable. We are told, that when *Leopold* was *Grand Duke of Tuscany*, he made an attention to the *morals* of his subjects, one of his principal objects. He so far succeeded in his attempts to suppress debauchery at *Leghorn*, where the trade of an harlot was as much permitted, and in as high repute as almost any other, that the houses of *low gallantry* are reduced to a very small number ; and it was hoped that prostitution would be as effectually rooted out from that city, as it is already from every part of *Tuscany*. By a law as uncommon as it is equitable, an offence against chastity is considered equally culpable in the *male* as in the

2

female

female sex. The seducer, however elevated his rank, is obliged to marry the object he has humiliated. Marriage is duly encouraged; and no persons, of either sex, are permitted to shut themselves up in Convents. Health and Beauty are now said to accompany Innocence, within the walls of the city from whence they had been long banished; and the Assassin has learned other principles of morality, than the one of being faithful to his employer.

LETTER XI.

Cleves.

THE second time I visited *Cleves* was in the year 1788, when I had the *honour to assist*, as the French politely express being in a mob, at the publick breakfast given to his present Majesty of *Prussia*, and the Prince and Princess of *Orange*.

You may recollect, that after the introduction of troops into the *Belgic* Provinces, which restored peace and order to the distracted country of *Holland*,—as the *Stadtholderians* exclaim with gratitude; and which has riveted the chains of slavery stronger than ever,—as the *Patriots* exclaim with indignation; an interview was proposed between the King of *Prussia* and his royal sister, with her consort. His Majesty, with the Hereditary Prince, his son, resolved to pay the *Orange* family a visit at *Loo*, one of the hunting seats belonging to the Prince. The visit was ostensibly to congratulate this fortunate pair upon the success of the scheme, so artfully planned

planned, and conducted with so much spirit, but *really* to set the last seal to the secret negotiations between the Courts of *Prussia*, *England*, and *Holland*, which may be said to form the basis of our present politicks. To give you the particulars of this plan, would lead me too far. I will only point out to you the pivot upon which every thing has turned.

The Court of *Prussia* had long contemplated with indignation and solicitude, the strong party that was formed to diminish the very extensive power of the Stadtholder. The late *Frederick* sent them frequent Missives of warnings and threats. But the adversary knew he was too wise to execute them. Their High Mightinesses received and rejected these with polite gravity, and the publick turned them into ridicule. But when the Prince was virtually banished to *Nimeguen*, by the violent measures of his opponents, and was even in danger of being entirely stripped of the Stadtholderian dignity, the interference of their brother of *Prussia* became absolutely necessary for his security. Immediately to invade a State with which his Majesty was in the most perfect political amity, would have been too gross a violation of their rights; some popular pretext was therefore very desirable. It was accordingly resolved, that the Princess, against

whom personally there was no article of crimination, should make an effort to return to the *Hague*. It was shrewdly argued, that if she was permitted to arrive there unmolested, her presence would animate the adherents of the Prince to a revolt. This would certainly have been the case. The military that were quartered at, and in the neighbourhood of the *Hague*, together with a numerous society of citizens, to the amount of several thousands, were resolved to put on the *Orange* cockade, and openly to demand the restoration of the Prince, and of the old Constitution. These were in correspondence with similar societies formed at *Rotterdam*, *Delft*, the *Briel*, &c. and with the Peasants within the circle of many miles. The States were to be removed, and the discarded Members restored. The plan, if resisted, would have occasioned the most dreadful massacres that could possibly be committed by parties enraged against each other to a degree of phrensy. If the *Stadtholderians* had succeeded by these means, their triumph would have been more complete than at present, as they would have manifested their superiority of power, without foreign assistance; but the land would have been deluged with blood, and numbers of the more wealthy Citizens would have abandoned and ruined their country.

The Patriots, although they were not acquainted with the whole extent of their danger, were too well convinced of the influence of her presence, to run the risk of allowing the Princess to continue her journey. She was arrested near *Schoenboven* by a company of Burghers, detached by the Committee of Defence; the heads of which Committee were the most active and inveterate enemies of the House of *Orange*, and the prime Agents of the opposition. This arrest furnished the pretext for interference that was so ardently desired. The King of *Prussia* construed this treatment of his sister into a *personal* offence, that demanded ample satisfaction. A formal complaint was made to the States; the satisfaction demanded was the removal of a specified number of the offenders from their political stations, and the banishment of the most obnoxious. The demand was enforced with serious threats, which were not to be trifled with. But *quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*:—These threats were disregarded, and even ridiculed. About *eleven thousand Prussians* marched into the province of *Utrecht*, before the Patriots would give any credit to their existence in the Duchy of *Cleves*. But, when convinced of their approach, all was confusion and dismay. The number was magnified to *thirty thousand*.

Those who were the nearest to the danger, that is, the forces of every description that were collected together to defend the city of *Utrecht*, which they had fortified at an immense expence, trusted to their heels, rather than to walls and bulwarks. Their Chiefs forsook them, and the gates were unexpectedly found open by a detachment of the *Prince's* forces, which, according to the plan of operations, it was agreed should lead the Van. While the towns the most distant from the impending storm did their utmost to spur up their own courage, and strike terror into the Stadtholderian Citizens, by forming a set of resolutions which disgrace humanity, those which were *proximate*, began to entertain the most pacific dispositions. *Woerden*, the barrier town of the province of *Holland*, was the next in danger. This was the residence of the Committee of Defence, from whence every military order was issued. But the Committee now interpreted their office of *defence* into that of *self-preservation*, and immediately dispersed. The Citizens permitted prudence to take place of rashness, and humbly begged of the Governor that he would make no resistance, as they were willing to submit to the clemency of the Prince. The storm began next to threaten *Leyden*; but the Magistrates wisely conducted it from themselves

selves toward the city of *Haerlem*. The same individual persons who had, about fourteen days before, promised rewards to any Citizen that would assist the sister-province of *Utrecht* against the arbitrary designs of that *tyrant William*,—for these were the words of the hand-bills, I had at that period in my possession,—the same individuals put on the *Orange* cockade, hoisted the *Orange* flag upon the steeple of the Town-house, sent Deputies to the *Hague*, with full power to reinstate the Stadtholder in all his ancient rights and privileges! In short, no place made a shew of resistance, excepting *Amsterdam* and *Gorcum*. A single bomb reduced the latter, and the former submitted as soon as the enemy had approached sufficiently near to be able to bombard the city.

This conduct, my good friend, however dastardly it may appear, is rather to be ascribed to the defects of Constitution, than to want of personal courage; a defect of which, *you know by experience*, does not constitute their national character. Not only is each province independent of the other, but each city in every province. And, however they may combine together, to form an *attack*, or hunt down a Stadtholder, the danger from an external enemy must be very great, and seem to have an uni-

versal influence, before a similar combination can be supposed to act with energy and perseverance in cases of *defence*. Those most proximate to the evil, will pursue the measures most adapted to their safety, which their constitutional independency gives them a right to put into execution.

Did you know how much I hate political subjects, you would be very thankful for these two sketches of the late civil commotions in *Holland*. If any thing could give me an unfavourable opinion of mankind, it is the history of civil wars, which suppress every worthy principle, and foster every vile one, and in which the best cause is stained by the infamy of the means it is supposed to consecrate.

But to return to more pleasing scenes, which represent human nature in a better mood. *June* the 20th was the day appointed for the joyful interview of these triumphant families. I happened at this period to be upon a visit in the neighbourhood of my quondam residence, when a party was formed by several of my friends, to take a peep at Majesty,—which you know is a scarce commodity in a Republic,—at *Cleves*, rather than at *Loos*, where the concourse of people was expected to be immense. And, as

we

we might possibly be disappointed respecting lodgings at *Cleves*, the Droffard of *Amercungen* promised us a welcome reception from his brother, who resided at *Schenken Schans*, or from some of his hospitable neighbours, should his rooms be pre-occupied; and this promise was most courteously observed.

The interview took place in the gardens of the Baroness *Van Spaan*, where an elegant pavilion, adorned with natural and artificial flowers, was erected upon the occasion; and in which a publick breakfast was given to the two Courts and their attendants.

The situation of the gardens was such, that the gazing multitudes could feast their eyes, and indulge their curiosity, by contemplating each personage at their leisure, during the whole of the repast. The day smiled upon us all; joy and satisfaction sat upon every countenance.

We naturally wish to see what kind of a face belongs to a crowned head, whenever an opportunity presents itself; and for this purpose, I took an advantageous stand at the entrance of the garden. His Majesty descended from his carriage, and embraced his royal sister, a few paces from the spot I had occupied. But to this scene of fraternal affection I could not be witness; the throng was much too great. I thought
it

it most prudent therefore to secure a lodgement at the place just mentioned, before the crowd should become urgent ; and when I perceived their approach, I fortified myself, by setting my back against one large tree, and my feet against the stump of another. Notwithstanding the impetuosity of the spectators, I maintained my post to the last, with a resolute firmness, scarcely exceeded by that which secured to the late *Frederick* his beloved *Silesia*.

At length the moment arrives ; — the cannons are fired from the ramparts, — the trumpets sound, — drums beat, — musick strikes up, — and his Majesty, with the Hereditary Prince on his left hand, pass before me, conducting the Princess of *Orange*, her amiable daughter, and the Stadtholder, on his *right*.

His person was of an advantageous size for the spectators. He is tall and portly. The instant was very favourable to his physiognomy. The smiles upon his countenance manifestly proceeded from inward satisfaction and joy, and were not those counterfeited simpers with which great personages usually repay the huzzas of the populace. I freely acknowledge that *Les Lettres Secretes de la Cour du Berlin* gave me no flattering ideas of his present Majesty ; for, though I felt the utmost indignation in the perusal of a
Galamatix,

Galimatæ, which was manifestly intended to levy a contribution on the publick credulity, through the medium of an imposing stile, yet I imagined there might be some foundation for a very charged caricatura *. The physiognomy of the King, did not, at this instant, correspond with the representations of that Satyrift.

Descriptions of the scenes of royal exhibition are nearly the same in every part of Europe. Courtiers as elegantly dressed as their imagination, or that of their dependents can invent, or their purses or credit afford;—Civil Magistrates in their best attire, and official robes, making compliments and speeches which are graciously received; and giving invitations, which are answered in the affirmative or negative with equal affability and condescension;—Officers in their choicest uniforms;—Soldiers powdered, pomatumed and okered with threefold care;—Burghers summoned to be under arms, starting forth from their obscurity, and bustling about in the importance of the day;—coats of various sizes,

* The above observation is perhaps expressed in too positive terms. The author has since been informed that these letters were published by the Duke de Vergennes, from resentment that *Mirabeau* had embraced the popular cause.

colours,

colours, and fashions, drawn from old family chests, brushed and scoured for this occasion, are now exhibited anew; guns in a regular series of progressive improvement, from the first match-lock that was invented, to those of modern date, are brightened up;—and the sabre loses as large a portion of its ancient rust, as sand can scower off.—In a word, to parody one of poor *Edwin's* songs, *tall men, small men, thick men, thin men, old men, young men, strait-legged, knock-knee'd, whiskered, smooth-faced*—all, all are under arms, Sir. The day concludes with balls and concerts among the great; triumphal arches and illuminations among the middling; and huzzas among the small, who toss down frequent bumpers to loyal toasts, till they make *themselves* as happy as kings.

There was a rumour, that the whole Court intended to visit the *Deer-gard*, or Park, towards the evening. Multitudes of every description were consequently collected together in that quarter. They suffered, however, a partial disappointment, as the Hereditary Prince of *Prussia*, and his retinue, alone made their appearance.

I have already given you some ideas of the ground belonging to *Robert's Hotel*. Imagine to yourself a large number of the most fashionable persons of both sexes, collected from the city of
Cleves,

Cleves, and the adjacent towns, admitted into the garden, and assembled on each side the declivity of the hill, from the top to the bottom; while the common people were placed at a distance, forming, as it were, a back ground, in such an arrangement, that the thousands were no impediments to each other.

The Prince and his Nobility, proceeding along the path which leads to the Amphitheatre before described, stopt at the central door of the Octagon, to survey the extensive region and romantic scenes which presented themselves to his view. All the *cascades* and *jets d'eau*, spouted their purest streams; Musick played its best marches, and the populace made the hills reverberate, *Vive le Roi, Vive le Prince de la Prusse*.

He is a tall, well-proportioned, and graceful youth. He stood with elegant ease, lolling for several minutes against the Postern of the Pavilion. His attendants were placed on each side with a sort of careless art; the crowds hung about the adjacent hills, in groups of various sizes; and your humble servant, with his companions, was seated at his ease, under the shade of lime-trees before the door of the opposite *Hotel* in the Vale, quaffing Rhenish wine to the toasts of the day, enjoying at once a full
view

view of the Royal person, the company collected together, the playing fountains, &c. &c. The scene was truly picturesque, worthy a well-concerted plan of theatrical exhibition. But, after giving you this peep, I shall drop the curtain, by subscribing myself, &c. &c.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

ON my third and last visit, we found the two Hotels in the *Deer-gard*, or Park, so full of company, that we could not obtain admission; for the rural scenes about this city attract many strangers, though the mineral waters are not sufficiently strong to detain them. *Cleves* is another of those publick places to which the rich make their annual excursions from the *Dutch* provinces, to ventilate themselves from their counting-houses, and give their wives and families a just idea of that striking curiosity, a *mountain*.

We bore this disappointment with the greatest patience, as I had often heard another Hotel mentioned with approbation. This is distinguished by the name of the *Linde* and *Boom*, and is adjacent to the gates of the city. We arrived too late to sup at the publick table; but our Hostess soon prepared a very plentiful repast. All the company had retired, excepting an
aged

aged officer, who saluted us with much politeness, and immediately engaged us in general conversation. After conversing some minutes, our Officer began to recognize my fellow-traveller, and to discover that he was even his *townsman*. The satisfaction he expressed at the discovery was very great; and I perceived, to my surprise, that it was much greater on *his* side, than on that of *my friend*, notwithstanding the general tenor of his warm and friendly feelings. This discovery brought forward many enquiries about former acquaintances and connections; which were answered, as most queries are, when made after absence of more than *twenty* years, by a large list of deaths, many marriages, too many disasters, and no inconsiderable number of imprudencies. The Officer repaid the answer to these queries by relating several anecdotes; a choice collection of which renders the company of military men so entertaining. But I perceived that they were chiefly taken out of the *scandalous Chronicle*.

My companion having, in the course of our conversation, let some sallies escape him, against *Priests*, and *Priestcraft*, to which he is an open and declared enemy, the Officer took occasion to carry the jest much farther than the subject would warrant, or had been intended. Two
opposite

opposite classes of men, Ecclesiasticks and Scepticks, are very prone to consider every sportive sally against the *Clergy*, as a dart aimed at *Religion* itself, without paying the least attention to a distinction, which is sometimes necessary, between the *cause* and its *supporters*. This was the case with our new associate. Encouraged by my friend's sarcasm, he took from his pocket a small *Vade-mecum* of mental poison, which he put into our hands, with a certain significant leer. It was the *History of Miracles*, in which we saw, with indignation, those of *Jesus* placed at the end of a whole tribe of impositions. The manner in which we returned the book, rather gave a check to the Officer's spirits: however, he soon returned to his budget of anecdotes, and shortly after, took his leave, promising himself the pleasure of meeting us on the morrow, at the publick table.

Upon his departure, Mr. E—— gave me the following particulars of his history:—"At the period," says he, "in which I was entering into the busy scenes of life, this Gentleman was in the midst of his career. I had no personal intimacy with him, but knew him well by reputation. He was, at that time, very dissipated, and consumed an ample patrimony in every species

of excess. The sale of his elegant country seat, in the neighbourhood of *Rotterdam*, was his last resource; and when this was exhausted, he was obliged to abscond. It is now about *twenty-five* years ago; and not being in any connection whereby to trace his footsteps, I concluded that he was fallen a sacrifice to his vicious courses, so that at the first moment of recognition, he appeared as one risen from the dead. We must enquire of our Hostess," added he, "whether she can fill up any part of this large chasm in his history."

The Landlady informed us, that, although he had been elevated to the rank of *Colonel* in the *Dutch* service, he was compelled to sell his commission, in order to liquidate his debts; and that he was now supported entirely by the beneficence of his relations, who obliged him to retire to the duchy of *Cleves*, from motives of œconomy; and that he boards with a Farmer, at a small distance from the city. But, as that species of retirement is not much to his taste, he visits the city as often as his finances will permit him to enjoy the pleasures of society.

We could not help pitying the man whose conduct had wantonly thrown away the means, once in his power, of rendering his declining age respectable;—for, as he informed us, he was
upwards

upwards of *seventy years* old,—whose principles appeared to be as unsettled, dispositions as juvenile, and conversation, when most innocent, as frivolous as if he were a youth of *twenty*;—who was stript of that dignity and importance, to which his birth, fortune, and professional character had given him so just a claim;—and, instead of commanding others, was reduced to a state of abject dependence. In short, his life had been the meteor of a moment,—a sky-rocket, that mounts with splendour, is gazed at with admiration, but whose wretched remains sink into total obscurity, when they cease to dazzle the eye!

The next day he re-appeared at the hour of dinner, according to his promise, and entered, with great spirit, into much desultory and frivolous conversation, with every one about him;—by which he clearly manifested that the whole tenor of his reading had been confined to those authors that had unsettled the principles in which he was educated, without substituting better in their place, and had furnished him with trite objections, and strokes of ridicule, against all the tenets cherished by sober minds, and which would have been his own best security against his present low estate. His discourse, however, too plainly demonstrated, that, with his utmost

struggles, he could not gain a complete victory over, what he termed, *vulgar prejudices*; and that his attempt to shake off the gloomy apprehensions which hung around his declining days, were by no means so successful as he wished. He recalled to my mind a remark I have met with some where, I think it is in *Voltaire*, that “the *wicked* and the *pious* talk the most about futurity; the one, because they *fear*, and the other, because they *desire* it.” The man who thinks at all, will either dread, or long for immortality: The subject is the most important, and must strike every one, excepting the ignorant, or the thoughtless! Nay, systems of Infidelity themselves, have a tendency to awaken doubts in the breasts of those who are the most disposed to believe them; for, while the mind is eagerly engaged in treasuring up arguments in their favour, a secret whisper—*these things may still be true*—counteracts the soporific power of the lulling dose, and raises strong conflicts within. Lord *Chesterfield* has been known, after his lively manner, to use expressions to the following import—*It is worth while to die, to satisfy doubts*;—which is similar to the exclamation of the *French* wit—*Je m'en vais chercher le grand peut-être*.

But,

But, to resume my narrative. After making a kind of coasting voyage, and touching at various religious opinions, with comments not to their advantage, at length he fixed upon the doctrine of *Predestination*; in which he professed himself as strong a believer as the most *orthodox Christian*; but, at the same time, he drew an argument from it, criminating the Divine Justice, and exculpating the vices of mankind; exclaiming, with great warmth, against the *injustice of being punished for deeds we are predestinated to commit*.

This introduced a warm debate. Some *denied* the doctrine; but their *Christianity* was immediately called in question; others admitted its truth, but denied the consequences he wished to draw from it.

His most able opponent upon this principle, was a *German Gentleman*, who spoke to the question with more precision and accuracy of expression, than is generally to be met with in such a promiscuous society. I learned afterwards, that, although he was now engaged in a secular employment, he had been educated for the Church. His grand argument was founded upon the sovereignty of God, and upon a misapplication of the assertion of the Apostle, that we are as clay in the hands of a Potter, who has

a right to make one vessel to *honour*, and another to *dishonour*. But this was the idea our Colonel was combating as *unjust*. The subject was now debated in three parts of the table at once; a general vociferation took place,—it being customary, in publick disputations, to raise your voice in proportion as you are pinched in the argument. A smart running fight was kept up for some considerable time. Fate, Predestination, Election, Reprobation, Free Will, Necessity, were introduced into the contest, and alternately attacked and defended, with much spirit, on every side. Upon a sudden pause—of which, by your leave, I shall take advantage, and reserve the sequel for my next letter.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

Cleves.

UPON a sudden pause, as if it were by common consent, that the combatants might take breath, my friend, knowing that I had formerly dabbled a little in metaphysics, though I soon found that they were "far beyond my depth," asked me, in a tone of voice, that was distinctly heard by the whole company, what were my sentiments upon the subject of the debate?

Now, I hate debates; and, if a truth be not very valuable, I had rather give it up at once, than be at the trouble of defending it. I hate *publick* disputes still more, and particularly at *table*, where I can employ my time so much better: yet, as I was thus unexpectedly called forth to the contest, and expectations were somewhat raised, if I had remained silent, or waved making some observations, I should either have been deemed a coward, or been suspected of having too great an appetite for my dinner.

Had I been the acuteſt amongſt Metaphyſicians, the cauſe was unfortunately become ſo entangled, that much more time and patience were neceſſary, than I could, at that inſtant, afford to diſentangle them. In this dilemma, I was reſolved to have recourſe to a little artifice; and, in imitation of the Colonel's favourite authors, I ſtrove to *confound*, where I had no expectations of *convincing*. I hoped, in this manner, to ſilence the noiſe of their batteries, that I might eat a piece of warm chicken, I had juſt taken upon my plate, in peace and tranquillity.

After recurring to thoſe expreſſions of our Sceptick, which had introduced the ſubject, and making, what appeared to me, the neceſſary diſtinctions between Fate, Predeſtination, and Neceſſity,—I rejected the former, as being a Pagan idea, which attributed to an unknown principle, an inviolable controul over the Gods themſelves. *Predeſtination*, I thought to imply and comprehend the whole plan of Providence; and *Neceſſity*, the influence this plan may be ſuppoſed to have upon every occurrence in general, and the ſtate and actions of rational creatures in particular.

The above ſtatement pleaſed; and, as it attacked no particular ſentiment, was univerſally agreed to. Having gained this ground, I determined

terminated to mount a brace of paradoxes upon it. The first was, that "if a man be *consistent* in his belief of *Predestination*, it will be nearly the same as if *he did not believe it at all* ;"—the second, that "in proportion as the advocates for moral *Necessity* and moral *Liberty*, *understand* one another, their sentiments will appear to *approximate* ; so that, in process of time, they may demonstrate themselves to be perfectly the same.

It was easy to perceive, that, by these bold assertions, my credit was sinking very fast ; and therefore I hastened to support both *them*, and *it*,

"I have observed," said I, "that the advocates for *Predestination*, generally take their arguments from the *miseries* and *follies* of life. In matrimonial connections, if they be *indiscreet* ones, they are sure to be made in *heaven* ; while those which are suitable and advantageous, are attributed to *our own* prudence and discrimination. Thus in *morals*, I have never met with a person who thought himself irresistably impelled to do this or the other act of *integrity*, or of *beneficence*. The only influence *Predestination*, or *Necessity*, has upon him, is, to *oblige him to follow his own propensities* ; and when men are plunged into misfortunes, in consequence of this
conduct,

conduct, they think they are at perfect *liberty* to throw the blame from themselves, upon the Author of their being. But let us be consistent, and believe the whole chain of the doctrine, and then see how it will operate. If I be necessitated or predestinated to do good, it is predestinated that I shall enjoy inward satisfaction;—nay, in spite of Scepticism, indulge hope. If I be necessitated, by an irresistible law of nature, to do *evil*, I am also, by the same law, predestinated to suffer shame and remorse. If I am obliged, in the violence of my passion, to commit murder, I am equally obliged to suffer, according to the laws of my country, and, according to the law of my nature, to feel the horrors of a guilty conscience. The man who is necessitated to believe these principles, and to shape his conduct according to their genuine tendency, will be necessitated to say, that Virtue is necessarily the source of Happiness, and Vice of Misery; and his whole conduct will, as necessarily be a chain of consistency, as if he were the warmest friend to the Freedom of the human Will, the merit of Virtue, and demerit of Vice. This is the obvious constitution of things relative to the present state. The man who is necessitated to dissipate all his money, is necessitated to be poor and dependent; while the man destined to be diligent,

diligent, cautious and frugal, is destined to be independent, if not in affluence, excepting some unforeseen necessary event, should throw impediments in his way. If the justice of this constitution of things, relative to the present system, be not arraigned, wherefore may it not be extended to another world?"

This statement was novel and puzzling; and they seemed so far convinced, that they did not attempt to break through a single link of the chain, though they did not like the jingle of words that composed it.

"You see then, Gentlemen, that, respecting moral conduct, and the natural consequences from it, it is of no moment whether we be the abettors of the Necessarian scheme, or of Free Will."

Our Colonel still opposed, that, although there was no injustice in obliging men to be *good* and *happy*, yet, that it was hard any should be predestinated to *vice* and *misery*.

"If this *be* the case," said I, "we must suppose it to be the necessary consequence of their being predestinated to be *free agents*."

This appeared a most palpable contradiction.

"Let us, then," said I, "view the subject in another point of light:—Let us dismiss, for a moment, that horrid word, NECESSITY,—which
is

is a mill-stone about the neck of this controversy. It is, in my opinion, the most improper word that could have been chosen; for the mind, the instant it is pronounced, adverts to a *physical* necessity, and derives an argument from the blind, impulsive influence of one body upon another, which has no more connection with our subject, than Will, Desire, or Thought, have with the stroke of a hammer, or with the weight of a stone that is falling down one of your cliffs! Dismiss this horrid word, and perhaps we shall all be of one sentiment."

"Explain, explain!" cried out the Colonel; and he was echoed by the whole body collectively, who were now become my opponents.

"Answer these questions, Gentlemen, and the subject will explain itself."

"Are not rational beings always actuated by *motives*?"—"Yes."

"Or, can a man, from himself, act *without* motives for his actions?—No, certainly not; for, were he to make an attempt, the capricious experiment would become a motive, and confute itself."—"Granted."

"If he *cannot* act without them, then is he obliged, according to the constitution of his nature, to act in consequence of them."—"Why, yes."

"Does

“ Does not freedom consist in the power of acting, according to these determinations or resolutions which the motives have excited, without any impediment from a defect in our own make, or restraint from a foreign power ; that is, without any controul from *physical Necessity* ? ” —
“ Why, it cannot be denied.”

“ Where, then, is the dispute ? Each party acknowledges that we must act by motives ; and that the power of acting according to them, distinguishes the actions of moral agents from submission to physical impulse ? Nor can we possibly entertain a more complete and perfect idea of freedom, than that of *being able to execute the purposes of our will*.

“ Now, Gentlemen, if you have still an affection for the word *Necessity*, we shall re-admit it ; for it can only mean that, according to the constitution of human nature, the Will, which determines the actions, must be influenced by a prevailing motive. We must obey our Will ; that is, if you will use the term I hate, we are *necessitated* to act *freely* ! ”

They were pleased to observe, that I maintained my paradoxes much better than could have been expected. But a difficulty yet remained :—As we must act by motives, and as these motives are frequently excited by external objects,

objects, over which we have no power, they thought there was much room for exculpation, when persons submitted to the force of strong temptation.

This difficulty, I observed, was equally levelled against each scheme; for it comes to this, — “Wherefore is the temptation made stronger than the resolution?” — “But why should it be urged to extenuate a *vicious*, more than a *virtuous*, action? We do not so readily disclaim the merit of relieving distress, saving a person from drowning, and in the agonies of death, from the consideration that the motive was irresistibly strong. The stronger my ardour to relieve, the more virtuous my disposition; just as the more frequent my desires are to commit vice, the more depraved is my heart, universally considered. If the objects of seduction have proved irresistibly strong, when present, it is an evidence that my virtuous principles have been the weaker of the two. This ought to furnish a motive to fortify them by every possible means, and to shun the danger I am so little prepared to encounter. If I know that the indulgence will prove fatal to my future peace, or to others’ welfare, are not these motives to resist the temptation? Have we no power to raise motives and considerations from our own

stock of experience and observations, that may counterbalance the incitements from without?"

"But still," remarked the Colonel, "why has not God placed before us, such motives as would invariably incline us to virtue?"

"We cannot fathom the depth of the Divine counsels. We must acquiesce in their wisdom, though they may oppose our vague ideas of perfection. But I perceive, that if this were the constitution of things, there would be no claim to comparative merit in human actions; and, although we should still act *freely*, as we should only obey our own wills, yet we should act as *uniformly* and *invariably* as heavy bodies that descend, and light ones that fly upwards. The power of resisting evil, and of choosing good, by collecting together sufficient motives from every quarter, is the principle upon which we are rendered *accountable creatures*, as it is the standard of goodness or depravity. Virtue implies merit; and no happiness can be equal to that of *conscious merit*. It is a fortune we *ourselves* have made, and infinitely more satisfactory than *passive inheritance*."

"Happy are they that have been in a better train than myself," subjoined the aged officer, with a sigh, "to make such a fortune!"

Thus

Thus terminated our dispute. Right glad was I that they gave me rest ; for I was much afraid they would have entered upon another subject, closely connected with the preceding, as the discussion of it would have completely spoiled my dinner.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

Xanten.

THE road from *Cleves* to *Xanten*, did not furnish us with any subjects for observation or speculation, however keen our desires to be sentimental travellers. General pleasure was enjoyed as we passed over a chearful country, or rode through a verdant forest ; but the different objects that occasioned this pleasure, were not sufficiently characteristic to merit description.

We arrived at *Xanten* about eight o'clock in the evening. This is a small city, or *Statchen*, as they term it, distant about eighteen miles from *Cleves*. In the walls of this *Statchen*, time, wars, and negligence, united, have made so wide a breach, that our carriage could have very commodiously passed through it, had the gates been shut against us.

We lodged at the *Post-house*, which was kept by a jolly, civil Frenchman, who, in ten minutes, told us all the material circumstances of his life. We learned that he had been in the service of

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the French, some portion of the famous *seven years war*; that his regiment lying in garrison at this town, and he being lodged at this very house, he boldly laid siege to the widow who kept it,—perceiving, as he confessed, that it was much easier for him to make his fortune by *love* than *war*. He told us, that she soon surrendered upon honourable terms, and put him in possession of this same Citadel, with all its appurtenances. He honestly confessed also, that it was more agreeable to his inclinations, to draw beer for peaceable customers, than to shed the blood of his enemies; and that he preferred inspiring others with animal courage, by virtue of good cheer, than to risk his own person in the field of honour. “It is true,” says he, “I have been in several battles, and escaped, *Dieu merci*, with a whole skin; but, *tant va la cruche à l’eau, qu’en fin elle s’y brisse*:—*Je me trouve bien ici; petit à petit, l’oiseau fait son lit; J’aime mieux un tiens que deux tu l’auras*:—*Enfin je suis à mon aise, et je saurois m’enivrer de mon Vin*.”

At length, we found it necessary to call the attention of our Host from his own affairs to those of his guests, and enquired about rooms, beds, &c. He directly took the hint, conducted us to our apartments, and promised that we

should have no reason to complain of our accommodations ; and he kept his word.

We wished for a light supper, and assured him that our appetites did not extend beyond a couple of eggs, though we authorised him to charge more expensive articles in his bill.

“ *Nous ne vous donnerons, Messieurs, que des petites bagatelles.*”

“ But we are not hungry.”

“ *C'est vrai Messieurs, il n'y a point de sauce que l'appetit ; mais pourtant l'appetit vient en mangeant.*”

In spite of our remonstrances and prohibitions, we saw placed on the table, *soupe, bouilli, cutlets, salmon, Rhine-crabs*, a large plate of eggs, with *four dishes* of different vegetables. We now expressed a desire to sup *en famille*, and that he and his *Belle* would sit down, and share of the abundance that was lost upon us.

“ *Le bon Dieu nous en defende,*” says he, clapping his hands together, “ *nous connoissons notre place mieux que cela !*”

This honest Landlord is one instance, among the many thousands, that justify the remark of foreigners, concerning the loquacity of the French nation. From high to low, they think it a first debt due to society, *de fournir à la conversation*. They are, most of them, slight

historians, anecdotists, and sentimentalists. If their own stock of reading, collection of proverbs, or invention, do not furnish them with the requisite *quantum* of ideas, they will frequently return those you have expressed, in a kind of small change, and make them pass current, as dexterously as if they were a new coinage. I have frequently amused myself, for half an hour together, in this kind of conversation. Observe that it is folly to grieve at what no one can help, they immediately exclaim, "*Allons, Courage, bon Cœur contre mauvaise fortune.*" Remark that a liar is a contemptible character, they will subjoin, "*Pour ça oui, parceque il ne dit pas le vrai.*" If you express a dislike to many compliments, you are answered, "*Certainement trop de compliment ne vaut rien;*" or else, "*Celui qui fait beaucoup des complimens, est un grand complimenteur,*" &c. &c. &c.

In consequence of this disposition to *fournir à la conversation*, there are more slight treatises upon general subjects published by the French, than by any other nation. They well know, that the skirmishes of conversation are not calculated for the investigation of any subject whatever. They well know, that, as general conversation seldom dips beyond the surface, it cannot easily discover the shallows. They shrewdly reflect, that

that to *appear* wise and learned, is, to all the purposes of social life, as good as to *be* so. They conceive that there can be no greater subject of shame, than *ignorance*; and they wisely consider, that the first debt a man owes to his own reputation, and to this mental modesty, is, to hide its nakedness, though it were with a *fig-leaf*. Hence it is, that they are inundated with publications, *qui ne font qu'effleurir le sujet*.

I once had in my possession, a book entitled, *L'Homme d'un Livre*. It undertook to qualify the reader for all the turns and windings, fits and starts, of conversation, in the space of three hundred and fifty-three pages. Make yourself master of its contents, and you become sufficiently acquainted with the Grecian and Roman histories, mythology, cosmogony, modern history, anecdotes of various kinds, apothegms, ancient and modern *bons mots*, *chansons d'amour*, *chansons à boire*, to sustain a running fight, for the space of five minutes, upon any one of the scientific subjects, and to close with a sentiment, a *jeu d'esprit*, or a song, when the mind feels itself fatigued with abstruse speculations. It is a most excellent travelling companion. By its aid, you may figure away at every *Table d'Hôte* from *Paris* to *Hamburg*, thence to *Berlin*,

Dresden, Vienna, and thence to Paris again; and flatter yourself, with some degree of truth, that you have left a favourable impression in every place, que Monsieur est un vrai savant. The only imperfection I found in the book, was, that there was not a single page, paragraph, or *feu d'esprit*, against religion, natural, or revealed; so that Monsieur could never establish his character as *un Grand Philosophe*.

This disposition *pour fournir à la conversation*, is certainly a most excellent one of itself. The very object of human society is to instruct or amuse, and not to herd together, like the muter species of animals; and he that expects to receive either of these advantages ought to qualify himself to return, in some degree, the obligation. But how difficult to acquire the due medium! and how desirable to blend together, if it were possible, the opposite qualities of different nations!—You *English* are supposed to *think*; but you are universally accused of keeping all your thoughts to yourselves!—A *Frenchman* will touch upon all the affairs of every Court in Europe, and all the fashions in each Court, before an *Englishman* can resolve to enquire, what is the news of the day?—And as to us *Dutch*, we can seldom be prevailed upon, to converse

converse upon any subject, unless it be with an old acquaintance, or in the line of our own profession.

I most sincerely wish, however, that the *French*, though I admire their propensity to oblige, would furnish fewer words, and more ideas; and also, that they would express their ideas with a modest diffidence, and not in so peremptory a tone. I have generally observed, that latent positivity is united with much external politeness. They may contradict with a "*Pardonnez moi*;" but they are much disposed to contradict.

Even their first and most renowned philosophical writers are not exempt from the habitual impropriety of dogmatizing. *Rousseau*, *Raynal*, *Mirabeau*, too frequently assume an imposing style, and attempt to give energy to their positions, *par un ton tranchant*.—Such, for example, is that extravagant expression of the Philosopher of Geneva, "*Tout homme qui pense est un être dépravé*." Taken absolutely, it is nonsense; for, if his depravity proceeds from the exercise of thought abstractedly, the more a man thinks, the more he becomes depraved, although the grand object of just thought is to correct depravity; and, as few persons thought more than *Rousseau*, he is, of consequence,

among the most depraved, although both his motives; and the natural tendency of his thoughts, were to benefit mankind. Qualify the expression to its due signification, and you will perceive that the terms are infinitely stronger than the ideas they were intended to convey, can authorize; for they simply mean to suggest a doubt, whether the frequent abuse of reason, has not rendered it a pernicious privilege.

I shall not detain you with particular instances from the two other writers, as an acquaintance with their works will furnish you with numbers.

Voltaire, it is allowed, may be quoted as a remarkable exception from the general rule; but this is to be ascribed to that *ton badinant* with which he treats every subject. He plays with every thought that presents itself, precisely in the same manner, like a kitten with every string; and is seldom serious, excepting in the assumed characters of his theatric pieces.

If the fault be general in the higher ranks of literature, where one might expect that philosophy would render a man somewhat modest, and where it is peculiarly absurd to express every change of sentiment, by a transition from one strong assertion to another,—we are not to be surprised, that it should prevail also in the
lower

lower walks of science, and that every *Valet-de-place* should imagine that self-sufficiency belongs to his office.

This was certainly the case with our quondam *Valet-de-place*, *Mourand* of *Paris*.

To be sure, *Mourand* was fully as ignorant as the common groupe of *Valets-de-place*; but yet he was conscious of it; and he felt how little his ignorance qualified him for the respectable profession he had assumed. It was amusing to observe the subterfuges he made use of, to evade the detection of this ignorance,—which sometimes exposed us, while we confided in his *knowledge*, to no inconsiderable inconveniencies. Expressing my desire to send a letter to *Holland*, by the earliest post, after my arrival in *Paris*, *Mourand* informed me, that the post set out twice a week, and in the morning; and that, if our letter was conveyed to the office before *twelve* o'clock, it would be received in time.

“But are you sure of that, *Mourand*?”

“*Pour ça oui—Des milles de lettres que j’y ai apporté, croyez vous Monsieur, que j’ignore l’heure !*”

I sent him with it about *eleven* o'clock; but, unluckily, the Post-master knowing the hour better

better than *Mourand*, the mail was dispatched at ten. He answered my reproaches with a shrug, as full of self-conceit as it was of humility, and with a "*Pour ça, on ne peut pas répondre toujours pour une demi-heure; mais Je savois pourtant que la poste partoit avant Midi.*"

Upon our asking him, whether the celebrated paintings of *Le Brun* were still in the *Luxemburg* Gallery, he answered, with a shrug of regret, "*Messieurs, ils ne sont pas à voir.*"

"But are they there?"

"*Messieurs, Je vous jure, qu'ils ne sont pas à voir.*"

We were informed, by a Gentleman present, that they were removed to *Versailles*.

"*Voilà Messieurs,*" subjoins *Mourand*, with an air of triumph, "*voilà ce que Je viens de vous marquer; ces tableaux ne sont pas à voir, par personne qui ce soit.*"

Upon ascending the stairs that lead to the King's Cabinet of Natural History, of which you know the late *Buffon* was superintendant,—a marble Bust presents itself to view. One of our company enquired whose Bust it was.

Mourand answered, "*Monseigneur, c'est d'un grand homme.*"

"But, of whom?"

"*C'est*

“ *C'est d'un très grand personnage.*”

A Guard informed us, it was of *Le Chevalier Buffon*.

“ *C'est précisément ce que j'avois l'honneur de vous dire,*” replies Mourand. — “ *C'est d'un homme très distingué ! — très savant, même.*”

LETTER XV.

Post-House, Road to Dusseldorf.

EARLY the next morning we proceeded on our journey towards *Dusseldorf*. It was about mid-day when we arrived at the *Post-house*. Here it was necessary to change horses, and upon consulting our appetites, they found it necessary to take some refreshment. We made known their wants to the landlord, expressed our indifference as to either quantity or quality, within due bounds, but most earnestly recommended expedition. He promised accordingly; and full of confidence in this promise, we confined ourselves to a short ramble about the premises. In the space of half an hour, we returned, with increased hunger and increased impatience. But nothing more substantial than promises could be obtained before two o'clock; when the profusion of viands that were served up, would have amply recompensed the greatest epicure for a more tedious delay. Soups, fish, roast and boiled meats, game, poultry, vegetables

tables, and fruits of various kinds, made their entry with solemn pomp, and in repeated successions, and filled up their respective stations according to the strictest discipline of an elegant table.

We could not contemplate the splendid arrangement of the first course, without some apprehensions that the *fête* was in honour of our *post-chaise and four*; and we trembled for the consequences that might follow such a mark of distinction. These apprehensions were considerably abated, when we saw our landlord with his fair consort, their mother, and sister, enter the room, and place themselves at the table, after they had invited us to the first seats; for we would not encourage the idea that they intended to consider themselves as our guests. But how agreeable was our surprise, to find, when the *mauvais quart d'heure of Rabelais* arrived, that, exclusive of wine, the whole expence of this sumptuous entertainment was not more than *ten-pence* each person! My companion and myself determined not to be precipitate for the future, either in our judgment, or in our humours; but to leave comfortless mysteries to unravel themselves in the best manner they can, secretly hoping, that the *dénouement* will now and then furnish a treat.

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The whole family seemed to be the immediate descendants of a race of giants. Each person was upwards of six feet in height, was well proportioned, very comely, genteel in address, and courteous in behaviour. Indeed they appeared much above the common class, or their station in life.

Perfectly satisfied with what we had enjoyed, and what we had paid, we seated ourselves in the carriage, with the best humour in the world, to be pleased with every thing around us; and every thing around us seemed equally disposed to please us. We found perpetual amusement in the variegated scenes on each side of us; extensive prospects at the horizon of our landscape; corn-fields, interspersed with rich pasturage, on the fore-ground.

As men of gallantry, however, one circumstance could not fail to offend us. We were surprised and discomforted to observe, that women and maidens were chiefly employed in all the labours of the field. The same observation we had occasion to make in various other parts of our journey. We were disposed to attribute the circumstance to those immense preparations for war, that had drained the country of men capable of bearing arms. This
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was in part the cause; but we have been repeatedly informed, that also in times of the profoundest peace, the most servile work is performed by the gentler sex: that in the seasons of harvest, wives and daughters reap, sheave, lade, while husbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers, content themselves with giving general directions, or looll about in comparative indolence.

This is doubtless foul treatment of the Fair; and we must own that it no less opposes the laws and constitutions of nature, than those of *bien-séance*, and *les petites attentions*, which the most polite nations observe towards them. Our sex was obviously designed for the active, and the other for the more passive virtues. This is plain, from the difference of our contexture. Yet in all nations that have not obtained a high degree of cultivation, the rule seems to be neglected, and in some cases shamefully reversed. There is, however, some apology to be made for those nations, we all agree to denominate *barbarous*; but none for those who are so far civilized as to disclaim this character with indignation. When a whole race of men are perpetually engaged in the fatigues of the Chace, or the still more violent exertions of War, every branch of domestic business, however laborious, must of necessity devolve upon the

the Female. It is therefore not surprising, that these heroes of the field should, through habits of greater activity, be inclined to despise those occupations which, compared to their own, must appear infantile and effeminate; or should think themselves intitled to share their time between the extremes of fatigue and repose. But in another state of things, when Agriculture becomes the most fatiguing employment, in which any can engage; when *men* become uniformly as domesticated as the *female* part of the family, it is unnatural, unjust, as well as uncourtly, thus to let the weaker sex sustain the heat and burden of the day.

However, as these females are not voluntary transgressors against the genuine order of Nature, so far from resenting the violation of her laws, Nature seems much disposed to recompense their toils. Health and chearfulness are the rewards of their industry. To judge from their complexions, stature, and muscular strength, one might almost conclude, that they were changing their sex. I do not mean to exaggerate, by the assertion, that a young German female will manœuvre a hay-fork for hours, with more address and less fatigue, than are observable, when a *delicate Miss* combs out the fringes of a petticoat.—A sheaf of corn is turned about,
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with as much dexterity, as if it were a thread-paper. I have seen them saw wood, with fewer signs of its being an arduous task, than are manifested by a laundress, when ironing linen; and fling large tubs filled with water upon their heads, with more apparent ease, than is manifested by a fine lady handling a tea-kettle.

Such scenes were the more striking, from the contrast they formed with female education in the province of Holland. I doubt whether there be a spot upon the globe where the general tenor of education is more systematically calculated to enervate Body and Mind, than in this province. I have known cans filled with warm water placed at the feet of new-born infants, from the first moment they were put into the cradle. If their children *take exercise*, as they term it, in the open air, they are laid at full length upon a bed, placed in a hand-waggon: their cloathing, particularly among the lowest class, is, from top to toe, both a mistrust and a defiance of fresh air: their growing bodies, and shooting limbs, are to expand in every direction, through woollen gloves and stockings, flannel envelopes, coats upon coats, waistcoats upon waistcoats, shirts upon shirts. In short, they are so furcharged with an incumbrance of

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dress, that they are almost as immoveable as what they strongly resemble, an Egyptian mummy. Add to this, the perpetual use of warm stoves to their feet, immense quantities of miserable coffee, and a diurnal diet of dried fish, salad, and butter-milk. The consequence of this mode of education is, that the class of men destined to the most active and laborious employments in a community, are indolent, weak, enervated; and the women a prey to hysteric diseases; and that the most arduous services are principally committed to *Danes, Norwegians, Westphalians*, or the inhabitants of *Guelderland*.

These observations are confined to the *Province of Holland*; which, being the richest, is the most luxurious and degenerated, and where the climate is the most unhealthy.

Tell the British Fair, that, although I do not wish to see them so closely imitate the models before me, as to reject the use of shoes and stockings; though I do not wish them to exhibit a leg which should rival that of *Humphries*, or a foot as spacious as that of *Big Ben*, yet I wish them equal Health and Spirits with these *Brunettes* of the field. Tell them also, that these primary blessings can only be secured by *walking*, I say not *toiling* with nature. Recommend

commend early rising. Assure them, that every hour they repose beyond the point of refreshment, is an *absorption* of the animal spirits, renders them listless, inactive, a burden to themselves for the remainder of the day;—and, most probably, to those around them. Recommend frequent Exercise, in the open air, and frequent exposure to Winds somewhat rude. Tho' *rude* they are *friendly*, for they will paint the cheeks with the blush of Health. Something may be done even within the bounds of that delicacy, which it is unreasonable to suppose a lady will sacrifice to the care of her constitution. Let them imitate at a distance, and without approaching towards the coarse clumsiness of these rural dames, and they will share a large portion of their envied spirits. The whole train of vapours will be dissipated, and hysterics will be no more!

The number of tall athletic Females, that present themselves to view in every part of Germany I have visited, appears to me to exceed that of our own sex. The relative proportion is certainly greater than in any other country I have seen. This may in part, be ascribed to the laborious employments to which, from their infancy, they are accustomed, and partly, to

their being the Descendants from a Race which, according to the testimonies of *Julius Cesar*, *Pliny* and *Tacitus*, were the most gigantic of any in Europe. I remember that professor *Zimmerman*, in his *Geographische Geschichte des Menschen*,* attempts to prove, that this superiority of Stature and of Strength, is to be ascribed to their vagrant manner of living, incessant exercise, and habitual exposure to a salutary degree of Cold; equally distant from the enervating heat of more southern Climates, and the severity of the more northern, which stints the growth both of the animal and vegetable creation. To similar causes he attributes the size of the Patagonians, of the reality of whose existence he does not entertain a doubt, though their gigantic stature may have been considerably exaggerated, by the measure of the Mind's-Eye. The strength and size of these rustic Females favour his hypotheses.

Could we suspect from the great disproportion observable in these *degenerate* days, as the admirers of muscular Force, and Patagonian Stature, must term them, that the accounts of ancient authors are exaggerated, an attention to the following obvious circumstance, will have a

* Geographical History of Man.

tendency to restore their credit. In times of simple and rustic manners, before artificial Measure was invented, the standards of Size must necessarily have been taken from various parts of the human body: and it is natural to suppose, that these would have been taken from general proportions, and not from extraordinary exceptions. We are warranted to suppose also, that artificial Standards were afterwards formed most correspondent with the common size. May we not therefore safely conclude, from the names of various Measures now in use, that such measures were originally correspondent to sizes much larger than our own.

For example, an *Inch*, is expressed in most European languages, by a word signifying the *Thumb*; and, consequently, informs us of the common breadth of an ancient *thumb*. As *de pede Herculem*, thus we may say, *de pellice Germanicum*. A *pa'm*, expresses the standard measure of *six inches*. Hence we may suppose, that a palm of the ancient Germans, was, generally speaking, about an *inch and half* broader than most of the modern. The smaller *Ell*, which seems to be a contraction of the German word *Ellenbogen*, i. e. an *Elbow*, is equal to a *Cubit*, and describes an extent from the joint of the elbow,

to the extremity of the middle-finger, equal to 27 inches; and consequently exceeding by several inches the present size of Arms and Hands. We shall not find one Foot in twenty among our modern feet, that will measure twelve inches in length. Three of these make a *Yard*; but a yard is equivalent to about four of our diminished feet. So that we have lost about *two inches* in the article of Foot, by our degeneracy.

A *Pace* is the measure of *five feet*! If we may suppose, without stepping over the bounds of probability, this distance was but a Step for our ancestors, we must allow that they greatly out-stept us; for there are not many persons that can step with ease beyond *three feet*.

Perhaps this disproportion may appear incredible; but we are to remember, that the length of a step is in general correspondent with the size of the person; and also, that in the days to which we refer, the action of the femoral Muscles was not impeded by those vile ligatures called Garters; that the feet were not cramped with shoes; and that the Toes were spread like the claws of some Quadrupeds, or, to be more elegant, like the fan of a lady at her devotions. We may also suppose, that the Germans walked like the Indians, with a *spring*; and not as we, indolent and contracted moderns, who move
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our legs like the two limbs of a Compass, the left not venturing to leave one spot until the right has taken firm possession of another. At every pace, they fell upon the Heel, pressed forwards upon the extreme condyles of the *phalanx pedis*, and sprung away by the aid of strong and elastic Toes. If therefore we take into consideration the almost gigantic size, the habitual strength of Hip, Thigh, Leg, and Foot, their uninjured construction, unfettered uses, and the peculiarity of gait, the distance of *five feet*, will not appear beyond their usual exertions.

Race horses have been known to clear ten or twelve yards at a Bound. It would scarcely be more extravagant for a Welsh Poney, or a gentleman-like Nag, to doubt the truth of this fact, by measuring the distance by their own paces, than for us to suspect our ancestors incapable of the exploit, because it exceeds our utmost attempts.

As you may now suppose me within sight of *Dusseldorff*, and going to pass the river, on the flying bridge, in the dusk of the evening, I shall wish you a good night.

LETTER XVI.

Dusseldorf.

DUSSELDORFF properly signifies *Dussel-Village*, or the Village upon the *Dussel*, which is a small river that flows by its southern side. It is doubtless from the Saxon word *Dborpf*, that so many of your villages in England take the name of *Tborp*, i. e. *the village*. A term which originally served to distinguish these smaller collections of dwellings from larger towns, was afterwards appropriated, and became the proper name of the village itself.

Dusseldorf, notwithstanding the humility of its name, is as contiguous to the *Rhine* as to the *Dussel*, and from a village, is become a smart lively populous city. It is tolerably well built, well paved, and contains about 18,000 inhabitants, including the garrison. It formerly belonged to the empire; but is now subject to the *Electoral Palatine*. It is the principal town in the duchy of *Berg*. It used to be the Residence of the Electoral Prince, who now resides
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at *Manheim*, where he has built a most sumptuous palace. It owes its present briskness to the wisdom and liberality of the Elector *Joseph William*, who, desirous of converting its commodious situation for Trade to profit, began to enlarge the City in the year 1709. He gave the freedom of the city, and an exemption from all taxes, for the space of *thirty* years, to every one who should build a house within the walls. By these prudent regulations, he enjoyed the pleasure which tyrants and oppressors know not, that of being the Protector of his people; that of seeing them prosperous and happy.

He was too wise a Prince to admit of persecution; and, although the Catholick is the established Religion, yet free toleration is granted to Protestants, Lutherans, and Jews. This indulgence, though it may not be equal to what every good citizen and supporter of the common burden has a natural right to claim, does honour to the head and heart of the Prince. If the spirit of the Romish Church be as intolerant as we Protestants always represent it, and greatly exceed *our own* propensities when we have similar power, such a permission given to heretics, deserves to be considered as an effort of great liberality. It merits, in my opinion, much higher encomiums than would be due to any

Protestant

Protestant State, were they to grant equal privileges to persons of every minuter subdivision of sentiments.

The virtue of religious moderation, stands most conspicuously amongst those virtues which are their own reward. As persecution creates pride, oppression, cruelty, rancour, and hatred, the free exercise of different Religions, has the opposite effect. It is the source of harmony, and mutual affection. If you create needless distinctions, you foment discord; remove them, and we return, when our tempers are cooled, to that affection which man generally bears to man. In proportion as societies approximate to these principles, they live in habits of cordiality. In proportion to the greatness of the distance, is the greatness of the space left for the Devil to sow the worst of his Tares.

The wisdom and moderation of *Joseph William* have caused *Dusseldorff* to flourish; and this flourishing state has an obvious influence on the minds and manners of its Inhabitants. They are frank and polite, unanimous and happy. They would be still more to my taste, if their love for clubs and conviviality did not tempt them to push about the *Jobannis-Berg Hock-bein-Rheidshein*, morning, noon, and night.

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But I am very immethodical, to bring you at once into the very centre of the town, and to make you acquainted with its inhabitants, before, I have conducted you to my inn, and introduced friend *Zimmerman*, à la Cour de Deux-Ponts, to your acquaintance.

This house has been kept many years, with great reputation, by the widow *Zimmerman*, who died a few weeks before our arrival, and left the direction to her son. Of him we have reason to bear witness, that *Sequitur MATREM passibus æquis*.

Whoever visits *Dusseldorff*, must necessarily see the grand collection of paintings. Numbers come from a great distance, for no other object, and think themselves abundantly repaid for their trouble. It would of consequence be an unpardonable offence against taste and laudable Curiosity, for any one to approach the city, and neglect this visit.

Upon expressing to *Herr Zimmerman* our desire of obtaining admittance, he immediately sent his servant to inform Professor *White*, the superintendant, that two strangers wished to see the paintings. The Professor appointed eleven o'clock the next morning.

This famous Gallery is contiguous to the Palace, which again is contiguous to the conflux
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of the *Duffel* with the *Rbine*. It consists of five Rooms; of which three are very large and spacious; the others are smaller. Each Room or *Salle* has its characteristic name. The one is termed, for example, the *Italian Salle*, because most of the pieces it contains are by *Italian* masters; another the *Flemish*; a third the *Salle of Douw*, alone from a very celebrated painting of that master being deposited there; a fourth, the *Salle of Vanderwerff*; and the fifth, of *Rubens*.

For the origin of this Institution, so honourable to its founder, so beneficial to the arts, and so profitable to the town, they are indebted to the zeal, taste, and public spirit of the Elector *John William*; and public gratitude has erected a Statue to his honour, in the centre of the court leading to the palace. He commenced the design in the year 1710, but dying in 1716, his brother and successor *Charles Philip*, being occupied in building and improving the city of *Manheim*, totally neglected this infant plan.

After his demise, the Elector *Charles Theodore* exerted himself with indefatigable zeal, to accomplish the designs of both his predecessors. He not only completed this Gallery, and established an Accademy of Drawing and Painting, at *Dusseldorff*, which he committed to the care of

of Professor *Krabe*, but he erected a Gallery of Paintings at *Manheim*, in connection with a similar establishment. The Gallery of *Dusseldorf*, however, is acknowledged, greatly to excel, both in size and value of the collection. Indeed this is deemed not only one of the largest collections in Europe, but what is of more importance, one of the best selected, and is allowed to be rivalled by none upon the Continent, excepting the one at *Dresden*, belonging to the Elector of Saxony. Not a piece of an inferior master, or that is imperfectly executed, has been admitted.

You will be convinced of the utility of this costly institution, when I inform you, that it is not merely for the service of the Academy; every Artist also is permitted to form his stile, or improve his taste in this Gallery; and he has free leave to copy after his favourite master. A French lady was actually engaged in copying the *Madonna* of *Guido*. You may have heard perhaps, that *Mr. Green*, an English Gentleman, has obtained permission to copy this collection for *Engravings*. If he means to copy the whole, it is an immense undertaking, nor can I be without apprehension, that he will not find a sufficient number of subscribers to indemnify him, or repay his labour.

After

After the decease of Professor *Krabe*, the Elector committed the superintendence of the Gallery, and also of the Academy, to Professor *White*, who has apartments in the Building, and a certain stipend. It is however expected, that every Company should present to him a gratuity for his personal attendance upon them. Following the directions of our host, whom we had consulted upon this business, we slipped a *petit ecu* (half a crown) into his hand, upon taking leave; with which he seemed perfectly satisfied. This mode may perhaps appear to you rather inconsistent with professional dignity; but these are merely local ideas, and the prejudices of custom! His Palm no more recoiled from principle of delicacy, at the touch of half a crown, than that of an English Physician at the touch of a guinea: on the contrary, like that, it acquires a kind of instinctive impulse towards it. This scruple being removed, I am fully convinced, that the mode is greatly to the advantage of the company frequenting these Galleries. For, say what you please, such is the constitution of our natures, that men are incited to occasional acts of vigilance and polite attention, by the immediate expectation of a small advantage, more than by the general sense of duty, or even a general disposition to oblige. The largest salary, secured
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to any superintendant, seldom operates upon his gratitude or his sense of honour, in proportion to its magnitude. It is a very narrow escape if the opposite effect be not produced; if the party does not become supine and inattentive, in direct proportion to his obligations to the contrary. The larger the benefice, the stronger the propensity to render it a *sinécure*.

Our Professor was paying us every attention, and was answering every question proposed to him, in a manner that indicated he was master of the subject, and possessed the disposition to communicate, when a disagreeable interruption deprived us of all the advantages of his conversation.

The foundation of this politeness was, I doubt not, laid in his natural disposition; the motives just mentioned, might have their influence; but an accidental circumstance might operate most powerfully of all. We had been admitted into the Salle of the Flemish School, before the Professor made his appearance; and after we were recovered from that percussive, which the sudden view of such a multitude of splendid figures had occasioned, we looked around us, to fix the general admiration excited, upon some particular object. My eye happened

to be directed towards a beautiful figure of a female, that was half concealed behind a window-curtain. Beauty in a Corner, you know, is always attractive. I immediately ran towards her, to take a nearer view of her charms. The elegance of form, the regularity of features, and if I can use the term, the animated serenity of countenance, united with delicacy of complexion, convinced me, that she deserved a much more conspicuous situation. When I expressed to the Professor, after the first compliments were past, my dissatisfaction that so much beauty should be placed in so much obscurity, he modestly informed me, that it was a performance of his own, and that he could not think it worthy of a more conspicuous place. Notwithstanding this undesigned compliment, on my part, and this unaffected modesty on his, our artist must have a very peculiar turn of mind, if this circumstance did not give him a favourable opinion of my Connoisseurship, and induce him to conclude, that I was more worthy of his communications, than he might otherwise have thought.

While, as I have already observed, we were thus forming *une liaison*, and agreeably occupied in communicating and receiving information, the arrival of a *Russian Princess* was announced ;
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who immediately entered with several of her Suite.

The Professor advanced to receive her, and soon returned to us, making an apology for his not being able to pay us the attentions he could wish; as he should be obliged to accompany the *Countess of Folkenstein*, who travelled *incog.* and was particularly recommended to his notice.

Upon these tidings, my friend exclaimed a *di-an-tre* half as long as the *Salle*. We looked at each other with caricature marks of vexation and disappointment. My friend at length broke silence, and relieved nature by some smart sarcasms against the Great.

There is, in most countries, a civil war between Title and Wealth; but in none more than in *Holland* and *Germany*. In *France* and *Spain*, it is seldom that Wealth has had a contest with a Title, because they are mostly united in the same person. In *England*, there is an amicable accommodation between the two. Rich Plebeians are not debarred from aspiring at the rank of Nobility; and Nobility occasionally repairs its fortune, by mending the blood of a rich Plebeian. But, in *Holland* and *Germany*, they hold each other at a most contemptuous distance. *Kablen Adel*, bald or bare Nobility, is a term of reproach, perpetually in the mouth of a wealthy

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Merchant,

Merchant, when he speaks of those whose Families are more distinguished than their Fortunes ; and he is *Maar een Koopman*, or *er ist nur ein Kauffmann*,—he is merely a Tradesman,—is the *retort courtoise*, when *Germans* or *Dutchmen* of Family, seek to humble the pride of a wealthy Merchant.

My friend could not forbear launching the *Kablen Adel*, upon this occasion ; and he expatiated with great energy, upon the superior merits of a respectable Merchant, who diffuses the necessaries and enjoyments of life over the globe, to those Frugivorists whose existence is merely known by the diffusion of their pride and vanity. This thought was of some service ; for, as it contained two grains of Triumph, against one of Irritation, though a natural warmer, yet, like *Cayenne pepper*, in cases of indigestion, it became a potential cooler.

As for your humble servant, nothing relieves him, upon similar provocations, equal to a *metaphor*. When vexed and irritated, thoughts flow in like a torrent ; and, like a copious perspiration in inflammatory complaints, though they increase the heat in the first instance, are, in the issue, very refreshing. From the number of ideas that present themselves, I am generally so happy as to select those which have the most
satirical

satirical or ludicrous meaning. I dress them up in as piquant a manner as possible; and I derive much benefit, either by the smile of Contempt they excite, or the ridiculous appearance they present to my imagination; and, to the man who *enjoys a smile*, all the spells of Ill-nature and Resentment are broken for the instant.

“ *These Travellers incog.*” exclaimed I, “ are arrant Thieves of Renown! With their retinue, and their assumed titles, their equipage, and their dress, they strain every nerve to give you an exalted idea of their Dignity and Importance, at the instant they affect to *conceal* them! You are to conclude, that, if they unavoidably exhibit so much remaining Splendour, when under this voluntary *eclipse*,—if they still shine, though “ *shorn of their beams*,”—if the *Periphery* dazzles our eyes, though the *Disk* is obscured,—how *insufferable* must be their *meridian Glory*!—This is the idea they would convey: but, trace them to the petty circle of their home, and their greatest splendours are scarcely equal to that of a *Glow-worm*!”

My companion rejoined, that the time was approaching with hasty steps, when all invidious distinction of Birth and Title, shall be obliterated through the globe, and no other distinctions shall be known, than those conferred by

Merit. This idea seemed as balm to his wounded spirits; and tolerable tranquillity being restored, we set ourselves to contemplate the collection of Paintings, without our *Cicerone*.

So many *minutiae* have unexpectedly presented themselves, and filled up my quota of paper, that I shall reserve my further observations concerning the Gallery, to another opportunity.

LETTER XVII.

Dusseldorf.

I HOPE that you will be contented, my good Sir, with a very concise and superficial account of this celebrated collection.

It is not to be supposed, that the space of a few hours is sufficient to give the spectator himself a just idea of them.—His mind, in a single visit, is bewildered and lost in the immense variety. The impression made by the first object is almost obliterated, or it is rendered confused, by succeeding ones. To counteract these effects as much as possible, we had previously enquired of a Bookseller, for a general catalogue, with a view to direct our attention immediately to some of the most capital performances. But we were informed, that no other was extant, than a *Catalogue Raisonnee*, which could not be purchased for less than *twelve* ducats, and was too voluminous to serve as a *Vade-mecum*.

The mention of such a catalogue, together with the number of rooms appropriated to the collection, will at once convey to you some idea

of the multitudes of masterly performances, which are here assembled together.

Being deprived of our leader, and left, like children, to walk alone, we cast our eyes around the first *Salle*, which is distinguished by the name of the *Flemish*. They were immediately met by those of the different *portraits*, that looked down upon us from on high, and, following us every step we took, seemed to demand a preference. We approached, and paid our compliments to those we had the best acquaintance with. To the others, we expressed our regret that we were deprived of the Master of the Ceremonies, properly to introduce us.

Portraits must suffer very considerably in a publick collection. They are never interesting, excepting we know the original, either in person or by character. In the first case, there may be two sources of pleasure; the one from the closeness of the resemblance, and the other from the merits of the execution; but this cannot be supposed to occur frequently. In the second, the mind must rest satisfied with the *execution*; for, as to the *likeness*, a doubt will always remain, whether it be just or not; and this doubt is frequently increased, by comparing two portraits of the same individual, which seldom resemble each other.

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There is another objection to portraits, which it is in the power of Artists to obviate; and I have been frequently surpris'd, that early Painters of celebrity, have not paid more attention to the circumstance. Many portraits, drawn by distinguished Masters, are made to look stedfastly at the observer. Let him place himself in what direction he pleases, still their eyes are upon him. Now, this is such a vague and insignificant employment, as greatly to counteract every effort of the Artist, to throw good sense, or expression, into the face. Whenever the subject is represented as being attentive to something interesting, we perceive a *mind at work*, and his occupation prepossesses us in favour of the character. It is perfectly correspondent with the idea intended to be conveyed of every respectable personage; and it greatly relieves an insipid physiognomy. Moderns are removing this objection.

Of the number of paintings in this first Gallery, the most admired are,

1. *The Assemblage of Saints paying their Devotions to the Queen of Heaven*, painted in the year 1646, by *Gaspard Kraijer*. The disposition of the groupe, and variety given to the countenances, all of which are expressive,

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constitute the characteristick beauties of the piece.

2. *Our Saviour at the Sepulchre*; by *Van Dyk*. The pallidness of Death is thought to be perfectly well represented. I assure you, my good friend, I disclaim every pretention to the character of Connoisseur; but, if I may confide in my own opticks, and in my own judgement, in a single instance, I will venture to pronounce, that almost every Painter, that describes the Death or Crucifixion of our Saviour, has exceeded the design. In order to manifest his *Death*, they diffuse a blueness over the different parts of the body, which suggest the idea of an incipient *putrification*. This appearance has frequently disgusted me, in several of the Crucifixous and Sepulchral scenes, that are exhibited in the churches of the Austrian Netherlands; nor is the representation before us, totally exempt from the indelicate absurdity.

3. *A Village Fair*, by *David Teniers*, painted in the year 1651. This is deemed one of his best pieces. You know that every scene relative to Peasants and Clowns, either in their own cottages, at an ale-house, or at a village fair, were the favourite subjects of *Teniers*, *Offtede*, and *Jan Steen*. Of these three, *Teniers* had the least humour, but the most finished execution;—

Offtede

Offtede is not so correct; but his scenes possess more humour;—*Jan Steen* excells them both in humour; but it is not always of the most delicate kind. This last was not educated a Painter. He was originally a Brewer at *Delft*, and was, at first, in some estimation in that line. His genius, however, impelled him to take up the *brush*. But, as he began to improve in this art, he degenerated in the other, until his customers began to taste the degree of progress he made in painting, by the badness of his beer. His chief delight was to frequent country fairs, and to sit in publick houses with cottagers, till he acquired a complete knowledge of their manners. Low humour was his taste, in private life; and many anecdotes are told of him, which I shall suppress, as they will not bear the relation. This disposition, which was quite in character among his village scenes, was too frequently manifested in compositions that ought to have been of a chaster nature, and where the wit was less obvious than the absurdity. As, for example,—he painted two *Leyden Students*, as present at the *Crucifixion*; and, in a representation of the *General Deluge*, amongst other things set on float, were several of *his own beer barrels*, distinguished by the usual mark of his brewery.

These

These and many anecdotes were told me the other day, in a company of Dutch Gentlemen, whose proximity to *Delft* furnishes them with opportunities of collecting several minuter circumstances relative to this singular character. If they afford you any amusement, you will pardon the digression ; though I acknowledge, it is somewhat like hauling him into the Gallery by head and shoulders ; for I do not recollect that there is a single piece of his in the whole collection.

The 4th piece in this Gallery, I shall notice, is *Hunting the Wild Boar*, by *Francis Sebeyers*. This painting *commands* attention. The fury of the animal is incomparably well expressed, both by its attitude, the fierceness of its countenance, and the destruction it has made amongst the assailants. Several of the dogs are represented as lying prostrate, *disbowelled*, and in the agonies of death ; others, in the midst of their ferocious courage, are checked by the fate of their companions, into prudence, and are directing their attack where there appears to be less danger. One of the Huntsmen has pierced the side of the boar with his lance ; another attempts a similar stroke ; but the lance breaks, and he is exposed to all the fury of the animal. The five Hunters were painted by *Rubens*.

The last I shall mention in this *Salle*, is the celebrated painting of *Schalken*, who is justly renowned for his scenes by lamp and candle light. The subject is the parable of the *Foolish Virgins*. The various-coloured flame of the lamps, and the *claro obscuro* of their lights and shade, are incomparably well expressed. A spark, dropped from one of the lamps, continues to burn upon the floor, with a glow that seems, in reality, to endanger the carpet.

The second *Salle*, which is one of the smaller, is that distinguished by the name of *Gerard Douw*. This celebrated Painter was a native of *Leyden*, and flourished about the middle of the last century. Every Artist has his stile. That of *Douw* consisted in minute accuracy, united with the highest finish; in which he greatly excelled every other Dutch and Flemish Painter.

These excellencies could only be obtained by care and patient assiduity. In consequence of which, his works are very few in number, seldom to be met with, and ensure a higher price, on this part of the Continent, than those of any other Master.

As the single piece in this Gallery has sufficient renown to give a title to the whole Gallery, to the no small disgrace of the many other masterly

masterly performances contained in it, you will, doubtless, be curious for a particular description of it. The piece represents an Empyric, or Quack Doctor, at a Village Fair. The scene is between the village and a castle. The stage is erected before a publick house, and covered with a Turkey carpet. Several gallipots and bottles, filled with drugs, are placed upon it; together with an ape, a shaving bason, and a *parasol*, or *umbrella*. The Doctor is represented as extolling his medicines to the gaping multitude. His dress is as fantastick and motley as that of an Harlequin. The archness of his looks, and comick manners, indicate that he is well qualified to impose upon the crowd. The other distinguished personages in the groupe, are, a Countryman, who has a Hare hanging across his shoulder, at the end of a staff;—a Woman, with a Child at her breast, baking *poffertyes*, a kind of cakes, which they sell in great abundance, on such publick occasions;—a Gardener, who is slowly wheeling a barrow full of various greens;—and a Woman, gaping with eager credulity, while an arch-looking Sharper seizes the opportunity to pick her pocket. *Douw* himself is represented with his palette and pencil in his hand, looking out of the window of the publick house, at the scene before him.

Every

Every part of this charged and complicated piece, is executed with equal delicacy, and is so highly finished, that each figure, taken separately, will bear the most critical examination.

Although I have seen many cabinets of paintings upon the Continent, yet I recollect but three performances of *Douw*.—One was in the collection of the late Mr. *Braamkamp*, of *Amsterdam*. It is so many years since, that I forget the subject, though I recollect that it sold at an extremely high price. The other was in the small, but choice, collection of the late Mr. *Dockscheer*, of *Amsterdam*, which was sold after his decease, by publick auction, about three years ago,—at which I was present. In size, it is only fifteen inches by eleven and a half. It represents a handsome Fruit Girl, standing before a niche, or recess of marble, which opens a communication between two rooms. She leans forward, and seems to be raising up a woven carpet curtain, in order to place it on one side, with her right hand,—while her left arm leans upon the lower part of the niche. In this hand, she holds a small basket with fruit. An earthen pot, embossed with wrought figures, and filled with flowers, is near her elbow. A dead cock is placed upon the slab, on her right side; and a bird-cage hangs above her head. At a distance,
a Lady

a Lady is represented as singing, accompanied by a Gentleman on the violin. Notwithstanding there is so much to censure in the composition, which is totally destitute of unity or propriety, yet this small piece was sold for no less than *seven thousand five hundred Guilders*, nearly equal to *seven hundred pounds*.

I was afterwards informed, by the Broker who purchased it, that his principal gave him commission to the sum of *one thousand pounds*. It is now in the Cabinet of Mr. *Jan Jacob de Bruye*, a celebrated Merchant in *Amsterdam*.

I mention these minuter circumstances for two reasons; first, to introduce this distinguished genius to your more intimate acquaintance; and, secondly, to give you some idea of the prevalence of the Dutch taste, in the department of painting. Indeed, they have little or no conception of *ideal* beauty. They are almost strangers to the grand and sublime. Accuracy and precision, still life, softness of pencil, and high finishing, are of the first value amongst them. The shining of the inner surface of a brass kettle, the reflection of light from a glass rummer, the wicker-work of a basket, the threads and colours of a carpet, please more than sentiment and expression.

When

When we contemplate the works of *Douw*, we find it difficult to conceive how he could arrive to such a degree of perfection in *minutie*. A peep behind the curtain will, in some measure, explain this; and, in order to give you a peep, I will translate, for your perusal, a paragraph taken from *the Life of the Dutch Painters*, written in the Dutch language.

“*Gerard Douw*,” says my author, “in painting his inimitable pieces, excelled every other Artist in patience and neatness. He ground all his colours himself, upon a crystal, cemented into a wooden frame; and all his pencils were made by his own hands. His palette, paints, and pencils, were carefully locked up in a small cabinet, where no dust could penetrate. When he placed himself upon his chair, to begin his work, he sat motionless for a considerable time, that every particle of dust around him might subside. He then turned gently to the cabinet near him, and cautiously took out his implements, mixed his colours, and painted without venturing to breathe over his work. When he rested, palette, paint, and brush, were all repositied with similar caution. His room faced the *North*. The window was very large; and a *floot*, or pond, immediately under it, was some security against the raising of the dusty enemy
from

from that quarter. Thus much for his neatness. Now for a specimen of his patience.

“ Two Gentlemen, *Joachim De Sandrart*, and *Pieter Van Laar*, paid him a visit. They were recieved in the most friendly and cordial manner. He displayed his paintings in their different stages. They were astonished at the exquisite workmanship. But what engaged their chief attention, and excited their chief surprise, was the painting of a *broomstick*, about a finger in length ; which seemed so highly finished, that nothing could be added to it. But how great must be their astonishment, when *Douw* informed them, that it would still require *three days* assiduous attention, before it was compleat !”

There are several other paintings in this Gallery, that merit more attention than we had time to give them ; particularly those by *Van Dyk*, who, in my humble opinion, possesses more boldness and sublimity, than any Master of the Dutch or Flemish schools. *Jesus at the Sepulchre* is much superior to the other paintings upon a similar subject, mentioned before. The grief of the Virgin Mother, who is supporting the body, and the flexile manner in which it reposes upon her lap, are happily expressed. But, to give you some idea of this piece, I shall transcribe the sentiments of a judge much superior

perior to myself. Mr. *Pigage*, who has published a critick upon several pieces in this collection, observes, that "For design, composition, colour, execution, and sublimity, it is exceeded by none of his works. The body of *Jesus* still preserves the marks of Divinity. It appears incorruptible. The vital spirits that have left the extremities, seem to collect in the centre, as preparatory to a renewed and perpetual circulation. Perhaps this is the only Painter who has been able to express the *approaching revivification* of the body of our Saviour. Every other has always represented it with the ordinary symptoms of death. This ought to be a satisfactory answer to the objection, that the colour of the body appears of too florid a hue."

The language of enthusiasm, my friend, must never be submitted to a critical analysis. It would be cruel to examine, whether it be possible for any one to express the *incorruptibility of a body*, or such an assemblage of the animal spirits, that are to burst forth into future life, as our author represents. It is sufficient, if a performance be able to suggest these ideas in a man of taste. I am the more anxious to vindicate the character of *Pigage*, because, as you will have perceived, our sentiments seem to coincide, respecting the general symptoms of death,

death, exhibited by Painters, in subjects of this nature.

The Virgin with the Infant Jesus ; a St. Sebastian ; Susannah and the Elders, by the same Master, are in high estimation by Connoisseurs ; also his *own Portrait*, in a mantle and vest of black satin, and ornamented with the Golden Chain presented to him by King Charles the First, when he was engaged at his Court. These are considered as the choicest pieces, from upwards of twenty by his pencil, that adorn the Gallery.

The third Gallery is that of the *Italian Masters*. This is one of the largest Galleries ; and, in my opinion, the most valuable of all. Without affectation of Connoisseurship, I flatter myself, that *I felt* its superiority. In performances of minuter workmanship, and laboured execution, you must set yourself to admire, and you must admire by piece-meals : but the first glance of the most distinguished *Italian Paintings*, commands, I will not say your admiration, but your *reverence*. They elevate and transport. You feel as if you were contemplating the sublime of nature, in distinction from the microscopic beauties of a fly's wing. The *subject* is the *primary*, the *execution* is but a *secondary*

secondary consideration. At the first instant, the mind is too much captivated with the scene, as in a well-acted Tragedy, to think of the *performer*; and we pay him the compliment to *suspend applause*, until we have given full scope to the impression his art has made upon us.

Upon entering the Gallery, two masterly performances of the divine *Raphael*, present themselves to view,—of *Raphael*, to whom sublimity was so natural, that it is conspicuous in his most common characters. His very *Fishermen* might serve for the *Jupiters* of almost every other Painter! One of these pieces represents the Holy Family; the other, *Saint John* in the Desert. In the former, is a majesty, and a colouring which it requires a better pen than mine to delineate. The Head of *Joseph* is peculiarly expressive.

The latter, being a subject more adapted to the genius of our Artist, and more susceptible of dignity, is still more striking. It is deemed the master-piece of this great Master, and allowed to be much superior to any other painting in the Gallery. *St. John* is represented of his natural size, covered simply with the skin of a tyger, which loosely hangs over his shoulders. He sits at the foot of a rock, adjacent to a fountain. With his right hand, he holds a staff that

terminates in a Cross ; and in his left is a shell, filled with water from the fountain. His head inclines towards the source ; and his countenance is at once mild and majestick. The colouring, the arrangement, and well-adjusted force of the muscles, holding the medium between the Savage and the Citizen, and his easy, natural attitude, are equally subjects of admiration. A pleasing Cottage is at some distance ; adjacent to which, is a small Temple of a rotund form, with colonades. The scene is bounded by lofty mountains.

I have ventured to give you a general description of this piece, on account of its supereminence. I shall cursorily mention some few others, out of the immense number that adorn the walls of this *Salle* ; as they happened more particularly to engage my attention, or have acquired a superiority of renown. Amongst these, there is the *Massacre of the Infants at Bethlehem*, by *Annibal Carracio* ; in which the *horible* is displayed in all its force. The *Ecce Homo* of *Corregio* ; where sweetness and dignity are admirably united. The Holy Family of *Andrew Del Sarto*, in the manner of *Raphael*. The Virgin and Child, by *Carlo Dolce*. This piece displays more gaiety than is usual in such subjects. The Virgin is seated near to a table,
on

on which a basket of flowers is placed. The Infant has a *bouquet* of rose-buds in his hand, with which he seems delighted.

The *Temptation of Jesus Christ* in the Wilderness, by *Lucas Jordina*. This piece is as remarkable for the whimsical style in which the Painter tells the story, as for the beauty of its execution. Our Saviour sits upon the edge of a rock, where the Devil transported him, and where, under the guise and habit of a *Monk*, he is very earnest in tempting him: Some stones are held in the flap of his robe; and from the lower surface of these issues a flame. I shall leave you to criticise this poetic license, and finish my account of the Gallery with the *Susannah* of *Dominique Zampieri*. The *Susannah* of *Van Dyk* is represented as stepping out of a Bath, that is inclosed in an apartment. Her surprise at the sight of these intruders, is well expressed; as also her eagerness to seize the veil, in order to cover herself from their inspection. The representation by *Zampieri*, is more Romanesque, as well as more animated. The scene passes in the sequestered part of a wood, close to a fountain; the basin of which is supported by a groupe of infants. Behind the fountain is a kind of recess, partitioned off by balustrades.

Here the young and beautiful *Susannah* is represented as seated, upon leaving the Bath. The Elders steal out of the wood, and glide as near as possible to the balustrades. Their criminal passion is strongly expressed in their countenances, as they gaze on her beauties, and snatch at the veil with which she attempts to cover herself. The fear, shame, and confusion of the surprised damsel, are admirably well delineated.

By the way, the stories of *Susannah and the Elders*, and of *Joseph and Potiphar's Wife*, my dear Sir, are told so frequently, that we must long have been wearied of the subjects, if they were not peculiarly adapted to excite certain emotions; for, vary them as you please, a naked beauty, and two old Jews described the one; a bed, female inticement, and the escape of Joseph, by leaving his robe in the hand of the amorous Belle, constitute the other. But Painters seem peculiarly fond of these subjects, as they consecrate, as it were, the indelicate passion. They pretend to give lessons of virtuous resistance in both cases, while, in reality, they are rendering themselves popular, by inflaming concupiscence. They remind me of the pious Monk, who, to enhance the merits of *Mary Magdalene's* repentance, and to prove that

that she was far distant from the wane of her beauty, described her charms in such glowing terms, that it is said, the younger part of the audience were much more disposed to imitate her vices, than her contrition.

LETTER XVIII.

Dusseldorff.

The fourth Gallery is distinguished by the name of *Vander Werff*. It contains the Paintings that were executed by this Knight, under the immediate patronage of the Elector *John William*. It is asserted, that he received an annual appointment, of not less than *twenty thousand florins*, nearly equal to two thousand pounds, under a stipulation to work for the Elector, only six months in the year. His Portraits are in very high estimation. The Gallery is adorned with a number of Paintings by this Master. They are principally taken from Scripture. Among these, a series of Paintings that represent the most distinguished periods relative to our Saviour's history, are in the highest estimation. For instance,—the Visitation of *Gabriel*,—the Birth of *Christ*,—his Presentation in the Temple,—*Christ* in the midst of the Doctors,—the *Ecce Homo*, or when he was presented to the People,—his Crucifixion,—and *Christ* at the Sepulchre.—
They

They are small pieces ; being two feet and a half by one foot nine inches. The characteristic excellence of this Painter, consisted in the delicacy of execution. The natural hue, and softness of the skin, are, in each piece, incomparably well expressed, and universally admired. Most of his other pieces describe scenes taken from the Old Testament ; as, *Sarah* introducing *Hagar* to *Abraham*,—*Abraham* dismissing *Hagar* and *Ismael*. An allegorical piece also, in which the Artist has introduced the marriage of the Elector *John* with *Mary de Medicis*, is highly esteemed.

Most of the Paintings of *Vander Werff* being minute and delicate, it was alledged that he could not excel upon a larger scale. He answered the objection by painting a very masterly portrait of himself ; which, for dignity, is deemed superior to most Portraits extant. It is now in the possession of Mr. *Gebers*, of *Rotterdam*, who married the grand-daughter of this Artist. This I have seen. It is a Kit-cat, in size as large as life. He is represented in a *robe-de-chambre*, holding his palette and pencils in his left hand, and the Portrait of his Wife in the other. A Child is at his knee. He is of a brown complexion, and has an handsome and very manly coun-

countenance. Although this piece is so much larger than the common size of his Paintings, yet it retains all the delicacy of his style. Upon the closest inspection, not a stroke of the pencil is to be traced ; and yet, at a distance, the whole exhibits a certain majesty and force, which is purchased by other Artists, by rough and manly strokes. Attention has been paid to the minutest articles : The hand which holds the Portrait of his Wife, is represented as being behind the canvass ; the fingers alone, which project and compress the upper part of the frame, are rendered visible. The nails are elegantly shaped *à la Chesterfield*, and reflect a glossy light.

The accuracy and high-finish which distinguished the performances of our Knight, could alone be obtained by patient assiduity. It appears, as Mr. *Gebers* informed me, from the Minutes of his Labours, now in the possession of this Gentleman, that *Vander Werff* employed six or seven months assiduous attention, upon each of his principal pieces. This celebrated Painter, who received the order of Knighthood from *Germany*, was the son of a Miller.

I must omit the Paintings of *Rembrandt*, notwithstanding the striking majesty of his *Claro Obscuro*,—

Obscuro,—and also several other pieces of great merit,—in order to step with you, for a moment, into the Gallery of *Rubens*.

It is asserted, that there is not a Painter upon record, who has equalled *Rubens* in the number of valuable pieces which have been painted by himself, or to whom such multitudes have been attributed. It is said, that not less than *two thousand* (most of them of considerable magnitude, and charged with many figures) have proceeded directly from his own hands. Of numberless others, the plans, sketches, or the most interesting parts, were executed by himself, while the drapery, landscapes, and other subordinate parts, were left to his Scholars. Again, it is observable, that most of his Disciples were close imitators of their Master. Hence, some thousands of Paintings are diffused over Europe, that bear the name of *Rubens*, merely because they were the productions of his School, and so much in his style and manner, that it was extremely difficult to distinguish the Master from the Scholar. These considerations will, in some respects, explain the mystery; for, it must have been morally impossible for one man, who did not live to an advanced age, to execute the innumerable Paintings that bear his name, and that

that are exhibited as *bis*, in almost all the churches in the *Austrian Netherlands*, in many other Catholic churches throughout Europe, and in the cabinets of numberless Connoisseurs. Besides, he was in a publick capacity, travelled much, and cultivated poetry with considerable success.

Among the most distinguished of his pieces in this Gallery, is a large Painting, that represents the Day of Judgment. This is about nineteen feet in height, by fourteen. You will easily conceive, what a multitude of figures enter into a composition of this kind, and what a scope the solemn subject affords to the warmest and most fertile imagination. It was with peculiar pleasure we observed that a *Negro* was placed among the Elect. There is a liberality in the thought which does him great honour. I wish he had placed more!—Poor souls, it would be too hard for them to find an Hell in each world!—We were right glad to find, that there were no distinguishing marks of Slave-dealers, and Slave-drivers, among the Reprobate. It would have been too satirical for the solemnity of the scene; but, had I been in his place at the time, I will not aver that I should have resisted the temptation. There is something peculiarly striking in the situation in which *Rubens* has placed

placed himself. He seems to hesitate on which side he ought to turn. Earnestly wishing for the *right* hand, with a fearful apprehension that he might belong to the *left*!

“The web of our life,” says the Poet*, “is of mingled yarn,—*Good* and *Evil* together!—Our Virtues would be proud, if our Faults whipt them not; and our Crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our Virtues!”

Another piece, in the awful style, is the fall of Sinners into the Pit of Perdition. The multitudes,—the variegated marks of horror and despair,—and the diverse-coloured flames ready to devour them, are so striking, that I am surprised the Painter could sustain his own ideas, while he was delineating them.

A Rural Scene, with a beautiful Rain-bow, has the singular merit of being executed in one day, though no marks of precipitancy are discernable.

The Death of *Seneca* is deemed one of his best pieces. The Philosopher is represented nearly naked, with his feet in a vessel of copper, filled with water tinged with blood. An incipient pallidness, united with the remains of animation,

* Shakspeare, in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Statues of *Laocoon* and his Sons,—of *Venus de Medicis*,—the *Greek Shepherds*, or the *Venus aux Belles Fesses*,—an *Apollo de Belvidere*,—the *Dying Gladiator*, &c. &c. Among the latter, are four *Porte-feuilles* of *Raphael*,—Designs by *Guido*, *Titian*, *Paul Veronese*, *Tintoret*, *Corregio*, *Michael Angelo*, and *Annibal Carraccio*. In short, the collection is said to amount to not less than *sixty thousand Pieces* ; of which, *twenty thousand* are original drawings.

I have accidentally met with a very interesting and authentic Anecdote, concerning a young Engraver, who was educated in this Academy,—which I shall reserve for the subject of my next letter.

We were informed, that the Count of *Nesselrode* had a choice Cabinet of Paintings, to which he politely gives access to strangers ; and that he is in possession of the famous Hermit of *Douw*. But, as our attention began to be wearied by the Paintings we had already inspected ; as neither time nor inclination permitted us to see every thing that was deemed worth seeing ; and as it was our determined plan, to confine ourselves, in this Tour, to those objects alone which seemed to constitute the principal characteristics of each place we might visit, we omitted to profit by the Count's politeness.

For

For a similar reason, I shall pass by *St. Martin's Church*, and also the one which formerly belonged to the Jesuits, without going into them, notwithstanding the former is said to contain a number of good Paintings, and the latter excels in Architecture. One general observation will serve for all the Churches and publick Seminaries on the Continent, built by the followers of *Loyola*:—They are the most elegant and costly of any of the publick buildings devoted to the purposes of religion, or of education; and, in the days of their prosperity, they were the most richly ornamented with Paintings and Sculpture, and abundant in precious Relicks, and most nobly endowed.

Adjacent to one of the gates of the city, is a Chapel, pertaining to a Nunnery, that is said to be after the model of that at *Loretto*. But, as it neither contains such immense riches, nor has been honoured with such a miraculous transportation, I shall pass it over in silence.

The Garden belonging to the *Jagerhaus*, or Hunting-seat of the Elector, planned by Count *Goldstein*, formerly Governor of the town, is much admired by the inhabitants of the city, and by the strangers that come from *Holland*,

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and

and also from many parts of *Germany*. But it is so much inferior to what you have an opportunity of seeing, every day, in *England*, that a particular description of it, will yield you no satisfaction.

Give me leave to introduce you to the wild Horses in the Elector's Stables, contiguous to the Gallery. These were caught in the woods of *Duisburg*, which furnish an occasional supply without much expence. These animals are caught by their being driven into nets, so constructed as to entangle them, and yet prevent their doing themselves an injury by the extreme violence of their struggles. The young ones are tamed, and become very decent members of society. Among other methods of reducing them to obedience, it is said that they are laden with large sacks of sand, as heavy as they are able to bear: These are let down upon their backs, by means of ropes and pulleys, and are so adjusted, that they cannot possibly throw them off. After the animal is made to stand still under the oppression, he is gently led about the *Manege*, or Riding-school; and the burden is gradually made lighter and lighter, according to his good behaviour.

I ought

I ought to have told you some time ago, that I was furnished with letters of introduction to two Gentlemen of *Dusseldorff*. These we did not deliver until the afternoon of the second day. The omission was partly owing to our being occupied in the Gallery, and partly to tempestuous weather. One of these Gentlemen, a Wine Merchant, was from home: the other, a Bookseller, shewed us every civility in his power, seizing the intervals of sun-shine to conduct us through various parts of the town. His habitation, being in *Carlstadt*, as it is termed, gave us as an opportunity of contemplating this appendix to the old city, at our ease. It owes its origin and name to *Charles Theodore*. It is divided into six regular quarters, that open into an extensive square. All the houses being upon one plan, it will have a beautiful appearance, when compleated. The new city has several good buildings, exclusive of the new Palace, and Academy of Painting.

In the midst of our peregrinations, a sudden shower compelled us to take shelter in the house of the Society or Club. These Clubs are established in almost every town in *Germany* and *Holland*. They are upon a different, and, I think, upon a better plan, than is common with

you. Several Citizens unite to hire a convenient house, and to furnish it according to their numbers and extent of their plan. They place a Superintendant in this, with a competent number of Servants. Provisions of tea, coffee, news-papers, &c. are purchased; and the cellar is stocked with a variety of liquors, out of the common purse. In most of these Societies, there is a Billiard-room; and some take in various journals, and new publications. At *Oldendorff*, near *Bramen*, I have seen an extensive and well-chosen Library adjacent to the Club-room. This *Salle* is devoted entirely to reading: neither pipes, nor a single glass of punch, are permitted to enter. By these plans of liberal œconomy, every Subscriber has a second home, where, at every leisure hour, he is almost sure to meet with a friend, a pipe, and the news of the day. Each article of consumption is paid for immediately by the person that orders it; so that no one is compelled to take more than he chuses, merely *for the good of the House*, on the one hand; nor, on the other, is the Community taxed by the indiscretion or excess of any of its Members. In some instances, the finances of the Society enable them to meet in a Garden, with a commodious

dious Summer-house, *Kolf-baan*, or *Golf-ground*, during the summer months. Where the Subscribers are numerous, you would be surprised at the small expence for which each individual enjoys so many advantages.

LETTER XIX.

Duffeldorff.

NOTHING gives us more fallacious ideas of human nature, or militates with greater force in favour of the opinion, that a very inconsiderable portion of comfort is possessed by mankind, than the pages of General History. We are induced, I may say, *seduced*, by the narratives of the Historian, to contemplate the creation as one great theatre of violence. Mankind are considered as universally oppressive, cruel, unrelenting. In a word, blood-shed and devastation are supposed to be the common lot of humanity; so that even the compassionate Reader is impelled to catch the spirit breathed in their narratives, and tempted to curse the species.

But compassionate Readers would feel themselves more composed, if they recollected, that, by the perusal of a few months, a series of events are made to pass in review before us, which required years and ages to be put into execution;—if they recollected, that General History
is

is the Magazine of Distress, Villainy, and Cruelty ;—that its pages are professedly crowded with *extraordinary* incidents ;—and that the intermediate periods, passed over in silence, are filled up with peaceful enjoyment. Of every army that has been cut off, the individuals that composed it, must have passed through years allotted to growth and maturity, before they could be brought forward upon the theatre of action : They must have arrived to a certain age, before they were ripe for being shot through the body, or hewn to pieces, in battle ; and, since standing armies, and disciplined troops, have been substituted in the place of *irregulars*, the largest assemblage of military force, is but a comparatively small selection from the multitude. All cities must have flourished for years, and some have for ages, before discord and tyranny could have destroyed them. In short, the history of distressed countries, resembles the history of Hospitals and Mad-houses : Whoever takes a survey of these, may be astonished, perhaps, as well as affected, with their number. But, excepting in occasional epidemics, or in other particular circumstances, this number of the sick and the maimed, &c. does not strike us in the common walks of life, or they appear in too small a proportion, to excite a murmur. We

are not to form an estimate of the *quantum* of enjoyment possessed by oxen and sheep, by the bloody scenes of a Slaughter-house.

We should also recollect, that the Narratives of Commotions and Wars, and great Exertions, and great Sufferings, are highly pleasant to the mind. In History, Romance, and Tragedy, it is the plots, and intrigues, and cruelties of one party, and the distress, or intricate situation of the other, that render these publications so peculiarly interesting. Our attention relaxes, when sufferings are at an end. We drop the curtain, when the struggles of distress are no more, and are contented with very confused and general ideas of the happiness which ensues, without being inquisitive concerning the minuter circumstances that compose it. Thus, after the mind has been eagerly engaged in the contemplation of all the component parts of misery, and dwelt upon every part with minute attention, it draws the fallacious conclusion, that there is scarcely any thing in the world but wretchedness. No, my friend, this is not fair: There must be a large portion of enjoyment in the world, when distress itself is made the subject of innocent, and even sublime delight!

Once more: Vice generally advertises itself, by the great and immediate mischief it does;—

Vice

Vice, like poison, is destructive in smaller doses; while the practice of Virtue, like the daily use of nutritious food, is a still, quiet, habitual process, supporting habitual health and comfort. Thousands, and tens of thousands, for example, are daily nourished by the use of milk, and no one rejoices at the good; but, if this milk happens to turn sour in a brass kettle, and proves fatal to a few individuals, the disaster is in every publick paper, and in every mouth; and we all shudder at the evil.

In this manner I love to contemplate human nature; and it does my heart good. It has a triple advantage. It inspires with more pious sentiments of the Divine government,—with more kindly ideas of our fellow mortals,—and it diffuses a chearful calm over the mind, which the mind never can enjoy, without being in tolerable unison with every thing around it. Yes, Sir, I am positive that there is much virtue in the world, and consequently, much happiness. Innumerable would be the instances of virtuous conduct, if, unfortunately for the justification of the human character, virtue was not, generally speaking, of so silent and reserved a nature. As it mostly loves to do good in private, we cannot always trace its steps. It may work insensibly; but it works with efficacy; and society is kept
together

together in tolerable order, without its energy being immediately perceived, or the links of its connection being distinctly marked. If all the good which has been done, were as loudly proclaimed as the evil, sure I am, that it would make noise enough to stifle the voice of complaint.

When, therefore, we are able to draw out of obscurity, instances of noble sentiment and conduct, I beg leave to consider these as the accidental discovery of what is naturally latent, and as small specimens of the *much* that remains behind, rather than as unusual instances of philanthropy. With this view, I shall proceed to the Narrative promised you in my last, and introduce to your acquaintance a whole groupe of Worthies, co-operating to effectuate the happiness of an individual.

Every one who visits *Antwerp*, is made acquainted with the History of the *Smith*, whom love converted into an excellent *Painter*; but every one who visits *Dusseldorff*, is not informed of the History of a *Baker*, changed into an excellent *Engraver*. Love, indeed, was not the *cause*, but the *consequence* of this change.

NARRATIVE.

SOME years ago, while Professor *Krabe* was Superintendant of the Gallery of Paintings, he received a visit from a young Baker of the town; who, after a very short introduction, took a book out of his pocket, which he presented to Mr. *Krabe*, expressing a desire that he would purchase it. The Superintendant found, upon examination, that it was a Prayer Book, ornamented, in the ancient style of religious foppery, with a number of coloured figures and engravings. It was the one which the Elector *Clement Augustus*, of *Cologne*, had ordered to be published, and was become very scarce and valuable. The Professor enquired whence he had it; and the young man answered, with a modest blush, that it was a Copy from one he had borrowed. "By whom?"—"By myself," rejoins the youth. Upon a close examination, Mr. *Krabe* could scarcely distinguish the Copy from the Original. He could not conceal his surprise, and asked, why he did not practise engraving, rather than continue a Baker?

The youth answered, that it was the wish of his soul; but his father, having a numerous family,

family, could not afford the expence of suitable instructions. "I design to travel," adds he; "but, as my father cannot furnish the means, and as I knew that you was fond of drawings, I was emboldened to make this application to you, in hopes that you would purchase the Copy, to furnish immediate help, and I must trust to my industry and good fortune, for future advancement."

"Call here to-morrow, without fail," says Mr. *Krabe*, with an emphasis that manifested pleasure and astonishment.

Early the next morning, the Professor called upon an intimate friend at *Keyserwerth*, a few miles distant from *Dusseldorf*; of which place the young man was a native.

This friend, with the power, had the *disposition* to do good. *Krabe* told him the story, shewed him the workmanship, and begged him to lend the young Artist *two hundred crowns*. "He will, doubtless," adds he, "become, in a few years, a distinguished Engraver, and be able to reimburse you. I will be security for the payment."

"I take no security," answered his friend; and he advanced *three hundred crowns*.

Krabe returned to the astonished and transported Baker with the money. He quitted the
Oven,

Oven, learned Geometry and Perspective, applied to Drawing according to the rules of the art, and acquired a competent knowledge of History.

After assiduous application, for the space of two years, the young man had made such rapid progress, that Mr. *Krabe* advised him to quit *Dusseldorff*, where no further improvement was to be expected, and visit *Paris*, promising him a letter of introduction to Mr. *Willes*, a celebrated Engraver in that metropolis.

Schmitz (for this was the young man's name) put his advice into execution; and, in order to economize his little store, he travelled on foot from *Dusseldorff* to *Paris*. But, unfortunately, he fell ill immediately upon his arrival; and, although he applied to a Monastery, where he was hospitably received, and carefully attended, yet incidental expences, during an illness of some continuance, had entirely exhausted his little store. Upon his recovery, that delicate kind of pride, which so frequently accompanies true genius, forbade his making application to Mr. *Willes*, while he must appear as an indigent beggar.

One day, as he was walking pensively in the streets, his mind occupied with his unfortunate situation,

situation, he was met by two Soldiers of the Swiss Guards ; one of whom accosted him with the enquiry, “ *Young man, are you not a German?* ” — “ *Yes.* ” — “ *From whence?* ” — “ *From Keyserswertb, near Dusseldorff.* ” — “ *You are my countryman.—What do you do here?* ” — *Schmitz* relates to him the particulars of his history ; adding, that a long illness had exhausted a large portion of his time, and all his money ; and that he could not support the idea of being troublesome to any one. The Soldiers advised him to enlist, assuring him that the service was not severe, and that he would have leisure to follow the bent of his genius. *Schmitz* accepted the proposition, was introduced to the Captain of the Regiment, was enlisted for four years, and shortly after, was introduced to Mr. *Willes*, by the Captain himself. As much time was indulged to him, as the nature of the service could possibly admit, to pursue his favourite object, under the direction of Mr. *Willes*. He continued in this situation the four years, when he received his dismissal.

Finding that he was in the line of improvement, he continued at *Paris* two years longer, applying himself, with the utmost diligence, to the art of engraving : at the expiration of which

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term,

term, he returned home, with the best attestations concerning his talents, industry, and moral conduct.

Professor *Krabe* received him with open arms, was charmed with the progress he had made, and engaged him to work in the Cabinet. He continued to work under the inspection of the Professor, about two years, conducting himself in such a manner, as to gain upon the affections of his Patron.

It was about this period, that the Professor invited our Artist to an entertainment, where several of his friends were to be present. He met his friends, and was entering into the joys of convivial intercourse, when he was informed that the entertainment was in honour of a Stranger. But alas ! this Stranger was the destined *husband* of the Professor's *eldest daughter* ;—beautiful, in his eyes, as an Angel ; and wise, in his judgment, as a Goddess of Wisdom. He made as precipitate a retreat as decency would permit, and left the brisk glass, and jovial song, to circulate among the happy.

The next morning, he returned to the Cabinet with the utmost dejection of mind and countenance. This sudden change was noticed by his Benefactor, who enquired into the cause. *Schmitz*, in confused expressions, and with faltering

tering voice, confessed that he had fallen deeply in love with that very daughter who was shortly to be in the possession of another.

“ Have you intimated to my daughter, the strength of your affection ?”

“ *Never*,” answered the noble youth ; “ not in the most distant manner. Could I, without title, fortune, or pretensions of any kind, be so base as to speak of love to the daughter of my Friend, my Patron, my Benefactor ? I was contented to see her, and was careful to conduct myself in such a manner, that no suspicions might arise, to debar me of that happiness ; and now, I learn, that I am shortly to be deprived of the only satisfaction to which I dared to aspire.”

The benevolent Professor tried his utmost to soothe and comfort him,—assured him of the strength of his affection,—that he loved him as his own child,—but warned him to subdue his love for *Henrietta* ; expatiating upon the criminality, circumstanced as they were, of indulging the passion.

The poor young man admitted the force of the argument, and promised to obey. But the struggle was too much for his constitution. He fell ill, and continued in a dangerous state, upwards of four months. Mr. *Krabe* paid him
every

every attention, and gave him every consolation in his power. But, in all their interviews, the name of *Henrietta* was never mentioned. His lamentable situation, however, could not be concealed from her. She sympathized, and most sincerely pitied; but, though "Pity is so near a-kin to Love," Duty and Honour interposed a barrier between them.

The intended husband returned to his parents; and it was not difficult to perceive, from the tenure of his letters, that certain objections were started by them to the union. Although he dared not to express his own sentiments fully, upon this occasion, yet *Henrietta* divined them, and gave him full power to follow the genuine bent of his own inclinations, renouncing every claim upon his promise. The answer was correspondent to her expectations; and, allowing a short interval for the suppression of that chagrin which the injured pride of every young Lady must suffer in such delicate situations, she permitted the suffering of *Schmitz* to engage more of her thoughts,—generously indulged her compassion, until she found it blended with affection,—and, finally, addressed her father thus: "Sir, I know it has been your wish, to have *Schmitz* for your son-in-law---Every obstacle is

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removed---

removed---Tell him, that *Henrietta* will be his, if she can promote his felicity."

The joyful father informed him of this declaration in his favour. But the good news was as like to have proved fatal, as his despair. Recovering from his emotion, and leaning on the arm of his Benefactor, he was conducted to the generous object of his passion; and, by passing the evening in her company, he was cheered, comforted, and restored.

But, how great was the surprise of every one, when they learned, the next morning, that the Lover had left the town, in a carriage with four horses, and had carried his plates and drawings with him!----What astonishment to *Krabe*!---What a thunder-stroke to poor *Henrietta*!

This was so apparently the act of a disordered brain, that his return was dreaded as much as his flight was lamented! Nor did they receive a single line in the interval, to remove their doubts. On the ninth day, he returned from *Munich*, with an order for a pension of *six hundred florins per annum*, to be paid to *Schmitz*, by the Treasurer of the Palatinate.

He

He had been to throw himself at the feet of the Elector *Palatine*. He discovered to him his love,---his situation,---shewed him the certificates of his conduct, and the specimens of his workmanship. The heart of the Elector was moved, and he gave him the pension.

“ Now, Sir,” says the generous-hearted *Schmitz*,
 “ I am more worthy of my *Henrietta*.”

This event took place in the year 1782. The particulars are extracted from a publication, in high répute, entitled, *Museum für Künstler, und für Kunstliebhaber*; or, History of German Artists. I am very sorry, that my total ignorance of the Anecdote, when at *Dusseldorff*, prevented me from making those enquiries, which more than curiosity would have dictated, relative to this worthy couple, or the present state of our Engraver.

See there, my friend, in one short history, the eulogium of numbers !---I beseech you to make due comments upon the excellent character of our Artist, the Hero of the piece,---upon the benevolence of the Professor,---his Friend, of *Keyserwerth*,---the Monks in the Convent,---the two Soldiers, with their Captain,---the Engraver *Willes*,---the Elector *Palatine*,---and the

amiable *Henrietta*; and then revert to my proposition, that the Private History of Individuals, would, in general, give us more favourable ideas of human virtue, and of human happiness, than those are apt to imagine, who direct their chief attention to the ambition of the Great, and the subversion of Empires. Numberless are the instances, where Individuals emerge from obscurity, and act a conspicuous part on the Theatre of Life. We behold, and applaud the Actor, without adverting to the different stages through which he must have passed, before he was prepared for this honourable exhibition, and how far he must have been assisted, in each stage, by those around him.

Go to, ye Libellers of your Species! ye Defamers of God's most perfect workmanship below! ye that delight to sketch out figures with charcoal, add horns, a tail, and cloven-feet to your sketch, and call it *human*! Man is naturally a friend to man. Adventitious circumstances may suppress this kindly temper, until the most contracted selfishness is deemed a system of genuine prudence! Tyranny may depress the mind, until it be rendered incapable of one virtuous exertion! False Theology, by representing the heart as naturally vicious and depraved,

praved, may destroy the choicest springs of action,---may persuade us, that to act the Knave or Fool, is merely to act in character : Whereas, a consciousness that we are *capable* of doing much good,---a conviction that we are *naturally disposed* to do good,---that the instinct was given us, that we might become the active instruments of the Divine benevolence,---an instinct so strong, that it is deemed *inhuman* to stifle its impulse,---these are admirably calculated to quicken the disposition, improve the habit, and extend the effects.

LETTER XX.

Dusseldorff.

THE third day from our arrival, as we had satisfied our curiosity at *Dusseldorff*, we wished to direct our course towards *Cologne*, distant about six or seven and twenty miles. But, how great was our mortification, when we learned, that not a post-horse was to be procured in the whole town! The Traveller *incog.*, the Countess of *Falkenstein*, with her Suite, like a mischief-working Comet with its tail, had swept them all away. What rendered our vexation the greater, was, we began to be impatient for letters, which we supposed, according to the regulations we had made, might be waiting our arrival at *Cologne*.

Achilles himself, in his quarrel with *Agamemnon*, could not put on a more *sombre* aspect, than my worthy associate, when he contemplated our carriage standing solitary in a corner of the *Remise*, with the blinds drawn up, and pole drooping to the ground, destined to remain

remain a tedious twenty-four hours longer, in that dejected state ; nor could the injured Hero of Antiquity, with his friend *Patroclus*, manifest their wounded pride with more haughty strides to and fro, in the martial tent, than we displayed in the publick Room of our Hotel !

As systems, according to *Sterne*, have an assimilating power, thus can a perverse humour feed itself, and *nourish* itself too, with the most opposite kinds of food. In the intervals of a clear sky, we regretted that such lovely weather should be lost in inactivity. When the heavens were louring, we lamented that we were losing precious time in our chambers, while we could have redeemed it, sitting in our carriage, as effectually sheltered from the rain. Upon the whole, however, the day was tantalizing fair, and our vexation was the greater upon that account.

At length, we were advised, by some of the company at our Hotel, by way of alleviating our distress, to visit the Monastery of *La Trappe*, so famous for the taciturnity of its Brotherhood.--- It was but a walk of two hours :---The Countess had deprived us of every other mode of conveyance ; and the singularity of the Institution promised to indemnify us for our trouble, who had such a large fragment of time heavy upon

our hands. We accordingly formed a party for the afternoon ; and this plan restored our peace of mind, for a season.

But alas ! when can peace of mind be ensured for any continuance ? The unexpected appearance of the Wine Merchant to whom I had my letter of introduction, disconcerted our plan, and our tempers. This very polite and obliging Gentleman, being informed of the predicament in which the *Russian* Princess had placed us, and of our solicitude to pass the night at *Cologne*, alleged, with the utmost confidence of success, that he should be able to procure the horses we wanted.

This assertion awakened old desires a-new, particularly in the breast of my friend. As to myself, the proposition of visiting *La Trappe* had perfectly reconciled me to the disappointment.

Our new acquaintance very obligingly undertook to execute the commission, and, in the space of an hour, came back in triumph, to inform us of his success. But, as the horses were just returned from a stage they had performed the preceding evening, the Proprietor told him they would require rest and refreshment, and that they would not be forth-coming, until about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Affairs

Affairs being thus adjusted, I could not forbear expressing my regret, at the publick table, that, according to this new constitution of things, I was prevented from seeing the Monastery of *La Trappe*. One of the Guests answered, that a plain and simple account of it, as he and his companions found it the preceding day, might at once satisfy my curiosity, and alleviate my disappointment :

“ The Monastery of *La Trappe*,” says he, “ is situated about the distance of an English mile from the Palace of *Goldstein*, in the Eastern direction. Upon our ringing at the gate, it was opened by a Porter, who conducted us into a small and mean *Stube*, or Side-room, where we waited until the Prior made his appearance. His portly corporation, plump cheeks, and greasy dress, suggested the idea of a *Cook*, rather than of a *Prior*, and by no means corresponded with the accounts we had received of their meagre fare within the walls.

“ Upon expressing our desire to see every thing that was curious, in this place of devout retirement, he answered, with a tone full of humility, that he feared we should be deceived in our expectations ; and his fears were too well founded. He conducted us across the Court, which was over-run with briars and thorns, so
that

that there was scarcely a path left for our feet. He brought us to the remains of a Church, the greater part of which was fallen into ruins, and in which we saw neither Painting, Statue, or Crucifix, that deserved attention. From thence we were conducted to the Refectory, where nothing was to be seen but tables and benches; while the disagreeable effluvia of this *banqueting Salle*, drove us speedily back again into the open air.

“ We repeated our earnest desire to see the curiosities of the sacred Mansion, the holy Vessels, Vestments, Paintings, Relicks, &c. and to be informed concerning the Regulations of their Order. He answered, with an arch smile, that we had seen the whole. As to the Rules of their Order, and mode of living, they were nothing very singular. Their food was chiefly of the vegetable kind; now and then, they were indulged with fish. Their common drink was beer; but they were sometimes allowed the moderate use of wine. He invited us to see the other parts of the Monastery; which consisted of the Kitchen, and their Cells, and contained nothing, he said, extraordinary. But we found the above specimen amply sufficient.

“ Upon our return to the outward gate, we were embarrassed how to act respecting the pecuniary

niary acknowledgment, as we were apprehensive of offending the delicacy of the *Prior*. He soon relieved us from this embarrassment, by stretching out his hand; and he condescended to thank us very kindly for the donation."

Notwithstanding these appearances of extreme poverty, I am well informed, that the Monastery is richly endowed. They have upwards of sixty acres of land surrounding the dwelling, besides considerable possessions in other places: This renders their self-mortification the more meritorious in the eyes of Superstition; or, their systematic avarice the more despicable in the eyes of Common Sense.

By the above account, you will perceive, my good Sir, that I should have been miserably disappointed, if I had paid a visit to the Monastery. It seems, however, that these Monks are somewhat degenerated from the original Rules of their Order; the severity of which has been supposed to exceed, in every respect, that of the strictest Disciplinarians. But the superficial account given us by this Gentleman, is scarcely sufficient to gratify our curiosity; nor does it convey any information relative to the Origin of this Order, or its distinguishing peculiarities.

To supply this defect, I would advise you to consult *Bruzen de la Martiniere's Dict. Geograph.*
& Cri-

Et Critique, Tom viii. p. 647; and also *La Description de l'Abbaye de la Trappe*, par *Monf. Felibien*, published in 1682. By comparing these Authors, you will learn that this religious Order is originally the same as that of the *Cistercians*. The first Abbey was founded in the County of *Perche* in *France*, by *Rotrou*, Count of *Perche*, under the name of the Monastery of our dear Lady of the religious House *La Trappe*, in the year 1140.

The Monks, we are informed, soon plunged into all the vicious irregularities which had long distinguished and disgraced the *Cistercians*; and they continued a reproach to Religion for many centuries. At length, *John Boutbilier de Rancé*, an Abbot, who flourished about the middle of the last century, a person of sense, discretion, and piety, had sufficient influence over the fraternity, to reduce them to the observance of a much stricter discipline, and essentially to reform their morals. By his own example, as well as precepts, he persuaded them entirely to forsake the use of wine, of meats, fish, eggs, butter, milk; in short, of whatever was animal, or animalized; and to substitute a vegetable diet, and the beverage of water, in their place. A small quantity of weak cyder was occasionally permitted, by way of luxury; and he overcame their

their indolence, by enjoining them the cultivation of the ground, for the space of three hours every day. By such means, he hoped to cool the wicked fire of their temperaments, and to keep them, at least, innocently employed.

But, lest he should not have totally destroyed the tinder, he thought it prudent to deprive them of the match. He restrained the use of speech to the offices of devotion, and the absolute necessities of their mutual intercourse. He had learned, by long experience, that all the conversation that was beyond *yea, yea, and nay, nay*, proceeded from an evil heart, and incited to an evil conduct. However, as one of my Authors expresses it, the walls spoke, if the men were silent:—Numberless texts of Scripture, and maxims of piety, being inscribed upon the walls of every apartment.

Their plan of life is the following:—They retire to rest at eight o'clock in the summer, and at seven in the winter season. They rise at two o'clock to their *Matins*, which continue till half past four. From Church, they retire each to his Cell in the summer, and to the Common-hall, to enjoy the benefit of a common fire, in the winter. Here they read and meditate for the space of an hour, and then return to the exercise of their publick devotions in the Church, which
continue

continue till seven o'clock. They now apply to labour, each according to the work allotted him, and which they are not permitted to exchange among themselves. Some dig, others plant, others rake the ground, &c. The Prior himself, so far from being exempt from the task, shews his humility, and sets an example of patience and contentment, by engaging in the meanest, or the most arduous employments. When the weather prevents them from working in the open air, they are occupied by every domestic office, such as washing, scouring, &c. They are also their own Masons, Coopers and Carpenters, and exercise, within the walls of the Convent, every handicraft employment their situation may require. After being employed an hour and a half in one or other of the above occupations, they adjourn to the Church for half an hour, and thence to their Cells, to meditate, and read the Lives of Saints and Martyrs. They return to the Church a quarter before twelve, and then assemble in the Refectory, to their sober, vegetable, repast. Each Monk takes his accustomed place, and uses the trencher, knife, fork, spoon, and napkin appropriated to himself. After dinner, they return to the Church ;—thence to their Cells, to read and meditate ;—thence to their different occupations, as in the morning ;—thence
to

to their Vespers;—thence to the Refectory;—thence to their Cells, to read and meditate;—and thence to their beds, at the appointed hour. The circle of a day, is thus the circle of their years.

What say you of such a life?—Have you any inclination to become a Monk of *La Trappe*?—It will be the greater honour, as there are but three Establishments of this Order extant;—the one in France, mentioned above,—another, I think, in Italy,—and the third, contiguous to this City. Perhaps you may not like their taciturnity: but I was assured, by a very loquacious Priest, with whom I was conversing in a post-waggon, between *Aix-la-Chapelle* and *Maestricht*, upon this very Institution, that silence is no punishment, when you are once accustomed to it; and, to praise the Lord with his tongue, is the only use of it, a truly pious man can reasonably desire.

I confess that I do not feel any great propensity to become a Profelyte. Could their sage Directors fall upon no medium between the excess of depravity, and the excess of stupid insipidity? Is it worth while for any soul among them, to run through his twenty, thirty, or forty years, in the same *routine* of discipline, without being of the least use to himself, or to the
Community?

Community? Must they not be as ripe for heaven the first year of their probationary state, as the fiftieth? Oh, what a curious preparation for the other world, to become the drones of this!—to seclude themselves from society, and the duties they owe to it!—to renounce that use of speech which consists in the free inter-communication of ideas!—to induce a voluntary paralysis on their tongues, and to place all the joys of society in herding silently together, like the brute creation!—to pore over the Lives of Saints and Martyrs, while their total renunciation of the world, precludes for ever the possibility of imitating such examples!—to evade the mandate of our Saviour, not to make long prayers, by slicing them into a number of short ones!—to neglect every species of devout cultivation, which genuine knowledge favours and cherishes, and rely upon their own barren meditations, and the fancies they suggest!—They might as well contemplate the heavens through a dusty, worm-eaten telescope, and imagine some of the insects that crawl before the glass, to be coelestial inhabitants!—and, finally, to dream that they can most effectually work out their salvation, by planting cabbages, and digging up potatoes, for their own consumption!!!

But,

But it is time to leave these sequestered and silent scenes, and turn to those which were more clamorous.

The hour being elapsed, when our post-horses were to make their appearance, we sent a servant to hasten them. He quickly returned with the tidings, that horses and driver were on their road to *Clevés*, with other passengers. Our new Friend hastened immediately to the Stable-keeper, who attempted to excuse himself, by alleging that his engagement with us was not absolute, and that he had expected more peremptory orders. Our Friend, on the contrary, maintained, that the orders were absolute and peremptory. Finding that nothing was to be obtained by altercation, he recommended, nay insisted, in vindication of himself, that a complaint against the offender should be made before the ruling Burgomaster.

Personal offences always awaken within us a publick spirit, for the instant. We are never so well disposed to make an example of a Culpit (purely for the good of the Community) as when he has injured ourselves. This might be one reason for acceding to the proposition; but another was, the opportunity it would afford us of contemplating a Burgomaster,---who is revered upon the Continent with a degree of

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servility,

servility, probably upon account of his possessing a *discretionary* power; of contemplating him in his seat of retirement, divested of those rays of dignity which dazzle the publick eye.

We accordingly marched with eager expedition, until we arrived at an antiquated mansion, in a retired street. We were informed by his Servant, that the Magistrate was in his library; and that enquiry should be made, whether or not he was accessible. We waited in the Vestibule, until orders were received for us to ascend. We mounted a venerable stair-case, the balustrades of which, had they been right sound, and not rendered decrepit by age and worms, appeared massive enough to support the Emperor himself.

We were accidentally met at the door of the chamber by his Lady, the partner of his bed and honours; supposing them an exemption to the axiom of Ovid,

*Nec bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur
Majestas & amor.*

Her pinguedinous corporation (be it spoken with all due respect to the dignity of her person and station) was encircled with a pinguedinous robe. Her head-dress had, some-how or other, happily acquired a rich yellow hue, without its appearing to have been washed in
coffee

coffee a la Françoise; and her nostrils were no strangers to the perfumes of snuff.—She may be an excellent person, notwithstanding this description, which a scrupulous attention to veracity obliges me to give you. Disrespect at first sight is frequently as unjust, as love at first sight is dangerous.

The Burgomaster received us sitting. He was supporting his tottering frame, on the arms of a tottering chair, contiguous to a tottering table. On this table a large number of books were scattered in great confusion: it reminded me of the Battle of Books in the *Lutrin* of Boileau; the more so, as there seemed to have been a contest for victory among them. I will not be positive; but, as I glanced my eyes over the inscriptions of those that, from their situation, were the most legible, I thought I saw *Tully's Offices*, and the *Holy Bible*, nearly buried under a treatise on *Bye-Laws*, and a large volume on the *Privileges and Prerogatives* of the Great.

But, to return to the principal personage, who seemed to have borrowed his blue woollen night-cap from a Spital-fields Weaver, and his *Robe-de-Chambre* from a decayed School-master: He received our friend's deposition with all the dignity of profound silence.—After pausing a few minutes, which I naturally supposed were

employed to concentrate and condense all the wisdom of Solomon, he referred us to the Commissary of *Post-horses*, rung the hand-bell on the table before him, and ordered the Footman to conduct us down stairs.

Being thus charged with power from the Prime Conductor of *Dusseldorff*, we brought it over to the Commissary as quick as possible; and it immediately excited him to put on his wig, take his hat and cane, call forth his *Dieners*, or the Runners of Justice, and march to our Hotel,—where the Offender was summoned to appear.

Although our Commissary appeared to be an excellent man, and well disposed to enquire with impartiality into the merits of the quarrel, before he should decide,—yet he had not a voice to command respect. When he attempted to make it emphatic, it sprang from the *tenor* up to the *alto*, and uttered a sound similar to that of an *bautbois*, when forced by an unskilful player.—That of the Stable-keeper was rough and manly; and I was long in anxiety, lest *la Basse-continue* should overpower the *Alto*. But our Friend, the Wine Merchant, coming between them, most powerfully sustained his post. He asserted, with immoveable firmness, that the bargain was absolutely made, and that our An-
tagonist

tagonist knew well, that the orders were peremptory.

Upon minute enquiries, and cross-examinations, this appeared to be the fact; for we discovered, that the other Strangers had seduced his integrity, by offering a larger sum than is usual, or the ordinance allows.

Thus he was found guilty of *two* offences; and his insolent behaviour, as long as he thought himself secure from detection, constituted a *third*. Upon conviction, he became more humble, which disposed us to be more merciful; and we readily consented to the mild proposal of our Commissary, to remit the penalty incurred, on condition that he strove to procure us, from among his brethren of the Whip, a set of horses, at the price for which our Agent had stipulated, that should convey us, at least, *one* stage towards *Cologne*. The return of the carriages that had been engaged by the Countess in the morning, soon enabled him to fulfil these conditions.

Our friendly Wine Merchant employed the intermediate time in noting down, for us, the *merkwurdigheden*, that is, things most worthy of notice, in the different parts of our intended route. He also furnished us with a letter to his Correspondent, Mr. M—, at *Mentz*, in case

we should be in a similar predicament in that place.

In return to the polite attentions of our Book-seller, I had purchased several books; among which was *Kant's New System of Metaphysics*, which makes as much noise as *Metaphysics* can make, through different parts of *Germany*. Of our Wine Merchant we each of us ordered a cask of choice Rhenish wine,---which was fine-flavoured, clear, and exhilarating, to the very bottom. I am not able, as yet, to speak so favourably of *Kant's Philosophy*.

LETTER XXI.

Road to Cologne.

ANOTHER impediment, added to those mentioned already, made it impracticable for us to reach *Cologne* the same evening, although it is but about eighteen miles distant from *Dusseldorff*. The flying-bridge, over which we were to have passed, had been detached from its cables, by a large float of timber coming down the Rhine, and was making its way, in full speed, towards *Weezel* and *Cleves*.

This accident obliged us to have recourse to the Ferry, which was about two miles above *Dusseldorff*. When we arrived at the banks of the River, unfortunately the boat was on the other side, taking in a carriage with passengers. This business necessarily detained us another half hour. In consequence of all these lets and impediments, we were obliged to give up the design of sleeping at *Cologne*; and we determined to pass the night at the *Post-houfe*, about half way between the two cities. From the badness

of the road, and perverseness of our Driver, who, being *compelled* to take the reins of government into his hand, was resolved to resent upon us the compulsion,—darkness, the enemy we wished to avoid, overtook us, before we arrived at this place of our destination,

As soon as we entered the Village where we were to remain, the joyful tidings were announced by a crack of the whip, and an exclamation "*Das ist das Dorff!*"—This is the Village.—But we were still to experience rockings and joltings, in a rough and stony road, through rain and wind, for the space of a tedious half hour, before our Driver could exclaim, "*Da ist das Wirthshaus!*"—There is the Inn!

Although we were so desirous of shelter from the storm, yet our countenances were by no means brightened up when we beheld the mean appearance of our Inn. We enquired if it were the best in the village, and were answered, "It is the only one, where you can receive any accommodations." Our ideas had given it a much better form; and these were, in some measure, authorized by the specimen we had had of a *Post-house* between *Xanten* and *Dusseldorff*.

Our Host, his fair Spouse, and bare-footed Maiden, seemed equally strangers to the wholesome duties of ablution; nor did a peep into the
sombre

sombre and dirty Kitchen, give us any great appetite for our future supper.

After we had settled accounts with the Driver,—who was the Representative of the Stable-keeper of *Dusseldorff*, while he supported claims and privileges of his own, (in which double capacity he employed all the intrigues of a Minister of State, to deceive; and we, all the firmness of sound policy, to maintain our known and acknowledged rights), we were conducted to our apartment, or *Stube*, opposite to the Kitchen. Its clean and neat appearance, notwithstanding its simplicity, was somewhat encouraging. Its whitened walls, adorned with small Pictures of Saints,—an Image of the Virgin, that was placed upon a large family chest, as the Protectress of some old china, ranged in the front,—a Crucifix, under an antique-framed Mirror, manifested the owner's dispositions both for devotion and ornament, while they gave us hopes that matters would not go very bad in such good company.

Our repast was simple, but in abundance; and it was served up with attention and civility: a clean table-cloth, napkins, and plates, with burnished knives, sharpened the appetite, which had lost its edge from a perspective of the Kitchen. Our Bed-chamber (the arrival of

other company had deprived us of separate rooms) partook of the same neatness and simplicity; and we awoke in the morning, much more refreshed, and better satisfied, than the first appearances had promised, the preceding evening.

No horse,---or, to elevate the simile as much as possible, when I compare myself to a beast of burden,---no *mettlesome courser*, could feel more indignant terror on his spirits, upon being forced into the shop of a rude-handed Farrier, than was felt by your humble servant, upon his being urged by necessity into this *Wirthshaus*; and for a similar reason,---from the apprehensions of rough treatment within. I recollected those miserable Inns in *Westphalia*,

If Inns they could be called that Inns were not,

into which my waggon-shaken bones entered in hopes of rest and refreshment, but returned without either.

These are termed *Scheueren*, or *Barns*, where rationals and irrationals, men, women, and children, with all their live-stock, dwell under one roof, and in the same apartment. The family occupy the extreme part of the building, at the greatest distance from the door, which is mostly

at

at the *gable end* ; horses, milch-cows, and oxen, are ranged on the right and left, towards the entrance ; hogs and poultry take possession of the middle space. In consequence of this disposition, the *hearth*, or fire-place, is very remote from the door ; and the smoke, which is mostly of oak-wood, finding no chimney, or immediate vent, collecting in ample ringlets in the upper regions, is diffused in copious streams over the whole building, and its super-abundance escapes at the barn-door. At once to form a beneficial stream, and to facilitate its passage, a large reflecting-board is placed perpendicularly above the fire-place, at such a due height, that it prevents the smoke from collecting among the beams and rafters, by diffusing each column, as it rises, over the middle regions. By condescending to compare myself to a *quadruped*, surely I have purchased a right to compare this machine to the *sounding-board* of a pulpit, which it resembles in shape and size, and also in its manner of reverberating.

Some of these *Scheueren*, or Barns, have a secondary apartment, called a *Stube*, or Stove-room, which is warmed by a stove, or furnace, placed contiguous to the wall, and generally heated from without, by an opening in the partition wall ; so that the air in the apartment
has

has no access to the fuel, but receives a close, sultry, and unwholesome heat, from the accumulation of ignited particles, which have no proper vent. These machines are called *ovens*; a generic term that we have appropriated to a particular species of furnace, to which the most common ones in Germany bear a close resemblance. The ovens of the Rich and Great are very elegant, consisting of cast-iron, highly ornamented with figures in *relief*, or cased with valuable Saxon china. In large and spacious apartments, these ovens may be useful and necessary; but, in these small *Stuben*, they yield an impure and suffocating heat. They appear to me, the chief causes of those pulmonary complaints that are so frequent in *Germany*, as well as in *England*, where you study so much the luxury of warm apartments; while they are scarcely known in *Holland*, where the rooms are much more lofty, fires are less violent, and the inhabitants warmer clad; so that they are happily exempt from the ill effects attending the sudden change of atmosphere.

The filth, which must accumulate in great abundance in so large a family, is formed into a dunghill, planted immediately before the door. All the Villages, therefore, as they abound with Farmers, abound with these mountains; the infu-
fusion

fusion of which, in a rainy season, flows, in copious streams, along the streets, and necessitates those inhabitants that are above abject poverty to use *boots*. May we not trace the modern fashion, in your men of fashion, of wearing morning boots in clean streets, up to this source? As thus,—English Officers, in their frequent German campaigns, were under a necessity of imitating the German Officers, and perpetually encasing their legs *se defendendo*, until they acquired the habit; and, upon their return to their native soil, they gave the *ton* to those gentry who are so fond of following the example of the Military, in every thing but in exposing their lives for the good of their country. I propose this, merely as a conjecture *en passant*:—What I am about to advance, is much more important, and is founded on a minute attention to cause and effect, for which I claim a double portion of honour.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

Although it is my physical and metaphysical creed, that every discovery, and every speculation, has been, or will be useful, yet I will maintain, that the above axiom is, in itself, as applicable to investigating the superior flavour of
a Westphalia

a *Westphalia* ham, as the creation of worlds; nay, in my own opinion, I have made the better choice, if utility be the prime object of our study. Besides, it will certainly be much more in our power to be smokers of the one, than builders of the other; for, did we know the principles of world-making ever so well, it would be extremely difficult for us to gather together a sufficient quantity of materials, or to find a single spot of *terra firma*, on which to commence our operations; whereas, smoking of hams is a process equal to the capacity of every one who is capable of eating them, and who will have reason to lament his ignorance, as often as his best endeavours are not rewarded with the requisite flavour.

The superior excellence of a *Westphalia* ham to every other,—that *Epicurean* gout which gives them a decided preference,—is, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the construction of these *Scheueren*, and to their being without chimneys. The hams are suspended in the thickest part of this stream, or current of smoke, a few yards from the board by which it has been repelled:—Thus they are constantly exposed to a suffusion of an acrid anti-putrescent principle; for, it is well known, that the smoke of oak-wood is more penetrating and anti-putrescent than that
of

of any other fuel ; and this principle is constantly operating, without being applied in that degree of heat which produces rancidity, as is the case with all your chimney-smoked hams.— This I take to be the immediate, or the proximate cause of more excellent fumigation. But, I imagine also, that there are pre-disposing causes, respecting the subject smoked, which operate more frequently in this country, than in any other ham-creating region.

The swine are permitted to wander at large, and to frequent woods that abound with acorns ; and they fatten, while they are enjoying all the benefits of air and motion, which render their flesh firm, healthy, and nutritive ; nor is the covering of fat so excessive and oleaginous as when the animals are supported upon very scanty fare, the greater part of their lives, and gorged with a super-abundance, the small remainder. This cause operates *durante vita* ; another takes place *post obitum*. The hams are not exposed to this suffusion of smoke, until, by being placed in a warm and moist situation, they have acquired that degree of softness which precedes putrefaction. Then they are duly salted, and exposed to the current. Put these rules into practice, my good Sir,—and I hope, some time or other, to enjoy the benefit of my lecture.

In

In every one of these *Westphalian* Barns, you may see an incredible quantity of bacon, hams, breasts and hind-quarters of ducks and geese, exposed to the beneficial current, partly for domestic consumption, and partly for sale.

I was surprised, in almost every village through which I passed, at the number and size of the flocks of geese and ducks, as well as the quantity of other poultry, that crowded the streets, so as frequently to obstruct the wheels of my carriage. Such an enviable abundance of provisions, and the consequent abundance of down, and other feathers, is the natural result of a number of small farms, which support large families, and render not merely the necessaries, but the delicacies of life, plentiful and cheap. There is scarcely an infant in a cottage, notwithstanding their apparent poverty, that does not sleep, in the winter season, between two feather beds; nor is there the least danger that any individual being should starve of hunger. It is true, "evil communication corrupts good manners:" The owners of these *Scheueren* are nearly as dirty as their chief stock in trade. Their stile of cookery is also disgusting, and their bread is wretched.

The abundance of feathers proceeds, in part, from the universal custom of plucking the down
from

from the breast, and from under the wings, twice a year. This is a painful operation to the patient, and apparently cruel in the agent: nor can it be justified upon any other principle, than as being the *conditio sine qua non*, of their existence, and the care taken of them. There seems to be a tacit convention between the two species of bipeds, rational and irrational, by virtue of which, geese and ducks consent to be thus painfully twitched twice a year, and to be eaten at the close of life, upon condition of being well fed during the whole circle of their existence, with the most *fattening* dainties.

Pardon this long digression; I did not think it would have carried me so far. How dangerous it is to permit oneself to take a single step out of the right path! To return, if I cannot with honour, it must be with repentance. In my next, I shall proceed more methodically.

LETTER XXII.

Road to Cologne.

WE arose with the lark. The morning had a chearful aspect, and promised a fine day. While the hostler was busily employed about our carriage, we took a view of this long and irregular village. Poverty and wretchedness seemed to be inscribed upon every dwelling, excepting on that of the *Pharberr*, or Clergyman, the Doctor, the Advocate, and four or five public houses. The inhabitants of these seemed to possess a secret, which must astonish the most expert chemist,—the secret of extracting no inconsiderable portion of the precious metal, from earth that appeared to the eye as impoverished as a *caput mortuum*!

We were not advanced far on our journey before the clouds began to collect, and menace heavy showers. We were now upon an elevated down, opening an extensive and majestic prospect. The sublimity of the view was enhanced by the variegated scenery which an intermixture
of

of sunshine and rain, gloomy clouds, and cheerful skies, exhibited on every part. Elevated as we were, and commanding an extensive horizon, encircling cities, villages, and hamlets, woods, hills, vales, pasturage, fallow lands, cultivated grounds, rivers and rivulets; all conspiring to form a whole:—It was pleasant to contemplate nature thus busied in dispensing her bounties over all; alternately diffusing the kindly rays of the sun, and the refreshing showers: so that each spot in its turn, was obscured by the thick descending rain, and brightened by the darting beams. We felt as if we were in the secret councils of nature. We found ourselves qualified to pronounce, to this smiling district, the cheerfulness of thy day shall soon be overshadowed: and to another, be not dismayed, thy gloom is but for a moment!

As we approached near to *Cologne*, the beauty of the prospect increased. This extensive city, with its numerous towers, presented itself on the right hand: on the left was the city of *Mulheim*, with the silver-sheeted *Rhine* flowing between them. But on a sudden the clouds we had hitherto contemplated as parts of a distant prospect, assembled around ourselves. The thick falling shower, drew an impenetrable veil

between us and every pleasing object, and thus closed the scene.

If it be lawful to judge of the degree of fear *within*, by the plan of the fortification *without*, the inhabitants of *Cologne*, instead of possessing the courage of *Sparta*, and considering their own prowess as a wall around them, may be suspected of a double portion of trepidation, as their city is defended by a double wall with a moat between.

And yet this pompous enclosure, forming a semicircle several miles in extent, with its hundred turrets, and twenty-four principal ports, is in such a state of dilapidation, that I am apprehensive it would tremble and fall at the very report of the besieging cannon, as effectually as the walls of *Jericho*, yielded to the sound of rams horns.

I must acknowledge, good Sir, that a spirit of resentment, if it did not suggest, gives a certain edge to my remarks. For in consequence of this plan of fortification, we were obliged in the midst of a very heavy storm, to turn about a quarter of a mile to the *left* hand, in order to pass through the outward gate, and gain the road within by the side of the moat, which was to conduct us more than half a mile to the *right*,
in

in order to enter the city, in a part nearest to our inn, by a second gate.

As we were passing through the outward gate, a centinel stepped from his box in a dark corner, and cried out, *halt*, in a tone of authority, perfectly consonant with the formidable appearance of his enormous whiskers,

Our coachman and his horses immediately stopped, as if their limbs had been rendered paralytic, by a shock from the electric eel.

Advancing to the door of our post-chaise, with his firelock duely poised, our man of momentary importance, enquired, in the German language, with that well-modulated accent that indicated a mixture of self-importance, and respect for the supposed quality of the strangers,

“*Wer sind sie meine herren ?* Who are you, gentlemen?”

Answer, “Travellers.”

“*Welche sind ihre naamen ?*” What are your names?

These were given up.

“*Was vor ein character haben sie ?*” What is your character?

We answered, that we hoped a tolerable good one.

“*Darvan zweifle ich nicht meine Herren. Aber was vor ein ampt, oder bedienung, oder ehrenselle haben sie? Sind sie vom hofe, oder gesanter die nach Francfort geben wollen? Edelleute, Graafen, oder Vryberrten? Vorgeben sie, meine Herren, sie wissen wohl dafs ich meinem Commandanten raport davon thun mufs.*”

“That I doubt not, gentlemen. But what is your office, or profession, or rank? Are you from the Court, or deputies to *Frankfort*, Noblemen, Counts, or Barons? Pardon me, gentlemen, you well know that I must report every thing to the commanding officer.”

Whoever pays the attention to etymology it deserves, will be shocked with the idea of slavery, or servile dependence, that one word *Vryberr* recalls to mind. *Vryberr* literally signifies a free gentleman, and being analogous to *Baron*, points out the deplorable state of all below this title.

We answered, that we were neither the one nor the other,—that we came from *Holland*, and were taking a journey for health and pleasure:—that we had been at *Dusseldorff*, and were going to *Bonn*, *Coblenz*, and perhaps farther, as inclination and circumstances might dictate.

“*Ob, ob, Die Herren sind Hollander, und vielleicht BOURGOMEISTER?*”

"So the gentlemen are Dutchmen, and probably Burgomasters?"

My friend answered with some warmth, at our being so long interrogated, "*Nein, nein, ich bin allein ein Kaufmann.*"

Now a tradesman or a merchant are one, and the same, in the German language, and as I have already observed, they are both much under par, in most parts of Germany, and particularly, where either the Nobility, or Ecclesiastics, have monopolized all power and authority. Our centinel, therefore, having drank deep of these national prejudices, entertaining no higher esteem for a merchant, than we for a pedlar; and probably, his eyes having never beheld a merchant in a post-chariot, with four horses, was *erstaunt* at the information, and exclaims, with every mark of surprise, "Ein KAUF———MANN!!!"

If it were possible to measure sound by inches, this must have been at least three inches and a half long, *Rhinland* measure. The *K* was struck as with the strong accent of an Irish chairman; the *Kauf* was pushed out by the slow, but powerful action of the *Buccinator* muscles, in conjunction with the *constrictores oris*, which projected his lips about an inch and a half from his teeth. The *mann* was pronounced with a

quick and violent percussive. His eye-brows were expanded, and his eyes became prominent. As soon as the word was *ex-pressed*, his mouth seemed to suffer a spasmodic contraction, forcing the chink of the lips into a semicircle, which elevated his cheeks higher than the *pinnae* of the nose. A long *bum-m-m* was expressed through the nostrils, full in our faces;—the whiskers ascended above the cheek-bones, and his eye-brows were lost under the edges of his fur cap. “*Ein Kau-f-mann!—bum-m-m!*”

Every mark of profound respect was immediately omitted. He took out a small greasy pocket-book, and presenting it to the *Kaufmann*, “*Er muss ihre Naamen und profession in dieses buch schreiben.*” “You must write your name and character in this book.” Which being done, he told my companion, “*Er darf geben,*” “You may go,” and he returned to his stand, without a military salute, or even *ein guten dag*, a good morrow.

Fully to comprehend the delicacy of this man's mental tact, you should know something of the idiom of the German-language; which, as it was in this instance formed by the national character, will be explanatory of it; and will prove that our centinel was master of its nice distinctions.

The

The Germans have three different modes of address, correspondent to the station or rank of the person addressed. A superior is always spoken to in the third person plural. So that in accosting an individual, they will ask the gentleman, How do *they* do? Where are *they* going? A person of medium rank, is intitled to the third person *singular*. How does *he* do? Where is *he* going? While the lower class, as servants and dependants, are stigmatised with a *thou*. Our centinel, of consequence, while in the delirium of his imagination he took us to be persons of considerable importance, gave us, as in duty bound, the higher distinctions of grammar. But finding that my friend was *nur ein Kaufmann*, simply a merchant, and I was his associate, he sunk us both down to the second story, and dismissed each of us, with an *er darf gehen*. He may go.

It is customary in most countries upon the continent, for travellers either to give their names up to the centinel, as they enter a city, or to insert them in a book upon their arrival at the inn. These are communicated every evening to the ruling Burgomaster, or to the person first in authority for the night. Thus no stranger can pass or repass perfectly *incog*.
The

The police must be made acquainted with his course.

Most of you sons of liberty, I well know, revolt at these precautions, deeming them injurious to personal freedom. But surely an honest man cannot feel it a great hardship to be obliged to tell who he is, whence he cometh, and whither he goeth? And these regulations are very conducive both to public and personal security; which are the very objects that justify these restraints, which the most approved and salutary laws, must sometimes lay upon natural freedom.

But you will object that it is great folly to demand the name of a stranger, when he may give up what name he pleases, without the possibility of detection?

True, you may stile yourself, Monsieur le Comte, Monsieur le Baron, or plain *Aminadab*, just as you please; but the name written in the book at your inn, must correspond with that announced at the city-gates. It will also be prudent to retain, during the whole of your journey, the name assumed at the first place of enquiry. Whatever be your *Appellation*, your *Person* is thus identified. If you behave disorderly, a ready method is open for detection and complaint. Sober and quiet inhabitants,
are

are not so easily the prey, or the dupes, of a worthless stranger. On the other hand, if you receive insults or injuries, the way is immediately open to redress. By being recognized and enrolled as an occasional citizen, you are entitled to the protection of the magistrates.

Although I am a warm admirer of your English spirit, yet I am convinced, that it sometimes carries you much too far, and degenerates into a pernicious enthusiasm. By your spurning at wise regulations, you incessantly become the prey of violence and rapine. Both you and your legislators appear to me to be more solicitous about *public* than *private* security, and about *external splendour*, than *domestic felicity*. You remind me of a farmer in my quondam neighbourhood, who, while he was most eagerly prosecuting every farmer around him, for the smallest encroachment, and sometimes from the mere suspicion of an encroachment, suffered his barns to be devoured with rats.—Your police is wretchedly defective, more so than in many countries you are apt to despise. You openly encourage many vices, because they are advantageous to the revenue. You licence, in every part of your metropolis, receptacles for villains, where they assemble, where they are formed and trained, whence they sally to commit depre-

depredations, and where they return to share the spoils : you licence in cool blood, these acknowledged nurseries of vice, which bring thousands to ignominy ; and yet think that you have compassion, because you make a very affecting speech to a poor condemned criminal. You encourage and promote gaming through the minutest and most impoverished ramifications of the state, by your public lotteries, to the ruin of thousands, and the prejudice of tens of thousands ; and applaud your own virtuous zeal against a pitiful E O table, where the effects are infinitely more circumscribed ; as this simply affords an opportunity to a few sharpers to pluck a few pigeons of a richer plumage.—You respect the ground you tread upon more than your very selves. You glory that a slave regains his freedom the moment he sets his foot on your happy isle ; but you drag freemen from their peaceful abodes, and compel them, by brutal violence, to fight for your liberties. I will not add, that you drag freemen from their native soil, and stimulate them by the lash, to exhaust their strength in supplying your luxuries, as you seem induced by shame and remorse to desist from those deeds of inhumanity.—You permit the frequent exhibition of the *Beggar's Opera*, to empoison the morals of thousands,

by

by destroying horror at both crime and punishment, and you expect that the annual exhibition of a *George Barnwell*, will prove a competent antidote.—You perceive, that your public executions, are occasions and schools of theft; and that the only lesson they teach, is to despise an ignominious exit; and yet you continue them.—The severity of your penal laws, united with the benevolence of your dispositions, gives to every depredator the advantage over every honest man. Your compassion, nay, your *consciences*, justly recoil at the idea of extinguishing life for the sake of a watch, or of a few guineas, and of consequence, you let the offender loose upon the public, until he becomes a general terror.—You are impatient of the slightest insult from your superiors, and you are certainly in the right, but you suffer yourselves to be robbed and murdered by your inferiors, every day of your lives, (if you will permit an Irishism of expression, to which your conduct so nearly approaches;) and in this you are certainly in the wrong.—Instead of destroying the sources of depravity, instead of affording opportunities of reform to the seduced, or to lesser offenders, you serve them as a fisherman serves small fish, and let them escape into the
general

general pool, until they shall become culprits of a larger size !

My good Sir, how melancholy is the thought, that, although you execute such numbers annually, as to be reproached by foreigners, for a sanguinary disposition, yet these public examples are merely a small selection from those multitudes who have offended your laws, by annoying your fellow-citizens. They are a few whose indictment happens to be without a flaw, who have not the means or the opportunity of purchasing a witness who might swear to an *alibi*, and who have not interest to procure pardon, from the abused clemency of his majesty.

Notwithstanding these strictures, be assured, Sir, that to hear you censured by others, is by no means pleasing to myself. Of this, a very recent example has convinced me. I was the other day in company with some gentlemen, where the penal laws of England became the subject of animadversion. After a general comment upon their severity, inequality, and inefficacy, one of the company turning to me, observed, with a sarcastic smile, " You English are reputed to be a wise people, but in my opinion, your *Minerva* still deserves the emblem of the Owl."

When

When a man is *piqued*, he is tempted to express his ideas in too strong terms; and I answered, under the first impulse of resentment, "If the emblem continues with Minerva, it is a proof that Minerva continues with the emblem. But there are some countries which Minerva has forsaken, and has left the Owl behind her."

LETTER XXIII.

Cologne.

HAVING thus passed a severe examination at the outward gate, we were permitted by the guardian genius of the second enclosure, to enter the holy city, without any official enquiries. The continuation of the shower induced our charioteer, to drive as expeditiously as possible to the *New Market*, and, in obedience to our orders, to stop at the *City of Prague*, with the utmost punctuality.

This hotel was recommended to us by our friend the wine merchant of *Dusseldorff*, as being equally good with others of higher renown, and having a great advantage in point of situation; which to a traveller, is an object worthy of some attention.

As *superstition*, under the venerable name of *Religion*, is the staple commodity of this city; and as Sundays are the chief market-days of those who make gain of this species of godliness, we were solicitous not to let the opportunity
of



of visiting some of the churches to pass unimproved. The moment we had taken possession of our apartment, we ordered breakfast—sent for an operator *pour rajeunir nos visages*,—hired a *valet de place*,—sent him to hire a *fiacre*,—and found ourselves, before eleven o'clock, amidst the crowd of worshippers in the *Dome*, or *Cathedral Church*.

This building remains in an unfinished state; but the present pile manifests, that it would have been a most stupendous fabrick, if it had been completed. Although there are few external marks of grandeur to arrest the eye, upon your first entrance, as is the case with most of the churches in the Austrian Netherlands, yet it is the repository of immense treasures.

Since this building is deemed one of the greatest curiosities of *Cologne*, and as infinite pains have been taken to render it worthy of notice, I shall give you some particulars concerning it.

We are told that it was the pious design of the Elector and Bishop of *Hocksteden*, to erect a temple, that should surpass every other among the Christian Churches, in majesty and splendour. It was begun in the year 1248; and his successors continued to build till the year 1499. No less a space

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marble, is placed upon a basis, of jet *black*, and angels, with palms in their hands, are about to encircle his brow with a celestial crown.

The rich Mausoleums of *Conrad*, the founder, of the *Elektor*, of *Adolphus* the Third, and his successor *Antony*, Counts of *Schaumbourg*, and several others, ornament this Choir also ; but I will not detain you with a particular description of them.

On the left hand of the Choir, by the side of a pillar, are the stairs which ascend to the library, and the *golden chamber*, or treasury. The library contains little more than school divinity, ecclesiastical history, lives of saints and martyrs, and popish legends. The golden chamber is much more valuable. Its treasures are substantial. They will be respected when holy relicts shall be despised, and legends shall be read no more. The chamber obtains its name from being the grand repository of the various ornaments belonging to the Choir, the sacred vestments, consecrated vases of silver and gold, busts of saints and martyrs, Crosses of various sizes, of the same precious metals, and enriched with a profusion of precious stones. Among these I shall specify only the following : A golden cross, about a $\frac{1}{2}$ foot and half in height, and three inches in breadth, ornamented with pearls and diamonds.

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This expence of wealth, is in compliment to a small piece of black wood, placed in the centre, which is a splinter of the real cross. — A golden chalice, also set with pearls and diamonds. A Bishop's mitre, so laden with pearls, that "the head must have ached that wore it." — The twelve apostles, in massive silver.

But the greatest curiosity of all, is the Chapel of the three *Magi*, or Wise Men of the East; and as, according to the maxim which has uniformly directed the Holy Catholick Church, *Wisdom without Power*, is not worth possessing, the Romish historians have made them three *Kings* or *Sovereigns*. You will doubtless enquire how came these three Kings of the East to take 'it into their heads to lay their bones at *Cologne*? Why the case was this: These bones were formerly deposited at *Milan*. Nay, the Milanese declare, that they have them still in their possession. But the Colognians maintain, that when the Emperor *Frederick Barbarossa*, took and plundered *Milan*, in a most deplorable manner, as a just punishment for their rebellion, yet though he slew the living by thousands, he respected the dead; he paid the most pious attention to the relicks of saints and martyrs, and he generously made a present of the bones of the three Kings, with many other relicks, to

Archbishop *Renauld*, of *Dasselde*, who had accompanied him in this expedition, as a most acceptable recompence for his important services. They were first transported to *Rheinmagen*, near *Bonn*; but *Philip* of *Heinsberg*, Grand Provost of the ancient Cathedral, in the year 1170, had them deposited in the very spot where the present Dome is erected. Few persons have travelled farther, or in a more respectable manner, after death. They were conveyed from the Holy Land by *Helan*, mother of *Constantine the Great*, to *Constantinople*. How these Worthies came to pay a visit to *Milan*, I know not; but that they are at present at *Cologne*, is very certain; for their bones performed numberless miracles upon their first arrival; which is as indubitable a criterion of *terra sanctificata*, as fermentation with an acid is of *terra calcaria*.

This famous Chapel is behind the grand Altar, towards the East. The bodies of these Magi, together with those of the Martyrs *Felix Nabor*, and *Gregory* of *Spoleto*, are placed in a Shrine, inlaid with gold; and upon a large plate of gilt silver are embossed various Gothic figures, the signification of which is unknown. The heads of the Magi are visible, through an aperture defended by rails, curiously wrought; and over these heads are suspended three crowns
of

of massive gold; each of them is six pounds in weight, and enriched with a number of diamonds. Above this aperture, through which admiring spectators may take a peep at sepulchred treasures, are three other openings, or rather one divided into three compartments, in the shape of a Gothic window. Before the centre opening is the Image of the Virgin, seated on a throne. On the left-hand is seen the Baptism of our Saviour; and, on the right, the Wise Men presenting their Offerings. The covering of these openings is a plate of pure gold, set with pearls and precious stones. Among others, shines a *Topaz*, of an oval form, and about three inches in length; and a *Jasper*, of still greater value. The various ornaments of this Shrine, and the different inscriptions, are enriched with precious stones, of an *incalculable* value. This Monument is farther adorned with two hundred and twenty-six Greek and Roman Antiques, of exquisite workmanship.

If you wish for a more circumstantial detail, give me leave to refer you to a work published at *Bonn*, in the year 1781, by order of the Elector *Maximilian Frederick*, entitled, *Collection des Pierres Antiques dont la Caisse des Saints Trois Rois Mages est enrichie, dans l'Eglise Metro-*

politaine à Cologne, gravées d'après leurs empreintes, avec un Discours Historique Analogue, par I. P. N. M. N.—By which you will be convinced that these ornaments are *genuine, worthy* of the Kings, who were not to be put off with the mock-majesty of gilded copper and false stones, and other pious frauds, with which, they tell me, demure-looking Priests sometimes amuse the gaping crowd. Besides, when dead men give themselves the trouble to work miracles, we must suppose that they know what they are about; and it is natural to suppose, that they know also what their votaries are about, and that they will severely resent every imposition dictated by either œconomy or avarice,—unless, indeed, we imagine that they all resemble Saint *Anthony of Padua*, who, after he had assisted a Thief in carrying off a considerable booty, upon the promise of receiving a pair of *silver* candlesticks for his Altar, suffered himself to be imposed upon by a pair of *plated tin*!

LETTER XXIV.

Cologne.

FROM the Cathedral, we drove to *St. Peter's Church*, as being the next in the rank of *Merk-wurdigheden*. As we were passing through the Cloysters, the first object that attracted our notice, was the regular arrangement of a large collection of human skulls, which were divorced from their trunks, to preach a silent lecture on mortality, in the corner of the Cloyster that leads immediately to the principal door.

These Preachers may have had some influence the first week of their arrangement; but all mechanic means of exciting emotions are not merely transient in their effects; they generally, if not always, leave the mind in a worse state than that in which they found it. Every *continued* exhibition of human disgrace, or of human misery, after the first effect is over, has a tendency to render the heart obdurate, and more insensible to subsequent impressions of a similar nature,—as
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the most powerful medicaments become inert by continuance, or too frequent repetition. For this reason, it has always struck me as a most pernicious policy, to let publick executions be frequent, or malefactors continue suspended on a gibbet. I knew a man who ordered his own coffin to be made during his life, stretched himself in it every day, for about a month, that he might contemplate mortality with the greater effect, and used it for his bread and cheese cupboard the rest of his days. *Gellert* tells us, in his Fables, of an affectionate, mournful Widow, who threw the wooden Image of her much-loved Husband upon the fire, to warm her Paramour, who came to visit her in a cold winter evening. This example, you will say, is like the Athenian Matron, a satirical Fable; but, if it be founded in human nature, it illustrates the force of my proposition. Convinced of its truth, I must deem the modern taste as depraved and pernicious, when it familiarizes such great and striking events as the death of *General Wolf*, the Wreck of the *Grafuener*, the Distress of the *Halswell*, and of the *Centaur*, on tea-boards and *Jalvors*. I am authorized to conclude, that the Gentleman or Lady who purchases one of these, is in a fair way to imitate my fact, or realize

Gellert's

Gellert's Fable. In a word, the genuine impression such representations ought to make, would be thought most impertinent in the circles where they are introduced; and, if they make no impression, the proof is clear, that they have rendered the mind indifferent to distress.

I must, however, confess, that appearances of decency and order, in the placing of these *Mementos Mori*, if they must be exposed, is far preferable to the indignity with which the wrecks of mortality are treated in many places, and particularly in *Protestant* countries. I could mention to you many towns and villages, where I might collect, in the face of the sun, a quantity of human bones sufficient to form a number of complete skeletons from detached parts of different persons. Perhaps I may undertake this, some time or other, were it merely for the pleasure of bringing together those who, during life, kept at a distance; uniting those who were ever at variance, and making man and wife one appendage of bones, when they can no longer be one flesh. Are you not apprehensive, that, in some instances, a remaining acrimony may create a *caries offium*?

At *Bremen* particularly, the indelicacy of exposing human bones is excessive. I remember, in passing through a church-yard, I unintentionally

tionally broke three ribs, and kicked an *os sacrum* several paces before me. I could not help expressing to a Gentleman of the Regency, who happened to be with me, my cordial wish that it might be the rump of a *Burgomaster* I had the honour to treat with that indignity. He answered me, smiling, " Their *ossa sacra* are perfectly secure, as they are snugly lodged in family vaults." Thus it is Plebeians alone, who are treated with as little ceremony after death, as when alive.

The next objects that struck us, were, the swarms of Mendicants, of each sex, and of every age, who formed a circle around us, as we stopt to contemplate the above collection,—whose abject countenances, extenuated limbs, and squalid garb, were so consonant with the plaintive voice of distress, that we were compelled to believe they felt the wretchedness they deplored. How humiliating the reflections which the scenes about us inspired ! Destruction, in its most ghastly forms, before us, and living misery surrounding us ! It was, however, a lucky moment for these supplicants ; for the emotions excited, induced us to purchase our passage through the miserable groupe, at a higher price than we might have paid upon a common occasion ;

sion ; and we hastened to the Church with the utmost speed.

In the Church we wandered about some considerable time, with that vacant curiosity which manifested an appetite for something new, without being able to find it. The Paintings, Statues, and Crucifixes, were numerous ; but they possessed no peculiar excellencies. It is true, there were some good Saints among them, and two very decent Mary Magdalens ; yet, as we had, upon other occasions, seen others much their superiors, they scarcely attracted our notice.

But, there was one Painting which must not be omitted, both on account of its worth and its history. It invites attention, by affecting concealment ; being hid from vulgar and unappreciating eyes, by a curtain, which is never removed without paying a gratuity to the attendant.

This is a celebrated performance of *Rubens*. It was, in his own estimation, one of his best pieces, which he painted with peculiar care and exertion, in compliment to the Church where he received baptism, and which he presented at the time he claimed a Copy or Certificate from the Baptifmal

tifinal Register. It represents the Crucifixion of *Saint Peter*, to whom the Church was dedicated, and is much admired, both for its expression and colouring. The body of the Apostle is in an inverted direction. The tension and relaxed state of the different abdominal muscles, which are delineated, in order to express, if I may use the phrase, a languid curvature, are worthy the pencil of this Master. Anguish is strongly marked in every feature, and particularly by the mouth; yet it is admirably blended with firmness, and pious resignation. It was painted in year 1642, and yet the colours are fresh and vivid.

The mercenary Directors of the Church, at that period, so far from accepting this splendid gift with the gratitude it merited, manifested a discontent, that the donation was not of a pecuniary nature. Proposals were made by some of the more sordid, to return a present that was of personal advantage to no one. But this motion was over-ruled. *Rubens*, being informed of the contest, offered them several thousand crowns, if they would return it: it is said, no less a sum than *twenty-eight* thousand. The possessors, still consistent with themselves, concluded immediately, that the Artist must consider this
Piece

Piece to be inimitable, or he would have painted its fellow, rather than part with so large a sum. The price offered, as is too frequently the case with professed Connoisseurs, gave them more exalted ideas of its merits, than their eyes or judgments could have discovered. They became, at once, *Men of Taste*; and the Painting has, ever since, been treated with due respect.

LETTER XXV.

Cologne.

THE plan I formed to myself, good Sir, when I promised to give you some account of this excursion, was not to enumerate, much less to dwell upon every particular, within the compass of our observation,—this you must perceive would be impracticable;—but merely to give you some general account of the characteristic of each place, where that characteristic should appear worthy of notice; reserving to myself the right of making such remarks as should immediately or remotely belong to it. Yet were this plan to be strictly adhered to in my account of *Cologne*, I should conduct you through so many churches, chapels, abbeys, monasteries, convents, &c. that you would be heartily tired of your correspondent, and he of his labour. For example, I should be obliged to take you with me to the Collegiate Church of *St. Gerion*, shew you the richness of the tapestry in the Choir, the heads of the *nine hundred*

dred Moorish champions, turned Christians, and followers of *Gregory* the Ethiopian; — the scarlet caps, adorned with pearls, upon every head; — the blood-be-sprinkled pillar that helped to support the scaffold on which they all received the honours of martyrdom; this, in compliment to their rank I suppose, is of *Jasper*. I should lead you into a dispute, whether the number of Martyrs be *nine hundred* or a *thousand*; whether they were followers of *Gregory*, or *St. Gerion*; and whether or not they suffered under *Maximinus*.

I should next take you to the *Jesuits* Church; here again acting as your *Cicerone*, I should point to you the statues of the twelve Apostles; — the sculpture that ornaments the pulpit; — the silver lamp six feet in height, on which is represented in *relief*, of exquisite workmanship, the parable of the wise and foolish Virgins (the propriety of which deserves commendation;) — the silver, the gold, the pearls, the emeralds, that adorn the different altars.

From hence I should proceed to the Church of the *Maccabees*, shew you the place under the principal altar, where the heads of these worthies are deposited, and where they are exposed on high festivals, with crowns upon them ornamented with costly pearls and precious stones.

I could also shew you the head of *Joachim*, the father of the Virgin Mary; and the head of *St. Ann*, her mother,—though, were it for my life, I could not tell you how they came there.

Were we to visit the Abbey Church of *St. Pantaleon*, I would introduce you to an acquaintance with this Saint, who, though perfectly willing to suffer martyrdom, was most tenacious of life. When thrown into a cauldron of melted lead, by the order of *Galerius*, he swam about the surface, at his ease, as if he was sporting in a pleasure bath; when precipitated from a rock, with a mill-stone about his neck, the mill-stone became as buoyant as a cork-jacket, and absolutely preserved him from drowning. At length, however, he was decapitated, his body was burnt, and the ashes are contained in a vessel of gold. I would shew you also the body, or rather the mummy of your countryman *St. Albin*, who suffered martyrdom fifteen hundred years ago, and has still been preserved from corruption.

In the Library of the Augustine Friars, you might peruse the manuscripts of *Scotus Subtilissimus*; and in the Church you might see his tomb, with this inscription,

*Scotia me genuit, Anglia me suscepit,
Gallia me docuit; Colonia me tenet.*

I should

I should also be your guide to the parochial Churches of *St. Martin*, *St. Laurent*, *St. Damien*, *St. Columbus*, *St. Loup*, &c. &c. and to the Chapels of *St. Cunibert*, *St. Cecil*, *St. Martin*, *St. Catherine*, &c. &c.

But it is time to stop. The above is but a small specimen of the business which superstition has cut out for the inquisitive traveller in this very superstitious city. Of this you will be convinced when I tell you, that it contains within its walls not less than *ten* collegiate, and *nineteen* parochial Churches, *four* Abbeys, *seventeen* Monasteries, *forty* Nunneries, and about *fifty* Chapels; and that all these are candidates for devout attention, to their treasures and their relics.

You perceive how much I have spared you respecting other articles; but the Church and Chapel of *St. Ursula*, must not be overlooked. You are not to expect an abundance of worldly treasures, silver, gold, precious stones, and all such glittering toys; but this holy fabrick possesses treasures infinitely more valuable, which wealth cannot *always* purchase. In the first place, it has a small portion of our Saviour's Cross: secondly, two thorns from his crown of thorns: thirdly, a twig of the rod with which he was scourged: fourthly, a portion of the

purple robe with which he was arrayed in derision : fifthly, one of the vessels that contained the miraculous wine at the marriage of *Cana*. All warranted genuine.

But these relicks, precious as they are, must yield the palm to the skulls and other bones of *St. Ursula*, and of *eleven thousand VIRGINS*, her companions ! all warranted *pure* and *immaculate* ! They all came together from Britain in one *Man of War*, in the year *six bundred and forty*, in order to convert the unbelieving *Huns*, who had taken possession of the city. But these barbarians, these worse than savages, instead of listening to the persuasive eloquence of the fair preachers, massacred every soul of them.

However unaccountable this story may appear, the evidences of its truth are irresistible to minds properly disposed. They will naturally conclude, that the immense collection itself is a proof of the saintship of these bones ; for who would take the trouble to amass together such a number of *finners* ?—That it is quite as probable that these are *female* saints, as of our sex ;—more probable that they were *unmarried*, than that they were married ;—and if unmarried, they must be *virgins*. Besides, the fact is confirmed by miracles. The body of an infant that was disturbed by the horrors of their martyrdom, rose from the tomb, and

was besprinkled with their blood. This is proved by an inscription upon one of the pillars. The assemblage was also made in consequence of a miracle. A dove, white as snow, appeared to St. *Cunibertus*, as he was at mass in this very Church, that was afterwards dedicated to St. *Ursula*, and identified to him the bones, that he might select them from others.— This messenger was a proof and an emblem of their purity and innocence. A tuft of hair also miraculously adheres to the crown of one of these skulls, as a token of incorruptibility. But there is yet a stronger proof extant, viz. an inscription upon one of the monuments, assuring us, that an unhappy bastard, being buried in their Church, their own Virgin bones became extremely restless at the indignity, nor would they lie composed until the nuisance was removed. Finally, it is asserted, that every Virgin who has paid her votive offerings in this sacred Chapel has been [able to resist the most dangerous attack upon her virtue, whether it was by violence, or by the softer methods of seduction.

But this last proof has been a subject of much discussion and doubt. It is said that unbelief respecting it has crept into the most retired cells of the chastest monks. It is said,

that they smile, and chuckle, and whisper each other in the ear, *this is impossible*. Some have declared to their confidential friends, that they *knew the contrary*. Others, who have no personal reasons for denying the fact, acknowledge that the number of votaries has always been remarkably small.

Some have even ventured to treat the whole of this history as a fable. They object, that it is very improbable that such an immense number of virgins—*eleven thousand!* could be collected together in any one part of England, suppose it even the *metropolis*, at a period when there was so very few, if *any*, boarding-schools for young ladies, to teach them delicacy of sentiment, purity of manners, and fervency of zeal! They maintain, that ships must have been the largest when navigation was in its infancy, or a single vessel could not have held such a number of passengers. They maintain, that the rudest natures could not have been so void of gallantry to the fair sex as to murder them all, and that in their virgin state. They assert, that the tuft of hair is rather injurious to the cause it was intended to support; for as they were all virgins alike, no possible reason can be given, why the one should enjoy this honourable distinction, more than the others,
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excepting it were St. *Ursula* herself; which is not the case, for it is conferred alone upon her niece *Arthinia*; and that a close inspection will prove, that it has been artificially fastened on with glue. They alledge, that among these bones, numbers are found to be of *infants*, who could not be supposed to have preached the Gospel, and whose virginity possessed no virtue.

I shall only add to the above arguments, that however the minds of the present citizens may be concerning these ladies, formerly the greatest security to the right faith was the danger of believing otherwise. For it is a well-known fact, that a surgeon of some eminence, having undertaken to prove that, among the collection of other bones which were said to pertain to those same heads, there were several ossa femorum of large, *full-grown mastiffs*, he was banished the city, for permitting his anatomical knowledge to gain the ascendancy over his faith. His cruel attack certainly deserved the severest reprehension and chastisement; for it not only endangered the *species*, but rendered dubious all that has been advanced concerning *immaculate virginity*.

Not a miracle received by the Catholic Church has been the subject of more litigation than

than this of the eleven thousand virgins. Bishops and other Divines, both of the Protestant and Romish persuasions, have canvassed it with unusual learning and acumen. Several of the latter have admitted the conjecture of Archbishop *Usher*, as the most plausible method of getting free of the difficulty. He supposes, that the name of one of the companions of St. *Ursula*, was *Undecimilla*; and that some ignorant monk, in transcribing the records of her mission, had written *undecim millia*; or according to the common modes of abbreviation, had made use of figures, and had placed *XI mil.* which was afterwards interpreted into *eleven thousand*.

This hypothesis is very ingenious, I allow; but it is by no means satisfactory. It is so ungenerous in our sex to doubt the possibility that a considerable number of female virgins can exist together in the same place, and at the same time; or agree in the same pious undertaking. Indeed, had the legend maintained, that an equal number of unmarried *young men*, pure and immaculate, had united in the benevolent plan, I should renounce all faith in legends sooner than believe it. Again, why should this miraculous history be attacked with more vehemence than any other? It is no less
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credible than numbers that still maintain their ground? To select the only one as a subject of doubt, which does so much honour to the fair sex, indicates a mean jealousy, not to have been expected in grave divines; and one is almost tempted to suspect, that this unusual spirit of incredulity, has been excited by the envy of virtues, which they have not been able to imitate.

Besides, what are we to think of miracles wrought in proof of a fact that never existed? These miracles were certainly wrought perfectly similar to thousands of others received, and resting upon evidences equally strong, they cannot be denied, without shaking the pillars, and endangering the faith of the whole Catholic Church. But if you admit the miracles, you must admit the facts, or you profanely reduce us to a sceptical uncertainty, and vague astonishment similar to that of the mariners *in the Tempest*, when they heard the "tune of their Catch played by the Picture of Nobody."

LETTER XXVI.

Cologne.

THE account I have been giving you of the furniture of the Churches of *Cologne*, while it strikes you with surprise at the immense quantity of useless treasures, will lead you to conclude, that *Cologne* has been appointed the grand Charnel-house for the circle of the *Lower Rhine*; or that, by one of those numerous miracles which have been wrought in and for this pious city, *Golgotha*, the place of skulls, has been removed into it.

I fear you will think me an egregious trifler, for having detained you so long with so many fabulous and frivolous circumstances. But upon my word, Sir, *I* am not. *My* province has been merely, to give a faithful, but a very concise and abridged history of the frivolous character and disposition of those who deem themselves the chief of *Saints*, the *excellent* ones of the earth. If the things I have slightly touched upon, be frivolous, woe be to the city of *Cologne*, for it is full of them!

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But let us for a moment suppress that sportive humour, to excite which, constitutes, in my opinion, the principal merit of the subjects we have been contemplating; and let us soberly enquire how came the human mind to employ itself in this manner?

I can only explain this upon one principle, which I have the greater confidence is the genuine one, because it is universally applicable; which is, *whenever men forsake the cool dictates of reason, or give themselves up either to passion or to imagination*, they are capable of every possible extreme! Whatever be the subject, they will drive it to the utmost extent of folly and madness, without a blush; without even the suspicion of their thinking or acting improperly; and with such a full confidence that they are in the right, that they suspect the honesty or the intellects of the man that attempts to prove them to be in the wrong! Nay, in some cases, they will make use of every compulsive measure in their power, to force others to believe and act just like themselves!

This phrensy has induced some individuals to dream that the whole world was created for *them*; and, what is still more strange, it has induced the whole world to believe in the dream. The more a Conqueror has spread devastation
and

and misery over the face of the earth, the more he has charmed those that had escaped from the slaughter ;—the more he has played the *Devil*, as some one has observed, the more strongly was the gaping multitude convinced that he was a *God*. Under the influence of this phrenzy, Sovereigns have proposed their own *wills* as the sole *law*, and subjects have placidly bowed their assent to the doctrines of *passive obedience*, and *non-resistance*, and have declared, with servile, flattering accent, to the Prince who had no other superiority than what has either been given or stolen, “ *Behold, we are the breath of thy nostrils ;*” and, to devouring wolves, “ *Yea, verily, we be the sheep of thy pasture !*” Under the influence of this phrenzy, large communities have cherished the idea, that a race of men were destined to be their slaves by the very texture of their skin !

Where men are the dupes of wild imagination, it raises them above the surface of the earth, and the intermediate region is directly filled with fancied beings. This imagination peopled the ancient world with Dæmons. In later days, it formed Hobgoblins, Sylphs, and Fairies,—set Witches on broomsticks, made them
dart

dart through the air, swift as lightning, to stop the growth of children, blast cabbages, and curdle milk. It possessed men with evil spirits, and it exorcised them; and it is now disposing fanciful men, and fanciful women, to give credit to the reveries of a Swedenborg, and absurd theories of Magnetists! In a word, imagination creates powers and principles, sets them at work, tells you minutely what is their particular province, and points out the signs by which we shall know them: so that profound Legislators shall make wise laws against witchcraft; and conscientious Jurymen shall shew their abhorrence of this craft, by condemning old women to the flames, who could not prove their innocence by drowning in a pond!

When Caprice lights upon the surface of things, it constitutes Fashion; and Fashion assumes a domination, which no one dares to oppose: shape, colour, and contexture, become omnipotent; and although, like the camelion, these vary with the hour, their tyranny is permanent. The same object becomes pleasing, displeasing, most elegant, most aukward, most exquisite, most disgusting, as Fashion shall please to dictate. Every exertion must be made, every expence incurred,

incurred, every inconvenience suffered, every principle sacrificed, rather than to omit a uniformity of worship to this ideal divinity.

If the principle happens to fix upon *dogmata*, let them be ever so absurd or insignificant in themselves, or abstruse and unintelligible in their natures, they must be universally believed. The secular scourge must be applied to unbelieving shoulders! The secular faggot must be kindled to roast the Heretic *here*, preparatory to his broiling in fire and brimstone *hereafter*!

This naturally brings me back to the Romish Church; for, although it is not *sole*, it is *supreme* in persecution, in the cause of absurdity! This Church has, with wonderful dexterity, united and supported, for ages, all these aberrations from the first principles of common sense! It has thus engrafted its worldly ambition upon a future invisible state,—made the hopes and fears of mankind concerning a future state the sources of its own wealth and grandeur in this,—cajoled men to believe, that elevation to an office communicated infallibility,—permitted infallibility to compound with iniquity; so that his Holiness the Pope shall commence a capital Merchant in every species of depravity; and every Priest of the Altar become a retailer of
his

his ware ! It has so engrossed and sported with public credulity, that nations have fallen prostrate at the thunders of a *Bull* ; and armies, that would have stood undaunted before a whole artillery of cannon, have fled before a consecrated banner. It has studied to render the best religion in the universe, the most ridiculous ;—changed its pure and simple principles into one large mass of nonsense, which the credulous multitude have swallowed at a dose ! It has mistaken the *Christian Church* for a *Building* ; thinks that the *glory* of the Church consists in its *finery* ; that to persecute other sects of Christians manifests it is the Church *militant* ; and to fill it with their spoils is to render it the Church *triumphant*. It has mistaken the love of Paintings, Statues, and Relicts of the *pious*, for the love of *piety*. To *glory* in the *Cross* of Christ, is to hold up a *toy* in the shape of a *Crucifix*, glittering with jewels, to gazing worshippers ; and to *bear* the Cross, is to carry its form, richly embroidered, on the back of a silk vestment !

It has been said, that wisdom is better than rubies : but the Sons of the Church are of the opposite opinion, and think that rubies are better than wisdom ; or, to spare themselves the trouble of searching for wisdom, they are contented with the *second best*.

By the way, if it should prove true, what some of your Divines assert, that we shall carry our dispositions and propensities with us into the other world, and that these will operate with unbounded force, I am under disagreeable apprehensions about our Christian brethren of *Cologne*. Habit is a second nature.—I fear that they have acquired such a firm attachment to the bones of Saints, that, at the resurrection, they will be unwilling to part with them, and not let the good souls have their own again; and, when they get into the New Jerusalem, while others are singing anthems of praise, they will be undermining the city walls, to pick the *jasper*, the *sapphire*, the *calcedony*, the *emerald*, &c. out of the foundations!

To return to my axiom:—Such wonderful effects have extravagant propensities, and wild imaginations produced, and will produce, till reason gains the ascendancy. Gain it she will, in due time, my good friend; but she has many briars, and thorns, and mists, and midnight darkneses, and sloughs, and artificial fences, to remove, or to pass through; so that her march is unavoidably slow. She has surmounted many difficulties within the compass of our recollection; and, when she shall have conquered all, Oh, what a glorious æra! Universal equity, and
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universal

universal benevolence, shall prevail on the earth, together with genuine devotion, in all who believe in a Supreme Cause; and all will believe, when reason shall have discovered to man, *who* and *what he is*!—when reason shall have refined the religion of Jesus from the worse than arsenical dross of false theology!—the exquisite workmanship of God shall no longer be destroyed to feed the ambition of Princes, or to be insulted or oppressed by supercilious Aristocracy, or wantonly hewn to pieces by enthusiastic, half-instructed Democrats, in their boisterous attempts to establish universal equity! Wars shall cease for ever!—Hatred, animosities, injustice, cruelty, shall be no more!—Dishonesty itself shall be abhorred, and not merely certain modifications of it; the unfair dealer will be classed with the pick-pocket, the oppressor with the murderer; falsehood, and breach of confidence, shall be judged less manly than open violation; and the wilful blasting of character shall be ranked among the worst species of injustice;—humanity of disposition, and a taste for the most refined enjoyments, that flow from the mutual affection of worthy minds, shall annihilate seduction, and legal prostitution, for the sake of wealth or title. An accurate knowledge of the kind, extent, and variety of pleasures, which perfect innocence

permits, and a conviction of their superior relish, shall inspire a disdain for the turbid pleasures of vice!—Even sympathy with the distressed shall fail, or merely exist at the shortest intervals; for the wisdom of political arrangements, united with the virtuous regularity of private conduct, shall render distress a stranger; and the promptitude of benevolence shall remove it upon the first appearance!—The prevailing fashion will consist in the universal attention to *propriety*;—*suitability* shall take place of *sameness*, and this be productive of a captivating variety;—beauty shall be the *embellishment*, and not the *substitute* for better qualities;—elegance shall always have apparent utility for its associate, and shall not be expended in simple and uninteresting forms;—external grandeur shall not be wasted upon frivolous subjects, but be the proper representative of the dignity of the object it adorns;—sportive satire shall decline, through the want of subjects; but a satirical disposition shall cheerfully yield to a benevolence of character, rejoicing in universal good; and the Critic shall confess, that to *applaud* is more delectable than to *condemn*!

These things are possible. Are they not probable? Can we suppose, that every *folly* shall, in its turn, possess full power to create its correspondent

respondent *mifery* ; and that *wifdom* fhall be for ever precluded from introducing virtue, harmony, and happinefs among the human race ? It cannot be, Sir ; it cannot be. Were I an Epicurean Atheift, I fhould conclude, that the fame Chance which produced phyfical order in the natural world, might finally arrange the moral. As a *Theift*, I am authorized to hope, that Supreme Intelligence will gradually conduct inferior intelligences to the perfection of their natures.

LETTER XXVII.

Cologne.

CHARITY, which believeth all things, and hopeth all things, will be disposed to hope and believe that the original motive for erecting stately edifices, collecting precious relics, and amassing inestimable treasures, was simply to support the faith, elevate the piety, and improve the virtues of the Christian world. It will candidly allow, that the use of the presentation and emblem was supposed to be of the utmost service to the conversion and edification of souls;—that the architect was employed purely to become a fellow worker with Christ and his Apostles, in building up of Saints in their most holy faith:—that by the contemplation of relics, images, and paintings, it was thought pious dispositions and affections would be excited and cherished:—that a profusion of gold and costly vestments, acting metaphorically, would inspire an earnest solicitude
to

to obtain dignity and respectability of character; and that every moral excellence would shine most conspicuously, when their emblems, the glowing ruby, the mild sapphire, the splendid onyx, and placid pearl, were occasionally exhibited to the admiring view of Christian spectators. But experience has fully demonstrated, that this mode of reasoning was fallacious, and that these ingenious devices have not been attended with the expected success. The highly privileged Colognians are not known to excel, in any one Christian grace or virtue, other Christians who have been deprived of their mechanico-spiritual advantages. Nay, they are sadly misrepresented, if their general character be not worse than that of their neighbours.

In my first letter, the incapacity of an hasty itinerant to form a just estimate of characters, has been sufficiently proved. But his passage through a district will sometimes enable him to collect information; and where the information given him by different persons is uniform, it assumes the appearance of authenticity. Now, general report affirms, that *Cologne* is one of the most ignorant and bigoted cities upon the Continent. The higher circles indeed

are said to entertain that polite indifference to Religion, which always characterizes the fashionable world in every country. A sense of honour, and an attention to character, are the only restraints they allow to be necessary among themselves; while they think it absolutely requisite that the necks of the vulgar should be rendered supple to the yoke of servile obedience, by the aids of ignorance and superstition.

In so delicate an article as that of character, it will be prudent to screen myself under the best authority I can meet with; and therefore I shall give you some few *traits* from a recent author, whom I have consulted, since I resolved to comply with your request, to whom I acknowledge myself under some obligations, for occasional information of an historical nature, and who has in other instances assisted my recollection.* This author says, that he does not know a city in *Germany*, where prejudices
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* See *Voyage sur le Rhin depuis Mayence jusqu' à Dusseldorf; à Neuwied*, 1791. The reader will find in this work, a more circumstantial account of several of the towns along the *Rhine*, than it would have been consistent with my plan to have given; and although the publication is anonymous,
it

are more deeply rooted ; where they are under a greater dread of innovation ; where persecution and bigotry reign with more tyrannic sway. “ *Cologne* is more than a century behind other places : I may say, that in genius and manners, they resemble the *fifteenth* century. By comparing them with the inhabitants of *Bonn* and *Dusseldorf*, cities the most contiguous, the difference is astonishing ; and one would be tempted to conclude, that *Cologne* is a colony of strangers in the midst of *Germany*.” Again, “ The man of literature, who wishes to reap the fruits of his labour, or to enjoy the portion of esteem due to genius, must not place himself at *Cologne*. Here, more than in any other place, wealth is the measure of esteem : Without this, display your talents as much as you please, you will yet be despised.” He informs us also, that the chief employment of the citizens, is to frequent

it contains every mark of attention and veracity. It is true, in his tour from *Mentz* to *Andernach*, the writer has translated so many passages literally from a prior work, entitled *Reise auf dem Rhein*, 1789, that excepting both publications have issued from the same pen, under different appearances, the French editor cannot be acquitted of plagiarism. It is a pity that the great *superiority* of the *French* publication, should confirm the suspicion of *Illiberality*.

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taverns and alehouses, and to intoxicate themselves with bad wine and bad beer:—that, the] city, being destitute of lamps, or *patrouille*, robberies are very frequent:—that if any one be attacked in the streets, and cries out for help, the inhabitants, instead of running to assist him, make their own doors the more secure:---that if any disturbance should arise contiguous to the guard-house, no assistance may be given, without an order from the chief of the police, which is seldom obtained before a few bones are broken, and the culprits have made their escape:---that if a person falls into the water, which frequently happens, he is taken out as quick as possible; but instead of administering succour, in cases of apparent death, they fasten his leg to a cord, attached to a boat, and throw him in again, until the tribunal of the police shall give orders to have the body taken up; which is frequently two or three hours after the accident.

On the subject of Religion, my author expresses himself in the following manner: “ The number of religious establishments at *Cologne*, have given it the title of the *Holy City*. But it is a question of importance to know whether the lives and manners of the inhabitants correspond to this title. To speak the truth, I
find

find more *appearance* of devotion than true piety. A *Colognian* is devout by habit, and performs all the ceremonies of Religion mechanically, without giving them life and efficacy, by the genuine fervours of devotion. To vindicate and to exemplify my assertion, I will ask the fair ladies of *Cologne*, whether there be not other places where it would be more decent to make assignations with their lovers, than in their Churches: But it is the custom; and the influence of custom is very powerful at *Cologne*. However, I acknowledge this rule has exceptions."

Thus far my author. A recent incident confirms his representations of the bigotry of the *Colognians*. The Emperor Joseph, in union with the Elector of *Cologne*, had encouraged the desires of the few Protestants resident in this city, of building a Church: The edifice was not finished, before the Clergy excited an alarm among the Catholic citizens, and the populace at large: With great inconsistency, they represented the holy Church, against which, if it be the true Church, all the powers of hell cannot prevail, in so feeble and tottering a state, as to be exposed to danger, by a single Protestant conventicle! Fortunately for their cause, a question of right and privilege was agitated,
and

and is now in litigation with the Elector, which suspends the fate of the Protestants in one scale, and one would imagine, from the eagerness of the contest, the fate of Mother Church in the other.

From the above specimens, you will too clearly perceive, my friend, that masons and carpenters, jewellers, statuaries and painters, splinters of the supposed cross, and mutilated bones, toys and gewgaws, are not the proper successors of Christ and his Apostles; and that they are but miserable coadjutors to the Christian ministry! It is a fact, which observation has brought to light, that genuine piety decays in proportion as these baubles increase. Every Christian grace and virtue seems to be oozing out of the sacred buildings, by every crevice, in proportion as such rubbish is introduced into them. Facts uniformly justify the position, that whatever may have been the motive in the first attempt, nothing is so detrimental to virtue and piety, as the attempt to invest Religion with the garb of worldly grandeur. In those countries where Ecclesiastics have the most power, true piety has uniformly the least: Morality, industry, good order, and general prosperity, are the least apparent. The Ecclesiastical estates in every part of Europe, are the most distinguished
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and degraded by poverry, indolence, and vices of the most atrocious kind. It is well known, that in Italy, the immediate subjects of his Holiness the Pope, are the most depraved and abandoned. The Bishopricks of *Liege* and *Munster*, afford to every traveller, instances of a similar nature; and *Antwerp*, which has been so much under the power of the Clergy, is allowed to be the most bigoted and unenlightened city in the Austrian Netherlands.

I am not conscious of being peculiarly fond of compliments, but you will allow me to observe, that no stronger arguments can be adduced to prove that Priests, and Ecclesiastics of every gradation, are truly Children of Light, than that the children of this world are so much wiser than themselves! It is because their kingdom is not of this world, that they know not how to govern and direct it in a proper manner, however strange their propensities. Hence it is that one profane king of *Prussia*, has been able to diffuse more happiness and prosperity among his subjects, than has ever been produced by a whole Conclave of Cardinals, with Infallibility at their head! -- Really ye are not at home, good Sirs, in the vortex of worldly politics, amidst wars and tumults, ambition of princes, and bloodshed of their subjects,
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the meek professors of a meek Religion, can never be at home. Leave this world to its worldings, and be satisfied with the superior honours that await you. Indeed ye are not at home; and if ye will be constantly meddling, and constantly spoiling what does not properly belong to you, the true lovers of mankind will be tempted to exclaim, the sooner ye go home the better!

The University of *Cologne* is the most ancient of any in *Germany*. It was founded by the magistracy in the year 1380. The four senior Burgomasters are the *Curatores*, and the Dean of the Cathedral is the Chancellor. It consists of four colleges, for teaching the principles of Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philosophy. But the prevalence of bigotry and superstition has at every period prevented it from being a distinguished source of knowledge, has made it much more of a *burning* than of a *shining* light; and the present contest with the Elector seems to have given it a *coup-de-grace*, as he has established a rival University at *Bonn*, that is in a very flourishing situation. The following circumstantial account of the medical department, which is extracted from *Baldinger's Medical Journal*, may not be unacceptable to you.

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“ The Academy in general, says my author, and particularly the Medical College, is in a wretched situation. The funds are so small, that the salaries of the ten professors do not amount to more than 2600 florins, about 230l. The common salary of each does not exceed 200 florins. Hence they are obliged to unite practice to their professorships. The Colleges, according to the law of their institution, are to be held in the Latin language, but the professors evade this, by intermixing more than half of the German with the Latin. They have no library; the one they had is now transferred to *Bonn*. Nor have they a cabinet of natural history, or an hospital. The Anatomy-room contains about forty preparations. The *Hortus Medicus* has no foreign plants, and is chiefly furnished with vegetables for the kitchen. They lecture upon the Aphorisms of *Boerhaave*; which is the more singular, as *Hoffman* was a German. &c.”

There was a period in which *Cologne* could claim the honour of being the first city in Europe for commerce; when the chief continental trade centered here, and its manufactures flourished, far beyond those of any other city.

But

But like *Babylon the Great*, it is fallen! Poverty and wretchedness are to be traced in almost every street, and desolation is inscribed upon almost every dwelling. Incredible is the number of mendicants that tease and afflict you every step you take. *Voltaire* terms beggars, (we will hope for the sake of a pleasant allusion, rather than from sentiment) *Des Vermins qui s'attachent aux Riches*. But as they were mostly rendered vermin by the oppressions of the rich, and the deplorable policy of their superiors, to whom should they attach themselves, but to the authors of their poverty? To bid them *go work*, unless you point out the work they are to perform, and provide the means, is an insult nearly equal to saying, *be ye warmed*, and *be ye clothed*, without presenting a boon, to enable them to profit by the benediction.

But the poor of *Cologne* are, generally speaking, peculiarly the objects of pity. They are mostly the descendants of ancestors who once administered to the wants of the community, and to the luxuries of the great. But, upon the decline of commerce, have these ancestors left a numerous race to depend upon the precarious bounty of others; and to train through a miserable existence, exposed to the insults of
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the hand that relieves them from perishing. This, alas! is an inevitable consequence resulting from the failure of commerce and manufactures where they once had flourished the most. To all that blaze of grandeur, succeeds extreme indigency, which it is not in the power of the remaining wealthy to relieve, without impoverishing themselves.

The city of *Cologne* was for several centuries *one* of the first, perhaps *the* first commercial city in Europe. Principally from the beginning of the twelfth, to the commencement of the eighteenth century, riches flowed in from every side, and through various channels. Its trade, like history, might have been divided into *sacred* and *profane*: that is, in supplying the mundane wants and carnal desires of more than half the Continent; and in ornamenting of Churches, in the manner already described.

The article of sacred ornaments, and particularly of *image-making*, &c. continued much the longest: At length, however, by their immense numbers, these *man-created* divinities became a drug, and they may now be purchased at a very cheap rate. Not merely the Churches, but their market-places, and the corners of their streets, are crowded with them.—One is tempted to imagine, that they are placed there from œconomy,

and to save the expence of watchmen, as I am informed, that a Saint *Jacob*, or a Saint *Benedict*, or a Saint *Catherine*, about two guineas in value, are sufficient to protect a large district for several years, with very little expence in repairing. You may also purchase an household Saint for a trifle. A little pocket penate, about two inches in length, either in ivory or wood, may be bought for a few pence. These are very convenient, as they have been known to answer the purpose of smelling-bottles, and are applied to with great success under dejection of spirits.

The *profane commerce* is now confined to the manufacture of a few ribbands, stockings, lace, and some tobacco. A few merchants have also commercial intercourse with *Francfort*, *Mentz*, *Holland*, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

Cologne.

FROM appearances, as you walk by the side of the river, you would imagine the city to be still in a flourishing state. But these are merely appearances, and they arise from the following circumstance :

Above *Cologne*, the *Rhine* is not navigable for larger vessels. Higher up, navigation is impeded by water-falls, as at *Schaffbauzen*, and in many parts it abounds with rocks and shoals, projecting across the stream, which render it dangerous when the water is low, for even the smaller craft. In consequence of these impediments, the various articles of commerce are conveyed from *Mentz* to *Cologne* in barges, which contain about 2000 or 2500 quintals of lading. But from *Cologne* downwards, until the river has lost its appellation, and its waters their distinction, in the all-confounding sea, the channel is uniformly deeper, and capable of transporting vessels of a much superior size. It is,

therefore at *Cologne*, that merchandize is conveyed from the smaller to the larger vessels. This gives some degree of mercantile life to the city, without being of any great advantage to it. For none of the articles are the immediate product of *Cologne*, or its environs; nor have any of them been manufactured by its inhabitants. Most of the proprietors of the larger vessels, which we term in *Holland*, *Keul's Schips*, (*Cologne Ships*) are themselves respectable merchants, and transport their own goods. And these, residing constantly in their vessels, are equally at home in every port, and spend as much of their time in *Amsterdam*, *Rotterdam*, and other towns of their destination, as at *Cologne*. Nor have the *Colognians* even the advantage of building and repairing these vessels. They are built or repaired at *Munbeim*, contiguous to the *Roer*, which falls into the *Rhine*, at a small distance from *Dusseldorf*.

The construction of these *Cologne* ships is very peculiar, and differs essentially from the construction of those employed in every other navigation. In length they are from an hundred to an hundred and fifty feet, and in breadth, from thirty to fifty; and will carry from two to three hundred tons burden. They are slightly built, being scarcely more than planks, closely
joined,

jointed, without a skeleton or ribs of heavy timber. The masts are also proportionably slight. Their bottoms are perfectly flat. The quantity of their stowage depends chiefly upon their length, as they are not laden more than five feet deep in the water. The family occupies a suite of rooms proportionate to the size of the vessel: These are placed in the most central part: The floor is about three feet below the deck, and they rise about five feet above it. These apartments are neat and commodious, and some of them possess a considerable degree of elegance.

In descending the river, when the *Rhine* is charged, the current strong, and the wind in their favour, they make their passage to the Dutch *Netherlands* in a few days. In calmer seasons, and when they have not the aid of the wind, the ship lies transversely where the more direct course of the river will admit this; and thus its greatest extent of bulk is passively submitted to the impelling force of the stream. At other times, they are obliged to lie at anchor for several days or weeks, waiting for the swelling of the river, as other sailors, wait for a favourable gale. In ascending the river, they are sometimes obliged to employ the aid of from ten to twenty horses; as also to use lighters

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where the bed is shallow. When the water is low and the wind against them, they are some months in making their passage. They are likewise subject to a number of tolls, some of which are pretty heavy, I am assured, that there are no less than *twelve* of these oppressors between the cities of *Cologne* and *Amsterdam*. These accumulated expences and disadvantages, necessarily render the price of freight very high, and articles originally cheap, become very dear. In descending the *Rhine*, the articles of transport are chiefly glass, iron utensils, and bar-iron, Rhenish wine, Seltzer water, that species of earthen ware which is of the coarsest kind, which is seldom seen among you, excepting as represented in ancient Flemish paintings; though it is still in use among us œconomists, from its cheapness. Tobacco-pipe clay, slate, and the tuff-stone, or *lapis-tophaceus*, for securing the dykes, are also brought down in considerable quantities. Upon their return, they are laden with the products of the East and West Indies, dried fish of various kinds, Dutch cheese, English tin and lead, fine paper, &c. &c. About twenty of these vessels are destined for the *Amsterdam* trade, and they make two voyages within the year.

The political constitution of *Cologne*, is a Republic, degenerated into an Aristocracy. The people

people have many rights, but little power. The few merchants that remain, form however a medium between the nobility and the inferior citizens, which preserves them from oppression. The privileges and claims of the Elector, which chiefly militate against the Aristocratic lust of power, is also a farther security to the citizens at large. Moderate taxes, and great plenty of provisions, render it the residence of those who seek to live comfortably upon small fortunes.

Being not without apprehensions that a religious attention to truth, has made me appear somewhat satirical in my description of *Cologne*, I hasten with pleasure to the reverse of the medal, and to shew you its most advantageous side, sincerely wishing that the inscriptions were more numerous, and more extensive.

Primo. *Cologne* is renowned and immortalized by its being the natal place of the great *Rubens*. This circumstance has been referred to in a former letter: permit me now to subjoin, that the house of this distinguished painter, known by the appellation of *Jabach's* house, is shewn to every traveller that enquires after it, with a degree of triumph. The house derives its appellation from its having been the residence of a man of considerable fortune, and an encourager of the polite arts.

Secundo. In the year 1607, this city gave birth to *Anna Maria Schuurman*; a lady who was very remarkable for the early appearance and comprehensiveness of her mental powers. It is said, that at three years of age, she was able to read books in her native language, with discrimination. When advanced to about her sixth year, she composed several pieces both in prose and verse, upon various subjects, which are deemed worthy of a place in the cabinets of the curious. It is also affirmed, that in the space of three hours, she learned the art of Embroidery, which, with no great degree of practice, she carried to a great degree of perfection. She could speak the French, English, Italian, and Latin languages, with considerable fluency, and was familiar with the Greek and Hebrew. In the midst of her career of literary glory, she became a fanatic; was a strenuous disciple of the mystic *Labadie*; renounced human learning, and sunk into a melancholy recluse. As every thing that she did, appears to have been in extremes, it is supposed that she hastened her death, by eating an immoderate quantity of *spiders*. Without being of an opinion that spiders afford the best possible nourishment to the human species, we may justly doubt whether

whether this part of the story be not imaginary, or exaggerated.

Thus much for the departed,—now for the living.

When a stranger enquires of the master of his hotel at *La table d'Hôte*, or of his *valet de place*, what is there in *Cologne* most worthy of notice? the cabinet of Monsieur le *Baron de Hupfcb*, and the wonderful discoveries, and improvements of the renowned Optician, and Mathematical Instrument-maker H———, are immediately announced.

The morning of our intended departure being somewhat advanced, and not being able to conceive that an artist of real eminence should find encouragement enough at *Cologne*, to make it the place of his choice, we agreed to confine our visit to *Baron de Hupfcb's* cabinet of natural and artificial curiosities.

The Baron appoints certain days in the week when all strangers are admitted without previous application. He usually attends them himself, describes, and answers questions, with great courtesy and politeness.

The cabinet is very extensive and multifarious; but it is by no means displayed with elegance.

elegance. Several small irregular apartments in an ancient irregular house, are crowded. The Baron's attention has not been confined to any particular objects in preference, but extended to every thing that may be deemed rare and curious in its kind, either in the three kingdoms of nature, or in the works of art. Such as quadrupeds, birds, fish, insects, corals, and marine plants; minerals and precious stones; petrefactions; the idols, coins, garb, warlike and domestic instruments of the Chinese, East and West Indians, and people of the North; ancient arms of the European nations; vessels of crystal, agate, amber; statues, prints, drawings, paintings in enamel and mosaick work; Grecian and Roman medals; medals of the middle ages; musical instruments of different nations; valuable manuscripts in various languages.—You will excuse me from particularizing; a confused and cursory view only permits me to deal in generals.

I have known many instances where large collections have been made by very ignorant persons, who have relied entirely upon the judgment or recommendation of others, whenever they have made a purchase, and were obliged to have recourse to their book of minutes whenever they were questioned concerning any
parti-

particular article. But this is not the case with the Baron. His conversation manifests a great variety and extent of knowledge. He is also a very voluminous writer upon subjects of medicine, and natural history. He presents every visitor with a catalogue of his works, and in return, begs the honour of your name, in a book presented to you for the purpose.

The Baron appears to be far superior to the general class of people with whom he is connected, in point of mental improvement; and a consciousness of this superiority is manifested in his writings. A certain self-sufficiency runs thro' them, which is natural, and almost pardonable in a person situated as he is, precluded from the society of sensible and learned men, and plunged in a vortex of ignorance. A man thus circumstanced, is deprived of opportunities of correcting his errors, or of justly appreciating the merits of his own investigations.

Respecting that wonder of the age, our Optician, I should have been sorry, had our indifference deprived you of an acquaintance with a man of his distinguished talents. To compensate for our negligence, I shall beg my friend *Pilatti* to introduce him to you. This author—whom I quoted in my first letter—in his account
of

of *Holland*, somehow or other, lets his pen lead him to *Cologne*, and it gives us the following anecdote concerning the optician in question. He tells us, that upon complaining at the public table of having lost a glass out of a *Dollond's* pocket-telescope, he was immediately congratulated upon the loss, by several gentlemen present, as it would turn considerably to his advantage; since there was an optician in the city, compared with whom *Dollond* was a mere 'prentice-boy. He sent for the artist, and enquired for a glass adapted to a telescope of twelve inches.— I shall give you the answer in the words of *Pilatti*, least you should suspect that my translation has improved upon the original.

“Monsieur, je n'ai pas précisément des verres aussi médiocres que ceux de *Dollond*; ce seroit dommage de joindre un des miens, aux siens. Vous feriez beaucoup mieux de laisser là cette lunette de *Dollond*, et d'en prendre une de celles que voici. Je vous en donne une de douze pouces, pour le double du prix de celles de l'Anglois; mais aussi les miennes sont bien cinquante fois meilleures que les Angloises. Si vous voyez avec une lunette de *Dollond* d'ici jusqu'au bout du pont, vous pouriez voir avec une des miennes, si les montagnes, ne l'empêchoient d'ici jusqu'au *Coblentz*. Croyez moi il n'y
a nul

à nul artiste au Monde, qu'on me puisse comparer. Le Roi d'Angleterre, m'a voulu avoir: mais je n'aime pas les Anglois. L'Empereur m'a fait faire des grandes offres pour m'attirer à son service; mais son Excellence Monsieur le Comte de ———, qui est mon patron, et mon bienfaiteur, m'a inspiré du degout pour la vie, et l'esprit du cour. Jugez, si après avoir refusé l'Empereur, je serois allé en *France*, où l'on vient de me rechercher."*

Mr. *Pilatti* adds, that his townsmen, instead of blushing at his effrontery, were proud of a man who did so much honour to their city.

* TRANSLATION.

Sir, I really have not glasses, so bad as those of *Dollond*: it would be a pity to join one of mine to his. You would do much better to leave that of *Dollond*, and take one of these. I will give you one of twelve inches, for double the price of the English, but it is of fifty times the value. If you can see with the telescope of *Dollond*, to the end of yon bridge, you might see with one of mine, from hence to *Coblentz*, if the mountains did not prevent you. Believe me, Sir, no artist in the world can be compared to myself. The King of England wished to have me; but I do not like the English. The Emperor has made large offers to invite me into his service; but his Excellency the Count of ———, has given me a distaste for the life and manners of a court. You may judge if, after having refused the *Emperor*, I would accept of proposals from *France* which have lately been made me.

I should

I should perhaps have suspected that the portrait was overcharged, had I not some years ago, met with an itinerant bookseller of *Paris*, whose language was perfectly analogous. His whole conversation, during the two hours I was confined in the same boat with him, turned upon his own accomplishments; the intrigues of foreign courts, to induce him to establish himself among them; and the great inferiority of *Le Chevalier Buffon* to himself, in the knowledge of Natural History. He maintained, that *Buffon* was a perfect *ignoramus*, and had nothing to recommend him, but an imposing stile, as he should soon make appear in an elaborate treatise he was preparing for the press.

P. S. I had almost forgotten to mention a circumstance which it was the most natural for me to have remembered, when I was describing the superstitious disposition of the *Colognians*. At our hotel, the *City of Prague*, the heads of two wooden horses are peeping out of the garret-window. Their history is as follows: This house was formerly the mansion of a person of quality, whose lady, being buried prematurely, returned to life, and terrified the sexton, as he was attempting to steal the jewels, with which she was buried.—I need not enlarge upon this
3 part

part of the story, as it is precisely the same with what has been asserted to have happened in several other places.—When the poor lady returned home, shivering with cold and trepidation, the husband, from what cause it is unknown, was very unwilling to believe his wife was alive, declaring that it was as impossible, as it was for the two horses in his stable to mount up into the garret. The horses, being, as it appears, much attached to their mistress, shewed him that nothing was more easy, and immediately pranced up to the top of the house, with the most compassionate gaiety, put their heads out of the window, and neighed triumphal approbation of their own exploits, among the gazing multitude, that was collected below. The lady lived seven years with him, and worked a large piece of tapestry, on which this event is recorded. Her workmanship is preserved in the Church of the Apostles, where she was buried, after she took her final leave of the world.

LETTER XXIX.

Cologne.

WHEN a community appears to exist between the extremes of prosperity and wretchedness, the attention is seldom directed to the causes of their particular state. The union of good and bad, is either ascribed to that intermixture of wisdom and imperfection, which composes the character of man, and of every thing human; or to a fortuitous combination of various and opposite circumstances, which may be too numerous, or perhaps blended with too much intricacy to encourage a minute investigation. But in either of the *extremes*, our curiosity is strongly excited to discover the causes whose powerful operation has produced such extraordinary effects. Where peace, harmony, industry, general prosperity, and security prevail—where the general energy is directed to the general good, and as large a share of liberty is enjoyed by every individual, as the common bonds of advantageous union will admit; we
are

are eager to trace the sources of these blessings, and to learn by what happy incidents, or by what plan of conduct, they have been obtained and secured. Nor is this merely a subject of curiosity. By discovering the track that leads to prosperity, we are certainly the more enabled, and may be rendered the more disposed to walk in it. Where indigence, oppression, languor, and a *vis inertiae* prevail; where the multitude are in an abject state of mind and circumstances; where the few *lord it* over the multitude; where, from their barrenness of bliss, this few enjoy no one pleasure but from the contemplation of their own superiority; and therefore direct all their plans of policy to increase the distance as much as possible, we are taught to detest, and admonished to avoid the maxims and conduct that lead to so much wretchedness.

The city of *Cologne* might in former days, have furnished a model for imitation; its later history is that of folly. The Ruins of *Palmyra*, or of *Herculanium*, do not more conspicuously prove that flourishing cities were once placed upon their respective spots, than the numberless marks of decay in this aged city, prove that it was once great and splendid. Nor do the ruins of the two first more conspicuously manifest the horrid effects of human rage and mad ambition,

or of earthquakes and volcanic terrors, than the abject state of the last demonstrates the blasting influence of bigotry and superstition.

As *Cologne* is one of the most ancient, so it was formerly one of the most respectable cities of *Germany*. Its Chronicles assert, that *Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa* was its founder; and that it was built in the district the *Ubii* inhabited, when they were transported beyond the *Rhine*, in honour of *Agrippa*, mother of *Nero*, and wife of *Claudius*, who was born here during the encampment of her father *Germanicus*. Ambitious to aggrandize the place of her nativity, it was erected by her into a Roman colony. Hence from being called the city of the *Ubii*, (*Oppidum Ubiorum*) it acquired the name of *Colonia Agrippana*, and afterwards the *Colono* (*Colonia*) by way of eminence. *Trajan* was governor of the colony before his advancement to the empire of *Rome*.

Cologne continued nearly four centuries the capital of that part of *Gaul* which bordered upon the *Rhine*, to which *Augustus* gave the name of *Germanica*. It was generally termed by way of precision, the *Second Germany*.

About the year 462, *Cologne* was wrested out of the hands of the Romans, by the turbulent

but gallant *Franks*, and was annexed to the crown of *France*. In the tenth century, *Otto* recovered it from the French, and restored it to the German empire.

At the period when the government of *Germany* was forming, the high reputation of the Ecclesiastics, both upon account of their supposed sanctity, and real superiority in knowledge, gave them too great an influence in all civil concerns; and thus the Religion of *Jesus* became the foundation of their secular power.

Bees and wasps swarm where there are the most sweets; caterpillars multiply where there is the greatest verdure; cantharides are peculiarly fond of the olive.—Thus Romish priests of all orders love to fix their habitations, to impose and display their authority, where there is the most wealth. It is therefore no subject of wonder that *Cologne* should become their favourite residence; and that magnificent Churches, Colleges, Abbeys, Monasteries, Nunneries, should be erected, established, and endowed, to the apparent grandeur, but to the real detriment of the city. As few men will appear irreligious, when it is their interest to appear the contrary: and as the most worldly-minded will manifest the greatest respect for Christianity, when it possesses rich domains; thus branches of the most

illustrious families deemed it an honour to enter into holy orders. Female saints, and royal penitents became Abbesses of rich Convents, whose territorial possessions were connected with secular influence and dignity. Hence the Chanoinesses of Saint *Cecilia*, Saint *Maria*, Saint *Ursula*, and many others were of noble families, and the Lady Abbesses of Saint *Catherine*, belonged to the Teutonic Order.

According to the observation above mentioned, you may judge of the prosperity of the city, by the number of Ecclesiastics that chose to honour it with their presence. You may judge of its immense wealth, by its being able to support such a number of expensive guests, in so much splendour. Indeed *Cologne* was at one period among the first commercial towns in Europe. *Lubeck*, *Dantzick*, *Bruges*, and *Cologne*, were the four earliest of the Hans Towns, and enjoyed for a long period, the exclusive privilege of supplying the growing wants, and administering to the rising luxuries of our part of the globe. *Cologne* was the most flourishing of these. It had not only the advantage of its navigable river, but it was placed in the center of that part of *Germany* that experienced the most early civilization. So that wealth flowed in on every side.

It would be tedious to enumerate the different contests which took place between the citizens and their spiritual rulers. These were kept up for near four hundred years. I shall only observe, that in the eleventh century, their Bishop *Aimo* attempted to encroach upon their privileges. They resisted; he was banished. He relented; they were reconciled. He became more oppressive, and they more submissive. Some time after they resisted the tyranny of *Egelbert van Falkenburg*, with as much success as could be wished from carnal weapons. —They were laid under the bann and interdiction of the holy Church.—These spiritual weapons triumphed, and they were terrified into submission.

The immense number of dignitaries of the Church; the extent and richness of their endowments; the multitudes of Priests and Seculars, of Monks and Nuns; their increasing regard for holy relics; and the growing fashion of adorning death's heads with crowns of jewels and pearls, and other expensive fopperies, of which the contents of my preceding letters will enable you to form some ideas:—All these heavy burdens the influx of commerce rendered the mercantile world able to sustain: as the prosperous state of Great Britain renders it almost

insensible to the amazing load of your national debt.

The ruling members of the holy Church, wanton in their power; inattentive to the means by which she was enriched, or attributing their abundance to the smilings of Providence, upon the Orthodoxy of their faith; or taking it into their heads that no man could be a good merchant, that was not a good Christian, in the year 1425, published an edict of banishment against all the descendants of *Abram*. The poor Jews were ordered to quit the city, and to hold no farther commerce with the faithful. This plan, however it might operate respecting the good cause, proved very detrimental to trade: a large portion of which followed and comforted the oppressed Israelites.

But the fatal stroke was not given until nearly two centuries after the above edict. In the year 1618, a pious hierarchy, finding other methods ineffectual, to check the growth of Protestantism, employed the pruning knife of persecution. To profess Christianity, was no longer sufficient for commerce. Its profits ought alone to be divided among those who professed the true Catholic faith, as by law established,
and

and all the *Protestants* were expelled as dangerous innovators. About *fourteen hundred* of the most industrious and opulent families, were obliged to leave the city. These planted themselves in the adjacent cities of *Mulheim, Dusseldorf, Elbevelde, Creveld, &c.* became powerful rivals, enticed those lukewarm Catholics who preferred success in business to unity of faith, and effectually ruined the city. From this period it fell into decay. It is true, the Regency perceiving their error, endeavoured afterwards to compromise affairs between their interests and their consciences. The Protestants were invited to return; were promised personal security from all molestation on account of religious opinions. Though they were not indulged in the exercise of public worship, nor re-admitted into a share of the government. This partial plan produced a very partial change. It is said, that not more than *fifty* or *sixty* individuals returned; and as if there was something baneful to trade in the Catholic faith, the descendants of these individuals, now share the larger portion of the small remains of commerce.

Before either Jews or Protestants were disturbed, the city contained upwards of *thirty thousand* effective men, capable of bearing arms.

In the armoury of the citadel, are deposited helmets, coats of mail, &c. for 25,000 warriors. At present, the total number of inhabitants does not exceed *forty thousand*. A recent enquiry into the state of population, has discovered to them, that of this number, *six thousand* alone are Burghers or citizens, that live decently upon their fortunes, or are comfortably supported by commerce. Clergy of various descriptions, and the inhabitants of religious houses, amount to *two thousand five hundred*. The remaining *thirty-one thousand five hundred*, are low mechanics, menial servants, or public beggars. Two-thirds of this large city are fallen into ruins. Streets and Squares are converted into kitchen-gardens and vineyards. The single enclosure belonging to the Charter-house, comprehending its gardens and vineyards, is as large as the whole city of *Mulheim*. These, O Perfusion, these are thy triumphs!!!

A man of common understanding, born and educated out of the vortex of Theological disputes and prejudices; who simply and coolly adverts to cause and effect, and immediately perceives, that the nature and complexion of the latter, is universally correspondent to the nature and complexion of the former; a man of this description must be astonished at an infatuation that

that is not confined to the *Colognians*. The connection, for instance, between sobriety, industry, skill, ingenuity, integrity, advantages of local situation, the prevailing fashion, and spirit of the times; the intimate connection between these and the increasing prosperity of a community, is easily discovered. Indeed it is self-evident—*Il saut aux yeux*; as the French express themselves; *It springs before our eyes*. But how came it into the mind of man, that the unity of faith, in various articles of polemical divinity, could have a beneficial influence upon commerce, industry, and the improvement of manufactures? Are pious Prelates, and learned Casuists, to be constantly deceived by the slightest analogies; and are they to make them, like *Gregory the Great*, the principal rule of conduct? * Surely the wise Regents of *Cologne* could not, at the instigation of their holy fathers, cherish the idea of a latent connection between the ordinance of circumcision, and clipping of coin; or apprehend that the Israelites merely from an excessive attachment to the ordinance, would extend it to improper

* See HUME's *History of England*, Vol. I. p. 32, for an example of the pious manner in which the pious *Gregory* played upon the words, *Angli Deïri*, and *Alla*.

subjects!

subjects! When they issued their severe edicts against the Protestants, was it because this growing sect, renounced certain doctrines highly necessary for the improvement of manufactures? Did their persecutors conceive that a firm faith in Transubstantiation was requisite for the conversion of flax into linen thread, or assisted any of the chemical changes, necessary for forming and fixing of colours, and that these articles began to degenerate in proportion as that doctrine was disbelieved? Did they experience that extreme unction gave a finer finish, a sacred suppleness to the work of a leather dresser? And that the doctrine of Purgatory improved the refining of silver? If they did, we cannot be surprised that worldly policy should stamp a value upon tenets, so necessary for the production of good works of some kind. But there are no proofs upon record, that they argued in this manner. Yet, if this shadow of an apology be not admitted, what other can we substitute in its place? Did these sons of the Church, imagine, that they could purchase the complacency of Heaven, by severities exercised against the unhappy persons, who were not so fortunate as to enjoy as large a portion of truth as themselves? Yet since this smaller quantity of faith, was centered in persons possessing more skill

skill and industry, which way could Providence recompense their persecuting piety, without miraculously counteracting the established order of things? Providence did not think fit to pay them so high a compliment, and they were ruined by the experiment.

Thus, my good friend, does the history of *Cologne* prove, that of all the evils which can befall a state, inordinate zeal and blind bigotry, are the most pernicious. Let foreign enemies commit dreadful ravages; let fires blaze in various parts; let earthquakes swallow up stately edifices; the spirit, the spring, the quickening vital principle, still remaining, may soon repair the injury, where the destruction is not at once complete. The oppression exercised by man on man, enervates and destroys. This induces an *Atania* in the constitution, which no remedy can possibly reach or repair!

In consequence of the Author's distance from the press, some inaccuracies have taken place, which will require the correction of the reader ; it has not been thought necessary to note some others of less consequence.

ERRATA OF VOL. I.

In numbering the Letters, X. has been omitted, XI. follows IX.

Page 32, l. last, and l. 4, from bottom, for is read are

In the print facing p. 41, r. Erhenbreitstein

54, l. 11, f. lamp r. lamps

60, l. 5, f. Celcis r. Celsis

— 8, f. Wratiscaviensiam r. Wratiscaviensem

64, l. 4, from bottom r. spacious alleys of lime-trees

65, l. last, f. *part* r. *par*

107, l. 1, f. Galamatix r. Galamatias

111, l. 24, f. Linde and Boom r. Lindenboom

149, l. 10, from bottom, for *de* r. *ex*

— l. 9, from bottom, r. *ex pollice Germanum*

154, l. the last, r. Hockheim, Rüdesheim

162, l. 8, f. launching r. lancing

168, l. 26, f. Ostede r. Ostade

180, l. 3, from bottom, f. *Dulci* r. *Dolce*

181, l. 5, r. Luca Jordano

192, l. 7, r. *Carracci*

226, l. 18, f. exemption r. exception

229, l. 4, from bottom, r. *merkwürdigkeiten*

266, l. 16, f. Athenian r. Ephesian

306, l. 11, from bottom, f. *Munheim* r. *Manheim*

320, l. 10, r. *Agrippina*

326, l. 20, 21, r. Persecution



